This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

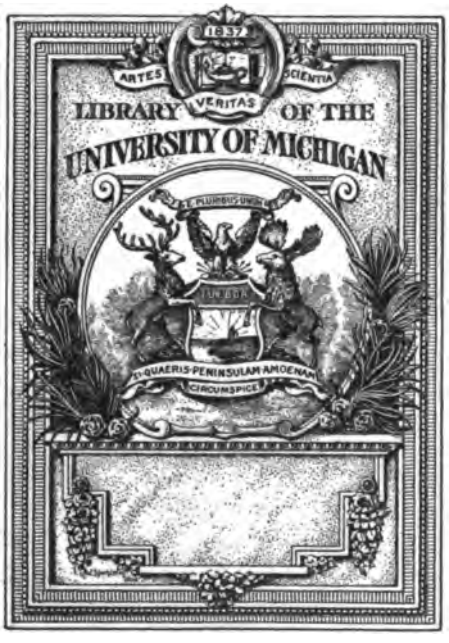
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 443735


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

BR
1
.U58

1469

THE

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

GENERAL LIBRARY University of MICHIGAN

VOLUME III.

EDITED BY

REV. JOHN H. MORISON, D. D.

AND

REV. HENRY H. BARBER.

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1875.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

A Comprehensive Church, 329
A Remarkable Self-made Man, 378
Bigelow's Life of Franklin, 41
Concord Fight, 383
Ezra Styles Gannett, 488
Hymns, 275
Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, 457
"Modern Christianity, a Civilized Heathenism," 59
On the Reading "An Only-Begotten *God*," or "*God* Only-Begotten," John i. 18, 560
Personal Reminiscences, with Notices, of Rev. Dr. Channing, 475
Religious Influences in Current Literature, 357
Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith, 399
Some Implications of the Philosophy of Evolution, 576
The Civil Service Reform, 587
The Co-Education of the White and Colored Races, 593
The Dying Colony of Jews in China, 135
The Idyl of Eden, 160
The Known and the Unknowable in Religion, 445
The Late Prof. Tischendorf, 217
The Law of the Mean and of the Extremes, 113
The Past and the Future of Christianity, 433
The Personality of Jesus, 545
The Relation of Church Observances to Religious Life, 257
The Relation of Religion to Morality, 29
The Roman Church and our School System, 571
The Struggles of Science, 339
The Tragic Element in Literature and Life, 1
Theodore Parker as an Example to Young Ministers, 250
Through Death to Higher Forms of Life, 152
Two More Parallels, 123
Tyndall's Belfast Address, 16
What is Darwinism? 287

SERMONS.

Free Born: Our Duty to our Tradition of Christian Freedom, 692
Modern Superstition, 50
Moral Distinctions not Sufficiently Regarded in Social Intercourse, 283
The Great man and the Little Child, 168

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

A Colored Man's Letter, 627
American Unitarian Association, 511
A Mistake Corrected, 411
A Tercentenary in Leyden, 634
Athanese Coquerel, *Fils*, 636
Bishop Kriza, 617
British and Foreign Unitarian Association, 634
Channing's Works, 86
Charles Kingsley, 415
Congregationalism, 520
Congregationalism and Fellowship, 405
Constantin Tischendorf, 86
Cyrus Eaton, 409
"Day Unto Day," 618
Dean Stanley's Preface, 203

Dr. Walker as a Preacher, 292
Dr. Winkler and the Negro, 412
Emanuel Deutsch, 295
English Unitarians and the Lord's Supper, 307
Failure of the Civil Service Reform, 615
Free Training Schools in New York, 303
Guevmi Achoura, 620
Humboldt College, 410
India, 101
Intercommunion of Churches, 631
James Walker, D.D., LL.D., 80
John Grey, of Dilston, 416
Kossuth, 521
"La Libre Recherche," 420
Les Affres de la Mort, 636
Life of Rowland Williams, 416
Memoirs of Henry Montgomery and James Everett, 602
Mennonites, 99
Messrs. Moody and Sankey, 418
Methodism in Cornwall, England, 311
Movements for Peace, 197
Mr. Gladstone and Catholic Loyalty, 185
Mr. Greg's "Creed of Christendom," 628
Mr. Martineau's Address, 76
Need of Organization, 608
New French Church of L'Etoile in Paris, 310
Non-conformists and University Honors, 420
Prof. Bracciforti, 521
"Reaching the Masses," 305
"Recollections and Suggestions" of Lord Russell, 627
Selections from Papers of Rev. Charles Lowe, 608
Sewing in the Schools, 626
Some Art Gleanings, 199
Sunday-school Books, 623
Switzerland, 99
The Episcopal Church Congress and General Convention, 87
The French Protestant Church, 98
The Higher Education of Women in England, 516
The History of Education, 612
The Indian Mission, 523
The Kidderminster Weavers, 520
The Lower Education of Women, 195
The Reformed Episcopal Church, 192
The Republican Party, 299
The Unitarian Outlook, 611
"The Unitarian Review," 72
Unitarianism, 506
Unity of the Unitarian Movement, 610
Vedas, 102
William H. Furness, D.D., 180
Women on School Boards, 185
Woman Suffrage in England, 519

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.
103, 205, 314, 423, 525, 638

ERRATUM.

On page 564, in the first sentence of the second paragraph, for θεός, read νίός.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1875. No. 1.

THE TRAGIC ELEMENT IN LITERATURE AND LIFE.

OUR life consists of two elements, which, if they did not mingle in each one of our conscious acts, we should think to be absolutely irreconcilable. These elements in abstract language are named necessity and freedom. In theology they take form as law and gospel. In literature, they tend to express themselves respectively in tragedy and romance. We do not mean to draw any absolute line between the two classes of composition last named. Some romances have the elements of tragedy; some tragedies are romantic. The tragedy is, however, the natural and more appropriate, as well as more common, expression of those dark forces that underlie our life. Romance presents a solid front of circumstances and events. The tragedy gives only characters. The first is like a clock with a painted face, over which the hands are seen to move. Tragedy is like a clock with face removed, showing us the bare combination of wheels and weights.

If we look more definitely at the nature of tragedy, the first thing that strikes us is, that in tragedy there is always a

collision. The second is, that this is a collision of human wills. The tragedy has to do with humanity. In this it is like sculpture. The novelist, like the painter, gives us backgrounds and surroundings. The dramatic poet, like the sculptor, gives us life. The dramatist may help out his work by footnotes in print or by scenery on the stage. But these are foreign to his true sphere. In tragedy, then, we have the human spirit, stripped like the athlete, contending with its fellow. The powers of the outward nature may not interfere; they may form a background of terror and sublimity, as in Shakespeare's Lear, or of beauty, as in his As You Like It, but this is all that they can do. The gods themselves, if they take part, must appear, like the gods of Homer, in the guise and the speech of mortals. This is so in part because of the limitation in the material which the dramatist has at his command. But an inward necessity answers to this outward one. The tragedy is the highest form of objective literature, and humanity is its only fitting object. Man is left to fight his own battle. He is placed to rule the world, to trample on nature, or to make her serve his will. He is left single-handed and alone, to conquer his destiny as he can. This sublime and solitary struggle is the theme of the dramatist.

I have said that the tragic collision is a collision of wills. If we use the word "will" to mean simply spiritual force, the phrase is true. But as we look more deeply, we see that, though the will is in the foreground, and thus might well appear to be the chief actor, it is in reality the instrument of a power behind itself. Did Othello will to doubt the only being that he loved, and then to slay her? Did Macbeth will to murder the king? And on the other hand, did not Hamlet will, with all the power that was in him, to avenge his father? The collision in the tragedy, then, is less between wills than between the great forces which act through the wills. The man seems to be self-directed and controlled, but really he is the play of the great powers that are behind him and working through him. He is the bubble on the stream. You look at it and cry, How wildly it hurries on, how gaily it dances, how madly it whirls, — nay, it is a bubble, that is all. It is the black stream below that drives it and whirls it along its way.

To see more clearly this deeper phase of the tragic element, we

must turn to the tragedy of Greece. In the later tragedy other elements mingle with this. Here we shall find it for the most part pure. In this, these vast and underlying forces are felt more strongly than elsewhere and may be exhibited more clearly. The music by which the play was accompanied, the stature of the performers, vaster than human, the voice more terrible than human, the great unchanging face, fixed as the marble face of Jove, fixed in that expression which was the ruling one of the part, the strange choral song which hovered over all, translating from the individual to the universal, all of these served to make the individual the fiting manifestation of those great forces which acted through him. And thus we find that the collision in the Grecian tragedy is the collision of the great underlying forces of society and of life.

A common form of this collision is that of the family and of the state. Such is all that tragic story of Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Orestes. Agamemnon at the bidding of the Oracle sacrificed his daughter to his country. This must be the offering, the only offering, that should secure the triumph of the Grecian arms. The sacrifice is made and accepted. Troy falls, the victor returns in triumph. But is that the end? He had yielded to the power of country, but he had trampled on that of family and of home. He had sacrificed everything to his country. Very well: he had his reward, he returned in triumph to his home, to that home whose dearest laws he had despised, whose dearest rights he had violated, that home which he sacrificed to his country, — shall he triumph there also? These laws of family, these forces of home, demand retribution for their despised majesty. They act through Clytemnestra. No harsh and hardened soul was hers, or if harsh and hardened, it was made so by that power which had torn its true life away. It was fierce, but it was the fierceness of the lion-mother that has seen her whelps hewn to pieces in her presence. Hear her wail, hear her tender reproaches, hear her maintaining by her mother's agony the rights of a mother's love, and you will see the power that slew the returning king, no longer owned as husband, at the bath. But she in her turn had become the offender. The family was right, perhaps, in avenging itself; but it sinned against the state in that it slew the king. Orestes, the prince, must avenge his father's death. His hands become

stained with his mother's blood. The family bond knows no more terrible crime than that. He must atone for it. He is haunted by the furies of his mother. Thus you see the pendulum might swing forever to and fro without rest. Each atonement produces new sacrilege, until a reconciliation is effected by the promise of equal honor to the Eumenides representing the family rights, and Apollo representing the regal dignity. Another illustration of the collision between the forces of state and family may be found in the Antigone. The king forbade Antigone to perform the funeral rites of her brother. The state thus violates the sanctity of the family which demands nothing more absolutely than funeral honors to the departed. Antigone is true to this sanctity, and pays the sad rites to her brother. The family acts through her, but in its turn it defies the state. The king requires her to make atonement by her death. The state thus tramples on the family. Her lover, the king's son, kills himself for grief, and the family is avenged. While neither party is right from the other's stand-point, neither is wrong from its own. Ancient tragedy had something nobler and better to do than to gloat over pictures of mere crime. These powers act to a great extent unconsciously, blindly. This blindness is brought out more distinctly in the Œdipus. He kills his father not knowing who it is; he marries his mother in the same blindness. None the less has he offended against family and state. None the less must he pay the penalty.

We can see more clearly how these tragedies represent the working of the great forces that underlie life if we may assume that Œdipus originally represented the sun-god. As Œdipus slew his father unwittingly, so the sun, by its very necessity, destroys the darkness from which it proceeded. It sinks in the evening into the arms of the purple heaven out of whose bosom it had sprung in the morning; and thereupon it sinks into darkness as Œdipus was plunged into his night of blindness.

If from this point of view we look at our modern tragedy, we shall have a deeper insight. The difference is that in modern tragedy it is for the most part a nature or a passion that rules and blinds. Othello and Lear were as blind as Œdipus, and as little self-directed. Lear would have the forms of love, and could not recognize it without these forms. Cordelia would have the

reality without the forms. Hence the collision and the destruction of both. The tragic character sees only what is right before him on his track. He is like a horse with blinders on each side. His course is marked out from the beginning. His personality has a certain necessary evolution. Whatever the inner law of his being is, he is at the mercy of that.

Generalizing what has been said, it will appear that the three elements which underlie the tragic collision are necessity, blindness, retribution; a necessity which is that of the underlying forces of life, of the nature itself; a blindness, in that this necessity fancies itself free and choosing for itself; a retribution which makes this blindness accountable for whatever it may do; a retribution which is not necessarily the punishment of actual sin, but may be the atonement which is due to any violated right of any sphere or plane of life; a retribution which is exacted from the higher to the lower, no less than from the lower to the higher.

We have considered the tragic collision as one between different personalities, representing the different forces of life. We have to add to these the conception of a collision, both elements of which represent the same character. This may be illustrated by the case in which the collision is between a man's past and his present; when what he would accomplish in the present is confronted and overborne by what he has accomplished in the past. This is an element not infrequent in tragedy, but it is nowhere presented with greater dramatic force and with more terrible reality than in the works of a writer to whose tragic genius justice, so far as I know, has never been paid, Victor Hugo. We must not let his extravagances blind us to the dark magnificence which underlies them. In the plays of Victor Hugo we have the tragic character vainly attempting to free himself from the tragic fatality which pursues him. This runs through his plays like some grand movement which appears ever under new forms in some great musical composition. I will give one example. Marion de Lorme had lived a life of shame. A pure attachment sprang up between herself and a youth who knew nothing of her past history. She was to him simply Marie, the ideal of womanly purity. She began a new life, and turned her back upon the past. But the past is wrongly named: we carry it into all the concerns of life; it fol-

lows us as our shadows do when we walk towards the sun. Marie was still Marion, ignore it as she might. The black and terrible past was still her past, or rather a part of her present. She followed her lover to the prison into which he was cast under sentence of death for some slight offense, cheering and strengthening him by her love. But at last the fearful secret broke upon him. Marie, his pure ideal, was Marion, the object of his loathing. He repulses her tenderness. Marion provides a way for him to escape, and in an agony of supplication urges him to flee. He resists her entreaties. He turns coldly from her. But when the hour of possible escape has passed, and the executioners have come to end his life, he relents. He presses her to his heart, and breathes words of love, of reconciliation and forgiveness. But when she laments their separation, and speaks of the happiness they might have shared, the dark necessity unveils itself again. He dashes to pieces her airy castle. He makes her understand that, though he can forgive, he cannot forget the past; that a free and trusting love could never have been theirs. In the plays of Victor Hugo the tragic element reaches its terrible climax. The tragic character struggles with the destiny he has drawn upon himself; struggles up to a higher plane, but even from that is dragged back, and made to feel that the past still lives in him.

These three parts of the tragic element, necessity, blindness, and retribution form the great woof of life. Tragedy did not invent them; it found them. I will give two or three historical illustrations of this tragic element, and will then seek for it in our daily life.

The first that I will mention is that of Socrates in his relation to the Athenian state, — a relation which has been pointed out and perhaps exaggerated by Hegel. Socrates represented the great principle of subjectivity. He represented the higher law. His private daimon he would trust against laws and oracles. The principle of Socrates was that of subjectivity. The principle of the Grecian state, whose ideal reaches its climax in the republic of Plato, was objectivity. The individual was swallowed up in the state; law and morality were the same; there was no higher law. The collision was inevitable. This principle of subjectivity was the wedge which was to split open the ancient state. The state

divined the presence of that power which was to be its destruction. The comedian Aristophanes brought all the power of his ridicule to bear upon it. The state put the philosopher to death as a corrupter of youth. The comedian and the state were right. The state can recognize nothing higher than itself, and here was a power that was to destroy it. Socrates was right from the higher plane on which he stood. The state, urged on by the necessity of its own being, blind to the glory of the new life, put him to death. Socrates must by his death make atonement to the injured rights even of the lower sphere. The state must make atonement for the attempt to crush the individual, by its destruction. This was then the tragedy of the ancient state which found in Athens its representative and instrument.

In the story of Jesus we have the tragedy of the world. He knew himself to be the consummation of Judaism and its fulfillment, and thus claimed the right to be its Christ. The Jews saw that this claim, if allowed, would destroy Judaism. The destruction was to the Jew necessarily the most terrible thing that could occur. The Jew, being a Jew, could see nothing higher than Judaism. For the higher vision he must receive a higher life; his nature must be changed; he must be born again, must cease to be a Jew. Thus came the world's tragedy. The collision was inevitable. Jesus died amid the darkness of nature. But the Jew had invaded a higher principle, a higher life than he dreamed of. Jesus atoned to Judaism with his life; Judaism made atonement by its terrible destruction. Judaism struck the blow as blindly as Œdipus brought upon himself the guilt of parricide. It was a tragic blindness. Had they known, cried the apostle, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. It brought its tragic retribution upon itself with equal blindness. The death of Jesus was the end of Judaism, so far as its historic worth and meaning are concerned. The form remained, but the best life had passed out of it. I, through the law, cried the apostle, am dead unto the law. I am crucified with Christ. The higher and the lower met. Each invaded the realm of the other, each made atonement to the other, but the higher conquered even by its defeat.

After this great and central tragedy, all other instances may seem unimportant. I will, however, mention one more; for the

subject requires that its truth should be felt in the case of the less important as well as in that of the more important. The instance that I will mention is that of Napoleon at the moment when his personal relations with England began. Napoleon, representing the chivalrous spirit, the impulse of honor, threw himself upon the protection of his English enemy. From his stand-point he saw but one result as possible. He and England had been having a heroic struggle. Heroically he yielded, and expected nothing but to be received as a hero. But England was in a different sphere. England knew little of chivalry. Practical England knew that the peace of Europe had been disturbed. It saw in Napoleon no hero, but an outlaw. It regarded him as the constable regards a pickpocket that gives himself up when he sees no chance of escape. Napoleon and England could not understand one another. Napoleon had offended against the practical interest, the public peace of Europe. Bitter atonement did he make, chained to the desolate rock. But England had offended against the honorable, the chivalric, the generous forces of life. Must she make no atonement, bear no retribution? Nay, from that desolate rock, that lonely sepulchre, came haunting furies, came scorn and shame, the scorn of all generous hearts abroad, the shame of all generous hearts at home, until, at last, when the prayer came from those once hostile shores that the emperor, though dead, emperor evermore, should be restored, England gladly heard the cry, hastened to give up the burden that had weighed upon her so long. The sepulchre was left clean and empty, and the haunting furies, at last appeased, gave her rest.

But we need not look abroad for examples of this tragic collision. Our own nation has not long ago passed through the tragedy of its history. As it had sinned more deeply than others, because in the presence of greater light, so was its penalty more terrible. Liberty and slavery, united in a single nation, must meet in a life and death struggle.

All the collisions between class and class, that so mark the present, are only instances of the workings of the tragic elements of life. On these, however, we may not dwell, but must hasten to illustrate, in a more general way, the forms which this tragic collision assumes.

The first that I will name is the one that stands lowest in the scale, — one, indeed, that we might hesitate to place in the list: I mean the struggle between the conscious life of man and blind forces of nature. The hesitation in regard to calling this collision a tragic one arises from the fact that it has properly no place in the tragedy of literature. Here it could be represented only indirectly, and this under the form of chance occurrences, working out good or evil, constituting thus one element of the romance of life. In actual life, however, it is a constant factor. Chances may occur, but the warfare with nature is more fundamental and wide-reaching than all chances. For everything that may be won from her, nature enacts reprisals; yet even by her victory she is conquered. So soon as men learn to obey her, they command her. Thus does the strife continue, with varying fortune, through each individual life, until at last, to all outward seeming, the forces of nature gain a final triumph, and remain possessors of the field.

A higher form of the tragic collision, and one that more strictly deserves the name, results from the fact that the individual begins to exist for himself and on his own account. He has his will and his plans. But this will and these plans the universe does not respect. Other men have their wills and their plans; the course of history moves along its appointed way; the individual must either yield or struggle vainly.

The truest and highest form of the collision, however, springs from the fact that every man is partial. Every man is a representative man, and represents the part and not the whole. Every man is to a certain extent the result of a certain ancestry, a certain culture, a certain quality of mind, a certain sphere of life and habit of thought. These are the forces that act through him. His history is largely the evolution of these. These limit his origin. As I said of the tragic hero, he is like a horse with blinders on either side. He sees straight before him, that is all. Being thus partial and blind, he must have collisions, tragic collisions, with other forces, and for every such invasion he must make atonement, must suffer retribution. This is what may be called, in the strictest meaning of the word, the tragic element of life. On the other hand, the dream, or the fact of natures so perfectly attuned

to one another, that they melt into an absolute harmony, makes up the highest form of the romance of life.

It must here be noticed that all the tragic forces that underlie our life are good. There is in all nature no power of evil. Thus the animal, the sensual forces, are good. The beast is moved by good and pure forces. But if a man who might live in a higher sphere suffers himself to fall into a lower, suffers these lower forces to work through him, so much the worse for the man. He must suffer the retribution. The laws of disease, the forces of disease, are as natural and as healthy as those of health itself. But the body that has fallen into that sphere must pay the penalty. The forces of decay, of corruption, of rottenness, are as clear and pure as those of life. Only they are lower forces, and woe to the body that sinks down into their realm. Guilt is the suffering of lower forces to act through a medium fitted for the higher. The punishment of guilt is the retribution demanded by the higher. But the lower, if set at naught, claims a retribution no less. The lower sphere scorned and defied demands atonement, satisfaction, no less than the higher. The only difference is that its penalties are lower.

I might illustrate what has been said by reference to the diverse qualties of Mind. Thus there are men of the reason, and men of understanding. The understanding cannot comprehend the reason. The understanding sees differences, the reason sees identity. The understanding separates, the reason binds. The understanding makes its mock of the reason. It suffers the penalty in its own coldness and blindness and emptiness and loneliness. The reason despises the mere understanding. It bears also a penalty. It has to bear the mockery of the understanding. It is far less a working power in the world. It is not so good a hater, not so good a fighter, and thus finds itself at disadvantage in its own day and generation. We find further illustrations in the different natures that are thrown together in life, — so different that they cannot understand one another, and are continually in some way or other clashing together. Thus there are the brother and sister in that wonderful story, "The Mill on the Floss." Her nature was passionate; his, cold and upright. They could not understand one another. Their love became their grief. He was harsh, and her

heart was almost broken, yet neither was conscious of fault or error. Who can say why it is, that, between persons thrown together most closely in the world, brothers perhaps, brought up in the same family, husband and wife, set apart for one another for a lifetime, there should be such differences. One impulsive and one cold, one gay and one quiet, one generous and one niggardly, one radical and one conservative; they cannot understand one another. Neither can see how he is to blame, but somehow life has become a discord instead of a harmony. It is darkened by no crime, but somehow it has become a tragedy instead of a romance.

That other aspect of the tragic collision, in which the individual is confronted and overborne by his own past, finds abundant illustration in life. We set an instrumentality at work, but we do not know what it will bring about. So soon as an influence has gone out from us we have no more control over it. It is no longer our activity. It is the great powers of nature that we have set in motion. We cannot stop them, nor guide them. They owe us no subjection. They disown us. If we stand in their way, they wil crush us as soon as another. Inventors, discoverers, founders, are not in general those who profit by their labors. The power has gone out from them, and will do the bidding of him who can manage it the best. Fiction and history are full of illustrations of this fact. We read of the servant of the magician who set the broomstick to draw water. He could set it in motion, but he knew no power on earth to stop it, and the house was deluged. We read that Ninus, king of Assyria, in a moment of sport, set the crown on the head of his wife Semiramis. Her first and instant command was, Take this Ninus and put him to death. Rouget de Lisle composed the "Marseilles Hymn." He named it an offering to liberty. Liberty, in the person of the populace, accepted the offering and thrived upon it, and grew wild and reckless and terrible. Rouget de Lisle trembled and fled before it. Liberty, in the shape of the same populace, pursued him still singing, and as he fled the mountain passes echoed with the notes of his own music.

I have thus presented in scattered points and imperfect outlines the tragic element of life. This tragic collision is the result of no accident. The universal must by its very nature take shape in that which is partial, and the partial is always antagonistic. The

universal makes progress only by division and by contention. The state takes form in its parties, the church in its sects, philosophy in its schools. The infinite takes form in the finite. These finite forms clash against one another, perhaps even destroy one another, and are together swallowed up by the infinite, which presses on to clothe itself in higher forms.

The great truth is that it is not man, but these great tragic forces, which control the world. "Man is free, humanity is bound."

> "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

I do not say that man may not hasten or hinder. He can neither prevent nor determine. It is much for the man what kind of forces he suffers to work through him. It is much for the drop whether it is borne on by the broad sweep of the current, or eddies off into some muddy pool. To the man it is much, but these forces will sooner or later accomplish their result.

The tragedy, as a work of art, demands repose as well as struggle. If there is collision, there must be at least some hint of the solution of the collision. The philosophic view at which I have just hinted is too vast for its limits. Moreover, the individual is precious to it, and the repose which broods over all must include each individual in its embrace. We have considered the strife; we must, to complete the survey, glance at the repose in which it is swallowed up.

The most obvious form of this repose is that of success. The hero conquers in the strife. The happiness for which he longs is his. But this lacks the element of necessity, and has no certainty of permanence. Besides, it is not wholly satisfactory. No bauble of worldly success can repay the struggles and anguish of the soul. A deeper form of repose tragedy has sought and found. It is that of death. This is so freely used by tragedy that the word "tragedy" has come to involve the idea of death. What is tragic is supposed to be deadly. Death is supposed to be the culmination of the horror, instead of, as it is so often, the bringer of the peace. We cannot understand the nature of tragedy till we understand the part that death plays in it.

The repose which results from happiness and success lacks

necessity and permanence, and thus fails to satisfy our highest æsthetic needs. That of death is free from this lack. It is no accident which might or might not have occurred. It is as certain as fate itself, and awaits the sufferer after the most terrible sorrows. And there is no fear lest it be merely transitory. Fortune may smile or frown, friends may grow weary of remembering, estates may dwindle into nothingness, empires may be overthrown, but this lofty rest remains unbroken.

> "O earth, so full of dreary noises;
> O men, with wailing in your voices;
> O delved gold the wailers heap;
> O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall,—
> God makes a silence through you all,
> And giveth his beloved sleep."

All at once there is a strange power at work, a strange presence. We are in contact with the infinities and the eternities. A little stroke of the dagger, a little draught of the poison, and there comes down this infinite peace, this eternal silence, in the presence of which the will is dwarfed, and all caprice seems impertinent, and the loftiest and the humblest are alike. All the events of life which had preceded, which were before fleeting and full of change, become now fixed and statuesque, and partake of the dignity of their close. But, though the events gain in grandeur, the evil of them is almost forgotten. For how contemptible appear all the weariness and care of life in comparison with that lofty repose which is inevitably to succeed them! Our moral sense is satisfied, or at least cannot murmur. There is enough awe and mystry in it to satisfy our feeling of justice towards the guilty; enough peace to console us for the sorrows of the good. We do not need that it should be made terrible, as in the Faustus of Marlow by the presence of demons; nor hallowed, as in that of Goethe's Margaret, by the voice from heaven crying, *Ist gerettet*, is saved; we do not need the celestial fruits and flowers which in one of the early dramas the virgin martyr plucks and sends back as a token to her murderers. We have a feeling of awe in the one case, and of peace in the other, which we cannot avoid, and which satisfies all our dramatic need.

Let us observe more minutely the operation of this principle in

a single case, that of Shakespeare's Lear. After reading Charles Lamb's essay on the subject, no one can doubt that the death of Lear was, artistically speaking, inevitable. After his sorrows and losses, his sceptre would have been a bauble, and his life full of the ghosts of dead hopes. But an examination will show that the death of Cordelia was equally required by Lear. The misappre hension in the play, which would change at least this part of the result, has arisen undoubtedly from the notion that the suffering of Lear consisted in his exposure and in the loss of his kingdom, and that poetic justice is satisfied by returning them to him again. The longing of Lear, however, is for love. It is the father's heart yearning for an answer of tenderness; and the struggle and plot of the play are in some measure solved when he holds the loving Cordelia to his bosom. But there were three daughters, where are the two? He loved them all with equal tenderness, how shall the love of Cordelia alone make up the deficiency and fill the great void of his heart? It must be exhibited in such a magnified and exalted form that this one love shall take the place of all. This could only be done by the dignifying and softening power of death. She had died full of love to him, and a martyr to that love. Love for one could not fill his heart: a loving sorrow could. His spirit had no longer the elasticity of youth: he could not pass at once from such terrible agony to joy. A glad love he could never feel again. A tender sorrow was the nearest approach to happiness that remained to him, and that was granted him to the full. A horrible tragedy was yet to be enacted about him. His father's heart could not but be filled with horror at the terrible punishment which was to fall upon his two daughters, unnatural though they were. Yet this must take place before his death; for this alone could fitly close the play. The death of Cordelia supplied what was wanting here also. He is so occupied with tender grief, that he does not heed the horrors that are going on about him. He could gain nothing more from life.

> "He hates him,
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

But what most gentle messenger should summon him. Does it not seem of all most fitting that he who has gone through life,

sorrowing for the want of love, should at last die from the surcharged fullness of a loving heart.

But after all, death is the symbol of the real solution of the tragic conflict, and thus of the highest repose, rather than the reality of them. This reality must be found in the spirit itself. Upon this aspect of our subject I can, in conclusion, barely touch; for this true solution, in its highest forms, lies beyond that which is peculiar to tragedy. I will illustrate what I mean by two examples. I have refered to the truly tragic relation of the brother and sister in "The Mill on the Floss." The solution is found in that last moment of insight, when their spirits become united in the tenderest love. The collision of their natures had passed; love had destroyed it. The tragic blindness was gone; for love had enlightened them. We have seen how, in the tragedies of Victor Hugo, the spirit was continually confronted and overborne by its own past. In the story of Jean Valjean the author deals with the same theme, but plays it out to its magnificent completion. In this, the hero is also dogged by his own past, but when he might have escaped it, when he might have seen it overwhelm another instead of himself, he stepped forward and took the terrible burden upon his own shoulders. It was the tragic retribution, but by this free choice it was transformed. The man was still supreme over his fate.

Freedom cannot change the nature; it cannot do away with the facts of life; but it can use them, and thus change their aspect and meaning. Freedom does not beget freedom, but a higher necessity. The moral principle can exalt the nature till it becomes subject to new influences, as the aeronaut may rise into higher currents; and love may enlarge the nature until it takes those most diverse into itself. Resignation and acceptance may take from events their power to harm even at the very moment of their triumph. That which was most foreign becomes one's own. Thus faith and patience may change defeat into victory, and in the freedom of the pure personality the tragic conflict finds its solution.

C. C. Everett.

TYNDALL'S BELFAST ADDRESS.

In Webster's ever-memorable reply to Hayne, he compared the stormy debate, which had been raging for several days, to tempestuous weather at sea, and thought the lull of expectation with which the Senate was listening for the voice of a new debater a favorable opportunity to catch a glimpse of the sun through openings in the clouds, and from that observation take a new departure for the desired haven. He, therefore, called first for the reading of the resolution.

Before adding a word to the debate which the little pamphlet issued by the President of the British Association has called forth, we took occasion to read the pamphlet itself, and shall begin our remarks by an abstract of its contents.

The preface, in three pages, makes a few replies to criticisms; and denies, in calm but deeply impressive language, the charge of atheism and of pure materialism.

The address begins by sketching in a few words the rise of the polytheism of early Greece and Rome, in which the gods were capricious men; and represents the atomic philosophy of Democritus and Lucretius as being the outgrowth of science in opposition to this anthropomorphic religion. It gives a sketch of the system of Democritus, and of the additions made by Empedocles and Epicurus, showing that the former had prefigured the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest," and the latter added to the atheistic schemes of his predecessors a purified polytheism. It next gives a sketch of the exposition and defense of the atomic philosophy by Lucretius in his "De Natura Rerum." From the birth of Democritus to the publication of Lucretius' poem was almost four centuries, during which time, ending about fifty years before Christ, Grecian science was making grand progress in various directions. "What then," Tyndall asks, "stopped its victorious advance?" And his answer is substantially, Christianity and the Bible; quoting in proof of this strange proposition nothing but a foolish remark of St. Augustine, who flourished four hundred years after Christ. Next follows an adverse criticism of Aristotle, and a de-

scription of the Arabian light during the dark ages of Christendom; followed by vivid sketches of the revival of learning in Europe, giving prominent places to Bruno, Descartes, and Gassendi. Then (p. 31*) Tyndall adroitly confuses the two meanings of the words "the atomic theory," and quotes a host of modern physicists as holding to the atomic doctrine; as though in holding that matter exists in the form of atoms they necessarily believed either in Democritus' fortuitous concourse or in Herbert Spencer's evolution. Eight pages of the address are then given to a discussion of Bishop Butler and Lucretius, as exponents of the rival theories that the soul is immaterial and uses the body as an instrument, and that the soul is only the living power of the body, the result of the organization. Here Tyndall modestly but distinctly says that he thinks the bishop right, in declaring no logical connection possible between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness.

The address now passes to a rapid review of the progress of speculation concerning the origin of species; and a more extended notice of the speculations of Charles Darwin, to which Tyndall yields full allegiance. He then passes to Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the growth of mind with the successive evolution of higher organisms, and gives him the high title of the Apostle of the Understanding. The gospel of this apostle seems to be that necessary truths are simply contingent truths, which have been so constantly observed by all our ancestors that we inherit a belief in them.

Reverting now to the atomic theory, the address says that two courses only are open, — to admit freely the conception of creative acts, or to change radically our notions of matter, and conceive the atoms to have in them the germs of life. This would not be atheism. It would simply exalt God from an artificer, acting spasmodically at intervals, into an inscrutable power, acting throughout all space and time as the cause of all that is. Even this conception would not, however, says Prof. Tyndall, bridge the impassable gulf which separates the phenomena of consciousness from those of the outward world. Much less can we

* Appleton's edition.

pass logically from our conceptions of molecular structure and action to the domain of the tastes, passions, and sentiments. And he closes with a reverential reference to the mysteries which attend all our speculations on the beginning and cause of the phenomenal world.

The reader of this abstract will be surprised, as the writer of it has been, that the Belfast Address has provoked so much angry condemnation of its learned author, or has been deemed in any way an important paper. It deals with the highest themes that the human mind can grapple with, and states the view of a certain series of thinkers with that remarkable clearness of style which has given the learned author so well-deserved a popularity as an expositor of the mechanics of undulation in the air and in the ether. But it contains very little of the author's own thought, and that little is, for the most part, the expression of decided dissent from the atheistic and materialistic philosophy in which the atomic doctrine, as he calls it, was at its birth immersed.

Perhaps the storm raised apparently by the body of this address is due rather to an undertone which appears only here and there, and which may really be only apparent, produced by infelicity of expression, and not by the presence of any such sentiment in the writer's mind. As illustrations of these unfortunate expressions take these: "the dialectic strife in which Socrates so much delighted;" "Gassendi, having formally acknowledged God;" "sprung from a race of theologians, this celebrated man [Agassiz] combated to the last the theory;" and the whole page in which, without any single offensive expressions, he manages to give the offensive impression that Christianity was the cause of the decline of Grecian science.

Prof. Tyndall would hardly justify himself in the use of such language; put him under cross-examination, and he would admit that, although Socrates was unwise in speaking disrespectfully of the geometry of Plato, and of the physics of Anaxagoras, it was not from a love of dialectic strife, which he hated as much as he did mathematics and physics; he would admit that he had no reason to suspect Gassendi of atheism; and that Agassiz' descent from Huguenot clergymen had no more influence on his opinions than Ralph Waldo Emerson's descent from Puritan clergymen

has had on his; he would admit also that the iron heel of the Roman legions crushed Grecian science two centuries before Paul preached Christianity on Mars Hill. The President of the British Association is not always as correct as he is clear. He has been known to give his opinion confidently even on physical matters, of which, it afterwards proved, he was ignorant. His weight as an authority lies, however, in physics; and if he sometimes nods even there, what importance can attach to his opinion on matters with which he is less acquainted? It is certain that he gives a false impression in implying that the introduction of Christianity checked the progress of Grecian science; the opinion of Augustine, to which he refers, could have no influence in producing a decay which took place five hundred and fifty years before. Let the Christian draw the picture, and he would say, "The conception of law is first found in the Hebrew Scriptures, the elements of the natural sciences are first found there, the writers of the Old Testament never speak of the Divine Power as acting capriciously, even the great miracle of the passage of the Red Sea is described, in the prose narrative, as the effect of natural causes; in the New Testament there is nothing to discourage science; the apostle who speaks of 'a building of God, a house not made with hands,' certainly does not do it to the disparagement of the human body, which he calls a temple of the Holy Ghost; nor in scorn of the material creation, in which he says the eternal wisdom and divine attributes of God are clearly seen: the most that can be said of the effect of Christianity on science, in the early ages, is, that it failed to revive it immediately; under two centuries of the rule of military power and foreign trade, and the destruction of internal commerce, Rome and all other cities had fallen, as Tyndall says, 'into moral putrefaction,' in which science was smothered to death; Christianity raised the world out of that moral depth, and gave a great impulse to theological speculation; that impulse led to results unfavorable to science in Europe; but the same monotheistic theology, passing through Arabia and Northern Africa into Spain, brought with it, in its Mohammedan form, better fruits of science; these were received in Europe in monasteries, and in these ecclesiastic communities were nourished as the seed of future science; and so

soon as Luther's Reformation revived pure Christianity, that revived learning and science; Christian divines, both Catholic and Protestant, have been the foremost promoters of modern science; and as for your fling at Agassiz being the descendant of clergymen, we should like to know what man of this century possessed a larger, clearer intellect, was more cautious in forming generalizations, yet more fruitful of them; was master of a greater number of details, or more capable of subordinating them. If we may take Emerson in poetry, and Agassiz in science, as the result of a descent from a long line of clergymen, the world has certainly nothing to fear from the result of the Christian ministry educating their sons to follow their father's profession. According to your own notion of inherited ability being increased by the exercise of it in the ancestry, Agassiz ought to be the better judge of the theological aspect of science for having sprung from a race of theologians."

Let us not, however, descend to these side issues, but turn at once to the main issue which Tyndall states,— whether we shall admit freely the conception of creative acts, or change radically our conceptions of matter, and conceive the atom to contain in itself the possibilities, in concourse with its fellows, of developing the universe. This latter view is not necessarily Atheistic; many, who believe in it, maintain that it gives a grander view of creation. Some Christian believers even hold that it is a doctrine of revelation, and that it is distinctly, unequivocally, contained in the words of Genesis, "God said, Let the earth bring forth."

This form of the atomic theory does not deny a creative act in the formation of the original atoms: it simply says that "we know nothing and can know nothing concerning it, we only know that every event was preceded by a physical cause; every creature has its history; that history runs back through physical causes alone, until we reach the original atom, behind which we cannot go." But, as Tyndall says, man does not stop with the minimum visibile, he takes the microscope; the mind does not stop with the microscope, it descends to the molecule and to the atom. So Mr. Bixby, in the December number of this Review, shows, with admirable acuteness and strength of argument, that the mind does not stop with the atom; it finds there, of necessity, something which is

not matter acting merely by physical impulse; but something incorporeal, a force acting without contact. Prof. Tyndall says that no theory of the material universe is capable of scientific statement which lacks the conception of the atom. Sir Isaac Newton doubted if a man with a faculty for clear scientific thought could suppose that matter could act without contact, mediate or immediate. In spite of the dictum of Newton, and in addition to Tyndall's statement, I would affirm the correctness of Mr. Bixby's conclusion, and say that no modern science can dispense with the conception of forces acting at greater or less distances from its atomic centres.

But I will go further. Tyndall is led, as he thinks, "by an intellectual necessity," to discern in matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." His error is simply that of carrying the analogy of physics into a domain where it has no authority. From the mechanical subdivision of matter having no assignable limit, he argues to the infinitesimal size of the molecule. Hence, he says, that, from the simplification of organisms having no assignable limit, we may assume organic life in the molecule. But the analogy fails at every point. There is an assignable limit to the simplification of an organism. Nothing in the way of organism has ever been conceived simpler than a single cell. That is the physiological atom; go below that and you have fallen into chemistry. The "intellectual necessity," therefore, is certainly not from the logical force of the analogy.

It is probably from an obscure recognition of the law of parsimony that Tyndall draws his supposed necessity, to discern in matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." It would seem a simpler exercise of creative power to form atoms all of one pantogen, and allow these atoms in their fortuitous concourse, "without any officious intermeddling of the gods," to evolve the chemical elements, and then the cosmical phenomena, and finally organic life, and crown the work with reasoning man. But the physicist knows that he can apply this "principle of the least action" safely, only by the aid of mathematics; and that the moment we step beyond the reach of deductive demonstration we must cease to argue from any *a priori* principle, and appeal to experiment and observation. We know too little of the inscru-

table first cause to know whether it would be easier to make this pantogen, or to make numerous elements. We do not even know whether it were possible to make it. We must remember that there are limits even to Omnipotence: it is not in the power of Omnipotence to make the diagonal and the side of a square commensurable; and it may not be in the power of Omnipotence to give to the atom of a pantogen power to evolve a cosmos. Theology is graciously permitted by the Belfast Address to busy herself with the emotions, and advised to let science settle intellectual doctrines for her, — but she probably will not avail herself of the permission, or the offer. In human nature, as theologians find it, whatever physicists may find, feeling and thought co-exist, and neither can be developed without the other. As Tyndall himself says, "without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed." And without reason to guide it, the leanings of emotion, even of moral emotion, would be blind and misleading.

If, therefore, the physicists are ready to follow, blindfold, the leading of the moral presumption of parsimony to the extent of making pantogenic atoms evolve the universe, the theologians will probably beg to be excused from following; and will appeal to observation, experiment, and reason to test the assumption. They will ask the physicists, the chemists, the physiologists, the botanists, the zoölogists, the geologists, for the facts, and then draw their own theologic inferences.

Against this form of the atomic theory they at once find a strong *a posteriori* argument, from the atomic weight of the elements, which are rarely commensurable; which shows that if the atoms of the elements are molecules of pantogen they must be molecules of a very high order of complexity. Moreover, in the properties and proportions of the chemical elements they find abundant reasons, some of which are admirably set forth in Prof. J. P. Cooke's Graham Lectures, for believing that there was an intelligence presiding over their creation. The principle of the survival of the fittest could scarce have operated in the genesis of the elements from a pantogen. Passing over a multitude of other points which seem to throw very strong difficulties in the way of the promise and potency of matter, let us come to plants

and animals. Here the theologian finds an insurmountable *a posteriori* objection to the evolution theory, which represents the ultimate cause of the universe as acting simultaneously through all space, and synchronously through both eternities at once, in the creation and maintenance of pantogen alone. While it would be very difficult by that theory to explain the phenomena of inorganic nature, it would be impossible to explain by it the growth of an organic form. By a terrible strain of the imagination one can perhaps conceive that the inorganic world might at some time produce albumen or oil or mucilage; but to conceive the spontaneous generation of the simplest aminalcule, I believe as far transcends the ability of man's imagination, as to conceive the spontaneous generation of an elephant. It is conceded that the beloved and lamented Jeffries Wyman proved, as far as a negative can be proved, the non-occurrence of spontaneous generation at present; and this appears to me to have put a second gate across the highway of Prof. Tyndall's gallop from the protogenes of Häckel to the pantogenic atom. No spontaneous generation has been ever shown; and no mental picture of the thing is possible. In the amusing burlesque of the views of both scientific parties on this question, given by Mr. Calthrop, in his paper before the Saratoga Convention, one knew not at which to laugh most heartily, Mr. Spalding's chicken, which had been learning how to catch flies for a million years before it broke the shell, or Milton's elephants and lions flashing into adult being suddenly, the fore end first, while the hind part was yet in the earth, "pawing to get free." Mr. Calthrop and Prof. Tyndall, with the French Encyclopedists, say that things were not made, they grew; and when they fancy that by this word "growth" they have dispensed with the need, after the creation of matter, of "the hypothesis of a Deity," they quietly assume that spontaneous generation presents no difficulty; whereas, there is at this point an *a priori*, and an *a posteriori* objection, each insurmountable.

Another difficulty is found in the attempt to explain the forms of organic life. The atoms have fixed forms and fixed polarities, so far as chemistry and physiology enable us to judge. Yet in the building of a plant or an animal these polarities lead to an indefinite number of forms, and these forms intelligible not on fixed

geometrical principles, but, as the ever-living Agassiz has shown in his "Essay on Classification," intelligible on connected ideas pertaining partly to geometry and partly to the organic life. Growth is building, building with infinitesimal bricks. During incubation the molecules of the egg are placed in a new order, they are built into a chick. The force which accomplishes this work is partly the molecular vibration of the temperature at which the egg is kept, and partly a similar force set free by the decomposition of part of the egg. But this force is blind. It is a mere vibration of the particles, by which they are tossed about. What guides them to settle in the form of a chick? and in each of a myriad of eggs into a different kind of animal? This guidance of force has no mechanical equivalent in foot-pounds, — it is an architect, not a laborer. Can any man make a mental picture of the possibility of the organogens having in their atoms the power not only to combine in albumen, but also to elect in which of a half million or more different forms they will arrange themselves to grow?

Prof. Tyndall himself confesses that he cannot bridge the gulf between these lifeless atoms, — this mere mechanical motion, and the phenomena of conscious life. Yet he speaks with almost unqualified praise of Herbert Spencer's writings, and of his attempt to show how all the faculties of the human soul are but the perfection, by exercise and growth, of the slight sensitiveness to touch which the protogenes of Häckel, the little sphere of albumen, shows. We plead against it, the impossibility of passing over, in mental representation, the gap between the mind of beast and the mind of man; and the impossibility of reconciling the theory with the facts of science.

The first plea is one which the Belfast Address uses in its discussion of the merits of Aristotle and Goethe as scientific theorists. A play is not well constructed if it is impossible to put it on the stage. A physical theory is not well constructed if it is incapable of *Vorstellung*, mental representation. The evolution theory fails in this respect. Its asks infinity of time, and the human mind can only "represent" finite time. It asks a merely mechanical cause to produce the most varied and complicated forms and relations, in the inorganic and organic world, each one of which displays a wonderful conformity to *a priori* thoughts and intellectual ideas;

and the human mind cannot represent such a cause producing such effects. It asks us to believe that dead matter assumes of its own power the functions of life; it asks us to believe that dead matter becomes of its own power conscious; to believe that this wonderful organ of the human body, with all its varied stops, was created after some millions of years of jumbling together of air, earth, water, by the mere force and guidance of those elements themselves; and that this force and guidance of those elements not only built the organ, but play upon it all the wondrous music and harmony of the universe, and, most incredible of all, hear all this music, and are the only hearers, — we, who are discussing it, being only a part of this play of merely mechanical action, our souls being, in fact, like light, heat, and electricity, only "modes of motion." For my part, I must confess myself an obstinate unbeliever in the power of the most extreme evolutionist to make a *Vorstellung* of any such things. And while I would speak with great respect of the learning and character of the modern advocates of this evolution theory, I must also acknowledge my total inability to understand their logic. From August Comte's "Cours de Philosophie Positif" to the Belfast Address, through all the varying forms and schools of the materialistic and semi-materialistic doctrines, the writings of the evolutionists either tacitly assume, or openly state, that the necessary conditions for an effect are themselves the cause of the effect. If this assumption or statement was made by ordinary men, it would meet only with contemptuous silence. If a man should argue that because a mantel-clock is stopped by excessive heat, and by excessive cold, by want of oiling, or by using thick and gummy oil, by immersing in water, or by simply laying it on its side, it therefore must run by the force of heat and gravity, air and oil, and cannot need, and does not have, a mainspring, nor need winding, the folly of his reasoning would be so apparent that all men would at once see that he was either a simpleton, or else making burlesque of reasoning. And yet this is the precise argument by which August Comte undertakes to prove that man has no soul, and needs none; but is a machine that runs by heat and moisture and digestion and gravity; because a man can be burned or frozen, drowned or dried up, starved, surfeited or poisoned, and dies if you even hang him by the heels for ten minutes. Nor is

the argument made a whit sounder in the modification of it by which Herbert Spencer proves the ego to be a state of consciousness, or by which any of the tribes of evolutionists seek to show that life is the result of organization, and organization the result of environment. No wonder Agassiz spoke "almost sadly" to Tyndall of his surprise at the success of this revival of Lucretian philosophy, — the wonder is that he was not wholly grieved to see how little soundness of reasoning there is in "the best intellects of our time."

The impossibility of reconciling Darwin's theory with the facts of science seems to me as great as the impossibility of reconciling Comte's and Spencer's reasoning with the inexorable laws of logic. That I may not be accused of misstating the facts, I will quote them from the Belfast Address (p. 40): "The simplest forms of life lie lowest down," "as we climb higher among the superimposed strata, more perfect forms appear." "The change, however, from form to form, was not continuous, but by steps, — some small, some great." Then he quotes from Huxley, "A section a hundred feet thick will exhibit at different heights a dozen species of ammonite, none of which passes beyond its particular zone of limestone, of clay, into the zone below it, or into that above it." These are the facts given by the President of the British Association, September 15, 1874, and if he has given them correctly they seem to me absolutely demonstrative of the falsity of evolution by natural selection. The rock record according to these statements reveals no process of change, but only numerous results of changes. To admit the "natural selection" explanation we must admit between each "particular zone of limestone, of clay," a blank in the record, much longer than the time covered by the record itself. Now this is, in itself, a great improbability. That no "zone" of deposit should be thick enough to allow any change to take place during its deposition, and that between each pair of "zones" long enough time should have elapsed to make visible changes, is scarcely credible. The time requisite to form all the fossiliferous deposits known, cannot be less than about seventy-five millions of years, according to the estimates of geologists. When you add to this, as you are required to do, by the "natural selection" hypothesis, the immensely long periods, of which the record

is lost between the "zones," and the still longer period during which all the differences observed in the animals of the very lowest fossils were developed, you get, as the age of animal life on this planet, a period of hundreds, nay, thousands of millions, of years. Tyndall admits this, and says, "Not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand thousand, but for aeons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death." That is finely and rhetorically put, but it rather belongs to the domain of emotion than of thought. All such speculations lie at the mercy of the multiplication table. Tyndall's own science of radiant heat would show him that, according to all the facts of astronomy, which are to be taken into account as well as those of zoölogy, it is not untold millions, but less than two hundred million of years, since this earth was red-hot on its own account, and moreover illumined by a sun whose beams were hot enough to have roasted to ashes on the earth's surface any vegetable or animal substances known to us, even white-ash anthracite. The rocks make record of the whole time that the earth has been the theatre of life and death, and their record shows, as Tyndall and Huxley state it in the above quotations, that the changes in the forms of organic beings have not been continuous, but by sudden breaks. It is not "anthropomorphism," or "carpenter theories" of creation, that lead to this conclusion, — it is the inevitable logic of the facts. The theory of development by variation of species and natural selection cannot, therefore, explain the very facts for which they were invoked. An examination of other facts in science would show yet more plainly the incompetence of this theory. Darwin's works, as I read them, are no more satisfactory than the Telliamed of De Maillet, — an ingenious perversion of the obvious meaning of facts, in order to extract from them confirmation of a fanciful hypothesis.

But if we take the other alternative, and admit freely the conception of creative acts, what is our condition? The Belfast Address tells us that clear-headed men see that the hypothesis of special creations is no explanation at all, but rather the introduction of a larger difficulty to explain a less. That depends altogether upon your conception of special creation, and upon your definition of an explanation. If, with the Saratoga paper, we suppose that the

hypothesis of special creation necessitates the prosaic adoption of Milton's imaginations, we certainly have something that gives a shock to all our usual conceptions of the divine action. Such certainly was not Agassiz' view, — and he was a prominent defender of the view of special creation. If, on the other hand, we should imagine an action such as some advocates of a development, not by accidental variation and natural selection, suppose to have taken place, — and one species changed suddenly by descent into a cognate species; or if we should imagine an action similar to that by which the earliest animals were introduced on the globe, whatever that action may have been: in either case we should have the hypothesis of special creations in a form not liable to the ridicule which has been bestowed on Milton's play of fancy.

But we are not limited to any imagination. The theory of special creations does not profess to give an "explanation" of the origin of species in the sense in which the theory of Lamarck, De Maillet, or Darwin profess to give it; that is, it does not profess to reduce the process of the introduction of new species to a series of intelligible operations of natural physical causes. Its very essence consists in denying that the origin of species can be thus "explained," and in affirming that, in the present state of science, we can go no further in explaining the origin of species than to show that all the great family of organized creatures, in the past and in the present epoch, constitute a series of intellectually connected forms, intelligible by human thought, and therefore springing from an Intellect from whom all human intellects are derived.

THOMAS HILL.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO MORALITY.

THE idea from which this paper has grown, and which it aims to set forth and illustrate, is found in the word "righteousness."

Matthew Arnold, in "Literature and Dogma," makes it clear that the idea contained in this word is the characteristic and all-coloring distinction of the Hebrew Scriptures; that it was the foundation on which the Hebrew people sought to build themselves and their institutions; the inspiration alike of their poets and their prophets. What he calls "the stream of tendency" amongst that people started from this idea, and flowed in the direction of a full realization of it in life. In his view, their conception of God, expressed in a variety of terms, was that of "a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." This power, conceived as eternally present and active, they named the "Eternal," and before it they bowed in awful adoration and solemn dread, and rose up in lofty and jubilant ascriptions of praise.

Without stopping to offer a criticism of Arnold's interpretation of the Hebrew conception of God, or to show how strangely mistaken he is in representing the Divine Personality as having no well-defined and deeply-impressed image in the consciousness of Israel, we wish only to mark here, after him, the word "righteousness," as containing the distinctively Hebrew idea of the one thing which man ought to aim at in life, and the highest thing by which either man or God could be characterized. We do this with the more confidence because of the frequency with which the word is used in both Testaments, the substantive "righteousness" occurring in no less than three hundred and three passages, whilst the adjective "righteous" appears in two hundred and six. This persistent iteration indicates a drift of thought and feeling, a current and controlling idea, coursing through the generations and ages of that people. Evidently "the stream of tendency," though often obstructed by their foolish lusts, and sometimes quite lost to sight in the wastes and swamps of their apostacies, was still a living stream down to the time of their final dispersion; for even at the juncture of Christ's appearing, righteousness was still on

their lips as the golden word, and to mask themselves in its forms and semblances was their highest pride. But in the appearing of Christ "the stream" broke through its aforetime limits, — ceased to be a Hebrew distinction, — and began to flow with increased depth and clearness in the broader domain of Christianity. For nothing is more significant in Christianity than the fresh interpretation which it gives to the word "righteousness," and the solemn earnestness with which it avouches it as the highest attainment and eternal life of man. It is the emphatic word of the New as it had been of the Old Dispensation; for Gentile as it had been for Jew. "Before all things," said Jesus, "seek after righteousness." And this seeking he would have intensified into passionate longing, a hungering and thirsting, to be appeased by nothing short of the thing itself in all its fullness. But he is careful to make it understood that the righteousness which he would have men aim at as their chief end is something very different from what passed for righteousness in scribe and Pharisee; and by a series of vivid contrasts, as well as by numerous penetrating strokes and delicate touches of pictorial representation, he shows how it transcends in depth, in richness, in compass, in power, all that Israel had ever thought or imagined concerning it.

Borne on the same "stream of tendency" thus augmented, Paul grasps with fervent appreciation the new righteousness, as we may well call it, which is represented in Jesus Christ; and in it he sees fulfilled more than all that the law had prefigured or the prophets had beheld in vision; and John also, as he dwells upon it, and lifts it up before him as an ideal life, declares that "whosoever doeth righteousness is born of God," and "is righteous even as God is." And it is not to be doubted that if we consult our own consciousness we shall discover that we, Christians of to-day, have been floating all our lives on that "stream of tendency" which Arnold speaks of; that we have been touched and moved, all along, by "a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness;" and that we have always had in Christ an ideal righteousness before us with something within us urging us on towards it; moreover, that we have always felt, and do now feel, that, could we but attain unto it, nothing more would be needed to ensure our well-being, whether in this world or the world to come.

Now, when we come to examine the contents of this righteousness we may find in it a pregnant suggestion of the relation of religion to morality. According to the Hebrew use of the word, which was adopted, also, by primitive Christianity, it combined in its definition the reverence, awe, and love of God with whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, in man. There is no virtue and no praise which it does not include, from the piety that lifts up clean hands and a pure heart unto the God "who executeth judgment and righteousness in Jacob," to the tender compassion which stretches out the hand to the poor and needy; from the prayer of penitence which atones the guilt-stung conscience with God, and the song which makes melody of his tender mercies, to the equity which neighbor practices with neighbor, and the sympathetic help wherewith one bears another's burden. As described by one of the prophets, it is "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God." It is not religion alone, — a word, by the way, not found in the Hebrew tongue; it is not morality alone — a word equally unfamiliar to the Hebrew mind: but it is all that is commonly meant by both of these so blended and interfused as to constitute a single and indivisible entity of thought and life. If we were to compare it with any thing in visible nature it might be, perhaps, to a perfect landscape, of which one cannot say of either separate object that this is it, — whether field, hill, rock, wood, stream, or lake, — since it takes all the parts together to form the beautiful and enchanting panorama.

It seems a pity that so all-containing a word should, to so great an extent, have fallen into disuse in the speech and literature of modern times. No other can take its place as a full equivalent. Morality, a word of science rather than of popular discourse, is a wholly inadequate substitute. Religion is, in its common acceptation, altogether too narrow. The dropping of the word is the more to be regretted, since neither term, morality or religion, appears in the vocabulary of Jesus, and no such division of a single idea, as the use of them respectively seems to render necessary, was known to him.

When in the language of the Hebrew and the primitive Christian a man was said to be "righteous," that meant that he was all

right in everything. In modern speech, we do but imperfectly express the same idea in saying of one, He is a good moral man; for this does not mean all right, but right in respect to personal habits and his relations with his fellow-men. So, it is a very imperfect expression of the same idea when we say of one that he is a very religious man; for this does not mean all right, since one may be very religious and still defective in character and faulty in conduct. Therefore we are obliged to use both these terms, moral and religious, to denote what Israel and Christ expressed by the word "righteous." And we are forced to do this because we have got into the way, as they had not, of distinguishing between what is moral and what is religious, and contemplating them as twain and not as one. According to Francis Newman, "the moral man approves virtue, but does not long for it, while with the spiritual [religious] man the desire of it is a passion (or as Jesus said, a 'hunger and thirst'), not of this virtue or that only, but of virtue all round, whether seen or not by man." Thus he says, "To the mere moral man virtue is finite, but to the spiritual [religious] man it is infinite. The moral man often rests in the aims of earth and time, whilst the spiritual man tends ever towards the Infinite God. Would the moral man learn to be spiritual, let him change the chase after virtue into the study to please God; let him cherish constant reverence till reverence blossoms into love. The spiritual man is he who loves God, the Spirit, ever present, all knowing, all lovely, and all loving."

Thus it appears that morality is exalted into religion by linking it in thought to God, religion being the union of the soul with God in such wise as to make the Divine Presence a recognized reality of life. Arnold defines religion as "morality touched by emotion;" plainly a very inadequate definition, since many emotions have nothing to do either with religion or morality; and since morality may be exalted into religion by a thought or conception of God where there is no emotion whatever. If the sentiment of justice, which is moral, were touched by the emotion of anger in a judge, so far from lifting it into religion, this emotion would be very likely to pervert justice into an immorality. "The wrath of man worketh not the rigteousness of God." Even the sense of another's exceeding kindness, which is moral, may excite a feeling

of gratitude and love to an emotional pitch, but this would not of necessity raise it into religion.

There exists a prevalent opinion that religion has been set forth in the church of the past either in too abstract a form, so putting it above the reach of the common mind; or in too dogmatic a form, so making its importance to lie in propositions of theology or metaphysics adopted as articles of faith; or in too emotional a form, so causing it to be believed that certain fervors and enthusiams are an essential experience in all who know its real power and grace; and that this has been done to the neglect and detriment of the practical form which seeks to apply it to the conduct of life, so leaving the larger part of what we are doing in the world unaffected by it.

This opinion found partial expression in the recent Conference at Saratoga. Dr. Bellows said, as reported, "The public sentiment is horribly demoralized. Those religions which distinguish between the emotional and moral are responsible for this state of things. We are to take our stand upon pure morals. If we would take that ground, and throw everything else to the dogs, we should have a basis for more effective work than we have ever done. Let us give up, if need be, what the people call religion, and stick to what they call morality. But we need not give up either." What is intended in this statement is, we take it, that what is called morality is really more important than what is called religion, and that the latter is indeed of no importance save as it acts upon and through the former so as to render it what Israel and Christ termed "righteousness."

"I confess I understand not," wrote that quaint genius, Owen Feltham, two hundred years ago, "why some of our divines have so much cried down morality. A moral man, with some, is but another word for a reprobate. Whereas, truly, charity and probability would induce us to think, that whosoever is morally honest is so out of conscience, in obedience to the commands of God and the instinctments of nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of sinister, lower, and less noble ends. And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true religion cannot be without morality, no more can morality, that is, right, be without religion." This protest against the divorce of religion and moral-

ity, timely when it was made, would not have been unseasonable any day since, nor is it at this very moment. You may cut a magnet in twain, and after dividing it have two perfect magnets; but if you cut righteousness in twain, you destroy its polarity, and, continuing the simile, neither part will have the power of communicating its original properties,— no active, vital force will be left.

Arnold estimates that "conduct" which, when right, is morality in the concrete, "is three-fourths of life." The inference is that the ratio in importance of that part of righteousness which is morality to that part which is religion is as three to one. But we consent to no partition, and as Dr. Bellows well said, "we need not give up either;" for one without the other would leave a fearful blank in any life. Yet there is no doubt that the church has failed to lay proportionate emphasis on the ethical, as distinguished from the dogmatical and emotional, in what it has called religion; has, in fact, put asunder what God had of old joined together under the name of righteousness.

And here is evidently a work for the Liberal Church to do, and to do with its might, — to re-unite these dismembered parts of a true and whole righteousness, giving to that "three-fourths of life which is conduct" its due consideration. And in doing this work our church will assuredly have the spirit of Christ working with it; for it is certain that three-fourths of Christianity is devoted to conduct, understanding by conduct, not outward actions alone, but the dispositions also in which they originate and are performed. It is really surprising to find, when we come to look into the matter attentively, how small a portion of Christianity is devoted to such questions as have been most discussed by church polemics or sensational agitators and wielders of what they call "the terrors of the law." The state of being righteous — all right — is what it constantly aims to produce in the individual and in society. Read the Sermon on the Mount, and it will be seen that it consists almost entirely of maxims and precepts having this end in view, right behavior, right conduct as it regards ourselves and our neighbor. The parables look to the same end, — to conduct in some of its innumerable details and ramifications. Even those mystical say ings and discourses of Jesus which John alone has recorded, serve but to fill up the fountains of life from which "all good counsels and

all just works do proceed." Christianity is, indeed, a law of conduct for every department of human activity. Wherever men are busy with hand or brain, for pleasure or profit, there she is in the midst of them. Her demands are not satisfied with any amount of unproductive faith, nor with any intensity of emotional life in worship, nor with the most scrupulous and unrelaxing observance of sacred times and seasons. Indeed, she sets small value on either of these in itself alone. What she wants of men, and comes to help them in, is that, before all things, they shall seek to know the will of God and to keep his commandments. And so religion, as interpreted by Christianity, does not set off a province to itself in the empire of human interests, but claims sovereignty over the whole domain; and this not a frigid, frowning, exacting, and oppressive sovereignty, but one that rules by influence sweet as a mother's love, by pressures compelling as the air which bears down upon us all the time without our knowing it.

But, as justly complained at the Conference, religion has not been so presented by the larger churches, nor, indeed, by any church. Rather has it been insulated from all earthly things. It has been set up as an ordinance for holy times and places, like the vocal Memnon statue, which sung or sounded only at sunrise; or it has been erected into a wild and hazy superstition which might be symbolized by Simeon Stylites exhorting from his pillar in the air. It has been urged upon men as something essential to their salvation, — "the one thing needful," — but to be obtained only "by strong crying and tears," and when obtained, not to be allowed to touch the world or to be breathed upon by it: which is as if you were to imprison the sounds of an organ in its wooden case instead of releasing them to float over the congregation and fill the whole building with melody; or as if you were to take young women from their useful or ornamental industries at home, and their classes in the Sunday school, where their office is to touch morality with the holy enchantment of religion, and immure them for life in the dreamy and dreary atmosphere of a nunnery. It cannot be denied that the church hitherto has used religion not so much to animate, guide, and ennoble that "three,fourths of life which is conduct," as to augment the power of that other fourth which consists of the worship of God, and which keeps the eye fixed on the

issues of the present life in the world to come. Now, let us not disown, let us not neglect, let us not undervalue, this other fourth, for it is an indispensable part of righteousness, and is by all means to be kept fresh and full as a fountain of living water with streams issuing in all directions, tributary of a fresh life, a divine spirit, to all the activities of our being. No: this must not be lightly estimated; for from its decline follows decadence of whatsoever is more strictly moral.

The narrow view of religion has led to a misplacing of anxieties. Are not religious people by eminence, as distinguished from moral people, chiefly anxious about the soul and what is to be its doom in eternity? This is misplaced anxiety, or, at least, it is not where the chief stress should come. The true place for anxiety is where three-fourths of life is, — the life we live here in the flesh, — what we think, how we feel, how we act, year in and year out; the dispositions, the loves or the hates, from which conduct comes; anxiety not as to "what we shall eat or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed," and not mainly as to what may be our condition when this mortal has put on immortality; but as to what we may do, if we will, to make life in and around us richer in heavenly blessing, to lift our example higher and clothe it with a more commanding influence; anxiety as to what work of justice, of brotherly love, of humanity, as well as of piety, our hands can find to do before "the night cometh wherein no man can work;" anxiety lest the sentiments of our hearts, from which so much of conduct springs, should not be all right, and so we shall be found offending, or causing others to offend, in word or deed; lest we be led astray, or lead others astray, from that "path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" lest we fail to fulfill the duties of our place, and to be a blessed help, and no hinderance, to those we live amongst, and who naturally look to us for sympathy, for kindness, for words of cheer, and for an example of what is purest and best in Christian life. Here is the legitimate place for anxiety.

So, then, when we speak of religion, or think about it, let us broaden its field till it fully includes that "three-fourths of life which is conduct," till it touches and pervades morality with its life, and the one becomes inseparable from the other, the two

identical in thought. For religion, interpreted as a constituent element of righteousness, has to do with all life, with the educating agencies of the world, with all arts, sciences, and industries; has to do with the home, the counting-room, the shop, politics, the administration of law and government. It is the heart of all things. And as the natural heart sends currents of life through the entire body, — to the lungs, the brain, the tips of the fingers, — and as any failure of function in this organ enfeebles and deranges the whole body, so religion, when properly developed and exercised, sends currents of divine life into all human affairs, into every work and occupation, into every haunt and resting-place of man; and when it fails to do this, when it is so deficient in vital force that it cannot, every thing goes at loose ends; morality is weak and vacillating; conduct becomes capricious and inconsistent; there is loss of tone, a general letting down of society, and at last, unless some miracle of Providence interposes to prevent, a general sinking in corruption.

Religion centred as the heart of life commonly acts without our being conscious of it. It fulfills its functions noiselessly, not reminding one continually of what it is doing, or making him aware that it is doing anything; just as the heart of a person in health beats with a still, equable motion day and night, and he lives and moves, works and sleeps, without a thought of that engine always playing within him.

In thus affirming the jurisdiction of religion over conduct, and its relation to every part of life, let us not be understood as implying that it is simply a scheme or polity for the right ordering of life here without reference to anything beyond. It is much more than this. As spirit, it is capable of entering into all the endless variety of occupation and duty, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, thoughts of time and thoughts of eternity, of which human life is made up; just as gravitation is not merely a scientific theorem demonstrated by the astronomer, nor yet a marvellous agency for regulating the motions of the heavenly bodies, but an elemental power operating in every drop of dew that sparkles in the morning sunlight, and in every atom of dust that rises from the street or falls upon the table; or just as electricity is not merely a flashing in a summer cloud, but a universal force entering into all forms of

life, pervading the earth, the solid rock, the viewless air, housed in "the rain that comes down on the mown grass," as potent in the least as in the greatest, in the lowest parts of the earth as in the awful heights of the heavens.

Let us understand, then, that religion, interpreted as a part of righteousness, and without which righteousness would not be complete, has to do with the whole of life, and that when it fails to make the life of a man true and just, his daily walk upright and unblamable, his purity, integrity, and honor above suspicion, his dispositions towards others sweet, generous, and self-denying, — whatever enthusiasms or emotions it may excite in respect to things unseen and eternal, — it fails in that which is its one great end: it fails to influence, to control, to fill with grace and beauty, that "three-fourths of life which is conduct."

Dr. Bellows spoke rightly, we must needs think, when he said so earnestly, "Let us plant ourselves on morality." But let it be morality, we would say — and so would he — touched and kindled from above, inspired and glorified as it was and is in Jesus Christ.

The time has come, in the judgment of multitudes of thinking men, for setting aside every representation of religion which does not recognize the supreme claim of morality as inculcated by Christ; in other words, which does not include morality in its definition of religion. It must not be barely admitted that morality is decent and becoming, but strongly affirmed that it is a primary and indispensable element of the Christian life, as clearly so as the love or reverence of God.

An objector may ask, Does not this doctrine conflict with that of the Apostle Paul, who speaks disparagingly of "works of righteousness," and insists that, not by these, but "by grace are ye saved"? We answer the difference is scarcely a conflict, and is more in the letter than in the spirit. It will not be disputed that Paul was eminently a preacher of righteousness, and mourned over the utter failure of the law to produce it in any degree of perfection. Indeed, to him the law had become powerless for good. Its day had gone by. In vain would men go about to form a righteousness of their own by trying to fulfill its letter. "It could never make the comers thereunto perfect," and therefore God had provided a more excellent way. Instead of a cumbrous ritual for giving it life and expression, he had plainly written it out and

set it forth in the life of Christ, realizing what the last of the line of Israel's prophets had beheld in vision, the "Son of Righteousness" rising upon the nations "with healing in his wings." It was here that men should look for light, inspiration, and example. Here was the New Righteousness with which it was needful that they should be clothed. But how might it be obtained by those "far gone from original righteousness"? This is the question which Paul boldly answers. It is to be obtained by a steadfast looking to Christ, by loving confidence in him, in whom it is fully manifested. But one may reply, "I do look to him in loving confidence, yet am not righteous as he is; something more must be necessary." The answer is, No: this is the way. This very loving confidence is an act of righteousness and accepted of God in place of that full and perfect righteousness which you see in Christ, and with which you are seeking to be filled. In other words, as soon as one's mind is converted to the apprehension and love of the glorious beauty of Christ's spirit and life, he is accounted "righteous," on the ground that his new faith will restrain him from sin, and in due time bring forth all the fruits of righteousness. He is saved by his faith because, to use terms felicitously employed by Tyndall, it contains "the potency and the promise" of all moral and religious excellence. This idea may be illustrated by a parable: A husbandman had a tree in his orchard which bore the poorest kind of fruit, and one day, as he was looking at it, he said, "This tree is good for nothing; I will cut it down, it only cumbers the ground." But, on second thought, he said, "No! I will not cut it down, it has a vigorous stock; I will remove some of its branches, and graft it, and by and by I shall get good fruit from it." He knows that it will take years for the grafts to come to bearing, but he is willing to wait. So he not only spares the tree, but digs about it and dungs it, because he sees the promise of good fruit in the grafts. And in due time that comes which he looked for.

Now, to adopt Paul's way of speaking, the tree is "justified" the moment the graft of faith is inserted: it is accounted a good tree, though as yet it bears none of the new fruit except potentially. When, therefore, Paul avers that "we are justified by faith," he means the faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world; faith not only in Christ, but in Christ's

righteousness; faith in justice, fidelity, mercy; faith in the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes; faith working outward into the life to keep it unspotted and to exhibit through it the beauty of holiness.

What an improvement would shortly be seen in the condition of so-called Christian society would the church, in all its branches, dropping its obsolete theologies and its "striving about words to no profit, but to the subverting of the hearers," convert its mighty forces to the nurture and growth of the New Righteousness! What a golden age would soon dawn on the world, brighter and more joyous than any millennium ever sung by prophet-bard, would good men of every name, every church, every nation, join hands and efforts to build up a true kingdom of God, — "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness"! What better word can we take up and pass from one to another as the rallying cry of our own church than that trumpet-call of Paul to the church of Corinth, "Awake to righteousness and sin not"? He breaks off in the midst of his great argument for the resurrection of the dead and interjects this call, as if suddenly seized with the thought that all argument on such a theme would be thrown away upon those who had no proper sense of what it is to live purely and nobly here; for how could they be interested in the proof of a resurrection to a life of righteousness hereafter who had no interest in such a life now? But awaking to a true conception of the beauty of such a life, they would begin to feel how grand a fact is the resurrection of the dead to its eternal enjoyment.

In this life of righteousness alone is safety. It alone is salvation. He who has found it, or is seeking it, has no longer anything to fear. Whatever may be his "infirmities," he is strong in the Lord; whatever speculative doubts may spring up in the path of his inquiries, and cast shadows over the sky of his spirit, he is at least certain that he has been building his house upon a rock; and whatever his "short-comings" as an heir of the righteousness which is by Jesus Christ, there can be no collision of the vehicle in which he is borne onward to eternity with "the chariots of God, which are thousands of angels," and no dissonance of his voice with the music of "the heavenly harpers harping with their harps."

James W. Thompson.

BIGELOW'S LIFE OF FRANKLIN.*

THE autobiography of Benjamin Franklin is one of the most charming narratives in our language. The fame of the writer, the intrinsic interest of his story, and the pure, simple, and transparent style in which it is told have attracted both the unlearned and the scholarly; and both alike have closed the memoir with a feeling of regret that it is only a fragment. But when Franklin had brought the record down to the age of fifty-one the pressure of mortal disease interrupted the narrative. The history of more than thirty years remained to be written; and those years were the most important of his busy and eventful life. Fortunately he left at his death a voluminous correspondence with personal friends on either side of the Atlantic, and several elaborate papers written in explanation of his course at different periods of his public career. To combine extracts from these into a consecutive narrative, and so to complete in his own words the story of his life, was the happy thought which led to the preparation of the volumes before us.

For this pleasant but difficult task Mr. Bigelow possessed the needful qualifications, as he had sufficiently shown in his edition of the autobiography printed in 1868. In that volume the reader had for the first time an exact transcript of Franklin's own account of his life; for it is a remarkable fact that there are more than twelve hundred variations between the ordinary printed copies and the original manuscript in Mr. Bigelow's possession. Scarcely less remarkable is it that the autobiography should have first appeared in an imperfect French translation, and that the first editions in English should have been re-translations. In 1791, a translation of the larger part of it appeared at Paris, but it is not known with certainty who was the translator, nor where he ob-

* The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself. Now first edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and Other Writings, by John Bigelow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874. 3 vols.

tained the copy of the original used by him. Two years afterward two separate translations from this French version were issued in London; and it was not until 1817, almost a quarter of a century later, that William Temple Franklin published his edition of his grandfather's writings. But even then, the autobiography was not given to the world in its integrity. By the terms of Dr. Franklin's will all his books, manuscripts, and papers, with a few specified exceptions, were given to this grandson. Among them was the original manuscript of the autobiography. Subsequently, at some time during the long period in which the younger Franklin professed to be engaged in preparing the volumes for the press, the autograph was exchanged for a copy in the possession of M. le Veillard, Mayor of Passy, to whom Dr. Franklin had sent it, and at whose instigation in part it had been written. At the time the exchange was made it was supposed that M. le Veillard's copy would be more convenient to the printer, and consequently William Temple Franklin's edition was not printed from the original. In 1867, Mr. Bigelow, then Minister of the United States at the Court of France, acquired the autograph manuscript by purchase from the representative of M. le Veillard; and a careful collation soon showed not only that there were numerous variations in the printed copy, but that some of the later pages had never been printed. The result was the publication of a new edition by Mr. Bigelow, which forms a part of the first of these volumes.

For the materials for the residue of his volumes he has been largely indebted to the invaluable labors of Mr. Sparks. No one, indeed, can ever study carefully the life and writings of Franklin without a profound sense of obligation to that patient and industrious scholar, who has forever associated his name with the history of the American Revolution. In the fields where Mr. Sparks reaped, the gleaner finds little dropped by the way. It is true that his style lacks some of the qualities needful to make his "Life of Franklin" popular with the ordinary reader, and that his collection of Franklin's writings is too voluminous for any but professed students of this period of our history. Mr. Bigelow is probably wrong in his estimate of the number of copies of Mr. Sparks' collection which have been printed, as he is certainly

wrong when he writes, "It has become the exclusive property of the few who have the taste and the ability to own very rare and costly books." But he frankly avows his obligations to that "precious collection," as he justly calls it; and no one could have made of it a more judicious use. His extracts from Franklin's letters have been made with much care and discrimination, and arranged chronologically, so as to supply as far as is possible the loss of those later pages of the autobiography which every reader deplores. It is enough to say, that Mr. Bigelow has done a good work, and done it well.

Three generations and two worlds have concurred in assigning to Franklin a foremost place among the men of our Revolutionary period. In his own time he was held in scarcely inferior regard at home to that which was entertained for Washington; in France no foreigner was more admired or more honored, as no one exerted a wider influence; and even in England, in 1782, the poet Cowper described him as "one of the first philosophers, one of the most eminent literary characters, as well as one of the most important in the political world, that the present age can boast of." In the next generation, the most eminent of English critics expressed his deliberate opinion, that "no individual, perhaps, ever possessed a juster understanding, or was so seldom obstructed in the use of it, by indolence, enthusiasm, or authority;" and Lord Brougham pronounced him "one of the most remarkable men, certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher," adding that "in this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes toward the constitution of exalted merit." And in our own time, Mr. Winthrop did but express the common judgment when, at the inauguration of the statue of Franklin in Boston, he finely said, "The calm, dispassionate Muse of history — not overlooking errors which he himself was ever foremost in regretting, nor ascribing to him any fabulous exemption from frailties and infirmities which he was never backward in acknowledging — has pronounced her unquivocal and irrevocable award; not only assigning him no second place among the greatest and worthiest who have adorned the annals of New England, but enrolling him forever among the illustrious benefactors of mankind." Such, too, is the judgment of one of the most distinguished of the modern

French historians. "Sage plein d'indulgence, grand homme plein de simplicité," is the language of Mignet, "tant qu'on cultivera la science, qu'on admirera le génie, qu'on goûtera l'esprit, qu'on honorera la vertu, qu'on voudra la liberté, sa mémoire sera l'une des plus respectées et des plus chéries." Time, which reduces so many reputations, has left Franklin's fame clear and bright.

He had a singularly prosperous and happy life. Looking back over more than sixty years, he was able to record in his autobiography "that, were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But, though this were denied, I should still accept the offer." Born in the humbler walks of life, in a little colonial seaport of less than ten thousand inhabitants, he became the accredited representative of a self-governing nation of almost four millions of people at the court of the oldest monarchy in Europe. Cast adrift on the world at the age of seventeen, without friends or recommendations, and with only "a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper" in his pocket, he amassed a great fortune, and at his death France and America vied with each other in honoring his memory. With almost no advantages of early education, he became the friend, the associate, and the correspondent of the most accomplished philosophers, statesmen, and scholars of his time, living with them on terms of perfect equality, and enriching his native literature by writings in which even a severe criticism finds little to amend. Endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution, he shrank from no labor and no duty, and until he reached the age of sixty-five he experienced few of the ills to which flesh is heir. • Scorning to rise by the tortuous ways of the mere politician, he determined, at the very beginning of his public life, "never to ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office;" and almost at its close he was able to write to a friend, "I never solicited for a public office, either for myself or any relation, yet I never refused one, that I was capable of executing, when public service was in question; and I never bargained for salary, but contented myself with whatever my constituents were pleased to

allow me." Of a serene temper, and wholly master of himself, he stood unmoved, even beneath the pitiless pelting of Wedderburn's disgraceful invective, and made few personal enemies. At the age of seventy-eight he scarcely knew that he had had an enemy, and to the upright and clear-headed Jay he wrote, "I have, as you observe, some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an *American;* I have also two or three in America, who are my enemies as a *minister;* but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a *man;* for by his grace, through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself, that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben. Franklin has wronged me.'" With a well-balanced mind, and a sure instinct as to the proper moment for giving utterance to his opinions, or for restraining his tongue or his pen, he rarely had occasion to regret either his frankness or his silence, and in the discharge of his delicate diplomatic functions was never forced to take one step backward. Above all, he enjoyed through life the genuine satisfaction which comes from a consciousness of having endeavored successfully to lessen the burdens that oppress other men. A wise and far-sighted philanthropy inspired many acts of thoughtful kindness which were their own sufficient reward, and found expression in those testamentary gifts to the place of his birth and the place of his death, of which, it may be reasonably hoped, even the latest generations will reap the benefits. While a boy, he became possessed of a well-thumbed and tattered copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good." "It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation." It is no wonder that such a man should have lived beloved and honored by those around him, and should have looked back over more than eighty years with few unavailing pangs for what he had done or what he had neglected.

He had his faults, to use no harsher term, to which he referred more than once as the "errata" of his early years, and from which we need not lift the veil; but they were in part the faults

of the age in which he lived, and in part the fruit of that unrestrained freedom which he possessed in the interval between boyhood and manhood, and they left no permanent impress on his character. Few young men left wholly to themselves, amid the temptations of a community where they were utter strangers, with only chance acquaintances, in a state of society very different from that in which we live, could have passed through the fiery furnace with less of stain on their characters.

The regret has sometimes been expressed that Franklin was not a more earnest student of Christianity, and that he so seldom refers, in his writings, to the sanctions of religion. His creed was indeed, very short; but he had no doubt as to the truths which he accepted. "I believe," he wrote not long before his death, "in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." And he adds: "As to Jesus of Nazareth, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon." And at a little earlier period, in the Convention of 1787, he said, "I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages." But better than any merely verbal acceptance of the truths of religion is the testimony which his life affords, that he cherished, as one of his deepest convictions, an

unquestioning faith in God's Providential government throughout the universe.

It is not a little remarkable that Franklin, though he lived in one of the stormiest periods of internecine and international warfare, was an ardent friend of peace. Over and over again he expressed the opinion, "that there hardly ever existed such a thing as a bad peace, or a good war;" and to Richard Price, the friend of Priestley, he wrote, "We make daily great improvements in *natural*, there is one I wish to see in *moral*, philosophy; the discovery of a plan, that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this? When will men be convinced, that even successful wars at length become misfortunes to those who unjustly commenced them, and who triumphed blindly in their success, not seeing all its consequences?" Anticipating the more humane policy of our own age, he expressed his ardent wish for such an improvement in the law of nations, "that, even in time of war, all those kinds of people who are employed in procuring subsistence for the species, or in exchanging the necessaries or conveniences of life, which are for the common benefit of mankind, such as husbandmen on their lands, fishermen in their barks, and traders in unarmed vessels, shall be permitted to prosecute their several innocent and useful employments without interruption or molestation, and nothing taken from them, even when wanted by an enemy, but on paying a fair price for the same." In almost the same words, he wrote, at another time, "There are three employments which I wish the law of nations would protect, so that they should never be molested or interrupted by enemies even in time of war; I mean farmers, fishermen, and merchants; because their employments are not only innocent, but for the common subsistence and benefit of the human species in general. As men grow more enlightened, we may hope that this will in time be the case. Till then we must submit, as well as we can, to the evils we cannot remedy."

Two transactions in Franklin's public life have been made the subjects of adverse criticism. At the time, his transmission of the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver to Massachusetts, and their sub-

sequent publication by order of our House of Representatives, called down on his head unmeasured obloquy in England. No one since Wedderburn's memorable harangue has ventured to call him a thief, but English writers and historians have continued to reprobate his course. Even Lord Stanhope so far forgets the proprieties of criticism as to write, in his generally candid and well-intentioned "History of England," "Several Americans of high character have, indeed, attempted to palliate or to justify the conduct of Franklin in that transaction. But I have so much respect for these gentlemen, my brethren in blood, in language, and in feeling, as to believe that every one of them would utterly shrink from doing what from mistaken zeal they still labor to defend." All that is known in regard to the manner in which these letters came into Franklin's hands is derived from his own correspondence at the time, and from the statement which he subsequently drew up, and which was first printed by William Temple Franklin in 1817. Behind the facts which he felt at liberty to communicate, it is impossible to go; and it is idle to inquire who was the "gentleman of character and distinction" who brought the letters to Franklin, or under what circumstances they had come into the possession of Franklin's friend. There is not a particle of evidence to justify Lord Stanhope's charge that they had been "stolen," or for even suspecting that Franklin thought they had been wrongfully obtained. It will scarcely be maintained by any one, in view of the relations then existing between the mother country and the Colonies, that Franklin should have refused to read the letters when they were placed before him. They were nominally private letters, but they were written by the two principal servants of the Crown in the Province; they related to public affairs; and they were manifestly designed to secure further restraints on the liberties which the Colonists claimed. Having read them, and ascertained their great political importance, it was his duty as a faithful agent to communicate them to those of the popular leaders in whose discretion he could confide. This he did; and here Franklin's responsibility in the matter ends, for it has never been pretended that he authorized the subsequent printing of the letters. Whether the House of Representatives was

justified in adopting that course, is a question which we need not discuss. It in no way concerns Franklin's reputation.

In negotiating the peace between Great Britain and the United States, it has been said that Franklin showed himself too subservient to the wishes of the French government. The only grounds for this charge are the undoubted facts that in his anxiety for peace he was prepared to give up our rights to the fisheries, — the importance of which he undervalued, and for the preservation of which New England was indebted to the firmness of John Adams, — and that from his long residence in France he was on terms of close intimacy with the French ministers, and enjoyed a greater consideration with them than either of his associates. It would not have been surprising, indeed, if from his interior knowledge of what had been done by the French government to help the revolted Colonies, and under what difficulties it had been done, he had felt a livelier sense of gratitude than was experienced by others who had not occupied a similar position; but we do not believe any one ever seriously entertained the idea that Franklin was ready to sacrifice the interests of his country through a desire to please the French ministers.

With these exceptions, very little criticism has been passed on his public life. By a common consent the Great Bostonian, as he has been called, stands second only to Washington among the men of the Revolution.

C. C. Smith.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

A SERMON. BY REV. HOWARD N. BROWN.

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I preceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." — ACTS XVII. 22, 23.

IT sounds not a little strange in modern ears to hear men accused of superstition who worshiped an unknown God. We are so accustomed to being told that it is the part of a philosopher to confess that he knows nothing about God, and to being accused of superstition if we dare affirm that we do know something about him, as to make it a little refreshing to find that the tables were once turned, and the other party put upon the defensive.

It is true that those inhabitants of our modern Athens who talk much about the "Unknown and Unknowable" are not to be classed in many respects with the ancient Athenians to whom Paul spake. Their altar to the unknown God was only additional to, not in the place of, their altars to the gods that were known.

Upon great occasions, after the invocation to their own deities, they were accustomed to add a clause looking to the propitiation of all unknown or strange gods with whose names or attributes they chanced not to be familiar. Certainly what is said to or about the unknown God to-day is said in quite a different spirit; and yet in some sense, I think, it often equally merits the term "superstitious."

I know that the superstitions which the world has had most need to dread have sprung from too great assurance in what was thought to be known of God. The most flagrant and dreadful crimes have masqueraded in the garb of the revealed will of the Almighty. The most debasing practices and beliefs have arisen as men have transferred to God their own known and defined attributes. To whole masses, God is still simply a magnified man; and there is, undoubtedly, still great need to convince them that they do not, and ought not to, know so much about God as they have imagined that they did. But (why is it that human

nature is so prone to run to extremes?) there is a rapidly growing class both in point of numbers and influence which, in setting itself free from the superstitions of the past, is giving up all pretensions of either knowing or believing anything about God; discharging its mind, as it were, of all save purely negative ideas, concerning the great Power behind all phenomena; and to whose thought nothing is more foreign than the conception of that Power under anything like a personal form. I have no hesitation in saying precisely what I mean, that, among the young men who are being educated at our universities, Herbert Spencer, Mill, and that class of writers are in authority; that very generally, among cultivated people, the "positive" tendency of thought is uppermost; and that a great number of business men, to whom philosophy, even more than theology, is an unknown realm, are practically without belief in God.

We should go wide astray if from this we prophesied final disaster to the cause of religion. It is only that the spirit of the age runs temporarily to an extreme, and that sooner or later balance of mind will assert itself. But meanwhile there is much danger for individuals in this extreme, — a danger which is broadly indicated by the swelling tide of commercial crime. Does any one believe that men with a vital belief in God, the all-seeing intelligence and sure judge of both the evil and the good, or with any ideal of character and life, such as true religion proposes, are likely to fall under ordinary temptation? Do you suppose that the great army of defaulters and swindlers ever reckon God into the question of how to act? Is it not rather their sole care to escape detection of men, and so long as they can evade the eye of the law do they not consider themselves safe?

While it remains true that nothing can come out of nothing, and that pure negation can result in nothing but negation, there will always be danger in that condition of public opinion which is empty of all great ideas, and says only, of what lies beyond the little circle of present appearances, "I know nothing, I believe nothing."

Young men who talk so flippantly about the follies and superstitions of the past, and who seem to think it the final test of wisdom

to be able to reveal the short-comings of others' work, ought to be made to feel that so they display only the shallowest insight and the cheapest kind of knowledge. Not how many ideas one can take from other people, but how many ideas one has of his own, is the measure of his mental wealth and resource. Not what he can pull to pieces, but what he can build up, determines a man's influence on, and position in, history. Many people seem to suppose that Theodore Parker, the iconoclast, was the man who did so much great work in Boston some years since. But this is a mistake. Plenty of fiercer and no less powerful iconoclasts than he are lashing into fury the little pool of opinion over which they have control, without the ability to launch one single wave into the great ocean of public thought and feeling. Theodore Parker, filled with a great, pure faith, was the man who stirred the emotions and quickened the thought of thousands of listeners. It was because he had a nobler faith in God, a clearer insight into the character of Jésus, that he was enabled to make such a profound impression upon the orthodox world; and the influence of his positive work will remain long after the incidental sharpness and bitterness of some of his sayings shall have been forgotten.

However much, then, our instincts may lead us to attack the superstitions of the past, we ought to see that they have in a great measure lost power, are, in fact, practically dead; and that the present danger lies in quite another direction,—in the tendency of those who are to shape the mind of the future to content themselves by casting down and destroying the great ideals, without which all constructive energy is paralyzed.

This danger is all the greater, because there is in the negative, uncertain condition of mind, something of that fascination which belongs to heroic attitudes. I do not mean simply that the evangelical world holds it in derision; for to undergo its punishment is to-day such a mild form of martyrdom that I doubt if any one's heroic instincts are thereby satisfied. But in giving up all hope of the future, and abandoning belief in some overruling Power wiser and stronger than humanity, there seems to be an illustration of that same fortitude of mind which sometimes keeps people calm in the presence of mortal peril. The man who can look death in the face without flinching, and yet with no hope of

immortality, is something of a hero. They who, lacking faith in God, can endure life's trials, and preserve a character pure and blameless simply for the sake of its possession, as though it were to be judged and rewarded in a life to come, no doubt seem to themselves vastly superior to the weaker herd who need to be bolstered up to goodness and cheerfulness. Still that supposition is not necessarily well founded. What seems to be fortitude, comparatively, may be only insensibility. Without doubt there is a great difference among people in the degree of sensitiveness to what gives mental pain; and some who pursue their way so quietly into the unknown, might, perhaps, if they felt half the terror and longing which uncertainty brings to others, break down with despair. In any event, their supposed heroism melts into sensationalism, if to any extent they preserve their skepticism for the sake of being heroic. The man who perils his life to carry a rope to a shipwrecked crew does a noble thing, but the man who stretches that rope across Niagara, and walks over it to be admired by the gaping multitude, is, to say the least, a very cheap kind of hero. So, if men search after God, feeling need of the strength and stability which a faith in him would give, and yet, not finding him, live on bravely and loyally in the path of duty, they are really great. But if a man says, "Away with your God! I want to know nothing about him, being sufficient unto myself," he walks a dangerous path simply to prove his own self-command, and is great only in his own conceit.

But whatever else may be said of its possible danger or insincerity, this talk of an unknown God may be, and often is, as really superstitious as anything that has been uttered in the ignorant past. To be superstitious, as the word has been commonly received, is to be over-scrupulous in the practice of religious rites. Anything is thought, said, or done religiously, when it is thought, said, or done in obedience to conscience, and with reference to the highest faith one entertains; and over scrupulousness, because it always proceeds from some sort of faith, is always superstitious. I do not care to confine myself closely to the letter of the text, but wish to illustrate briefly the over-scrupulousness, or superstition, into which that tendency of mind which styles itself variously, liberal, logical, or radical is some-

times apt to fall. To begin with believing in and worshiping God: it is, I think, quite as possible to be superstitious in insisting upon the negative as upon the positive side of the questions in dispute. Of the Spencerian philosophy, so far as it touches these questions, I have little to say, because there is really little to oppose. It affirms that we cannot know God in the same way that we know finite things, which affirmation will be generally admitted. We know finite things by defining, limiting, comprehending them; but by the meaning of the term we can neither define, limit, nor comprehend that which is infinite and without limit. But it does not therefore follow (and this is so plain that no one is like to stumble over it), that we cannot know God at all. It is said that we cannot form a conception of an infinite universe. By this it is meant that we cannot make a picture of it in the imagination, since a picture must have limits. But will it be said that the word "Universe" is an empty term, and conveys no idea whatever? By it we mean the sum total of finite existence, of which sum we know a part; and in knowing that part know somewhat the whole. In other words, we think, and are obliged to affirm, an entire, unlimited, or self-limited universe; and in thought we project into every part of it the essential laws and principles which we have discovered to hold sway within the realm of our experience. Similarly, although we cannot see nor imagine God, we can *think* such an absolute, self-contained Power, and ascribe to it, in its entirety, certain attributes which, in many particular instances, we have found through reason, or experience, to belong to it.

It is not claimed that our powers are able to fathom the infinite thought, or sum up the attributes of infinite existence. It is claimed, however, and the modern school of philosophy grants the claim, that we are warranted in assuming some power out of which all things proceed. That school says, "this power is, and must remain an unknowable mystery." We say, that without attempting to limit it in space or time, we may, and have sufficient ground for ascribing to it, wisdom, for example; that by affirming it to be a wise Power, we have passed the line between the known and the unknown, and from that very affirmation, if from nothing else, we may draw other conclusions as to

the character of the Almighty; and that since the idea of wisdom carries with it the idea of goodness, of purpose and will, we have the elements of personality, and know a Personal God.

Now, where the disciples of the modern school of thought are apt to be led into sheer superstition, is just here: Nobody assumes to know all about God, but everybody confesses to a very limited knowledge; and we are continually being told that, therefore, we can be sure of nothing; because if we knèw what remains completely unknown, it might entirely upset all our present ideas. That skepticism proceeds from an over-scrupulousness in the service of truth, and is as really superstitious as any religious scruples ever were. What call have we to concern ourselves about truth which must remain forever unknown to human thought? It never can upset our present ideas of the Universe, if we are never to know it. To begin with, we do not know that there is any such truth: if we did it would be no longer unknown. It is therefore nothing but an imagination, a bugbear, to frighten uncertain souls. All the truth in the Universe, so far as we are in the least concerned, lies open to our thought. It is possible for us, sooner or later, to know it; and because if we know it at all, it must be brought into relation with our present thought, though it may modify, it cannot upset or annul what is already known. This great field of unknown and unknowable knowledge is pure myth, an uneasy dream which has troubled the brain of some metaphysicians, but from which philosophy has always made haste to free itself. To be disturbed by it is like supposing that there may be some unseen planet wandering about our solar system, and liable on any day to shatter our little earth. Of course, we do not know that we see all the planets, but if there are any which we cannot see, they must be of such exceedingly thin consistency as would make collision fatal to them rather than to us. So of truth: so far as we may know it, we may be sure that it will fall into orderly relations with what we already know; so far as it lies entirely beyond our powers of detection, if at all, it is so unsubstantial that we have nothing to fear from it. They who are so needlessly cautious about accepting what the best reason of to-day declares to be true, lest it may not conform to the absolute truth, which nobody can find out, or because some

discovery, a hundred years hence, may cause a modification of present views, are simply superstitious. A well-balanced mind will always take the results of that reasoning in which it can find no flaw to be essentially trustworthy and immutable throughout all eternity.

Another way in which this superstitious regard for a mythical truth manifests itself is in the strained and painful efforts to be sincere, which have of late diverted so much attention to the mere trivialities of religious thought. "Come out from your false positions!" "Lower your deceptive colors, and hoist your true flag!" These cries are resounding on every side, and while they have without doubt a certain amount of just provocation, they are also largely mingled with superstition. To be sincere does not mean that one should go about thrusting his idiosyncrasies into everybody's face, or that he must wear his inmost heart upon his sleeve, for the world to scrutinize. It does not even mean that it is never legitimate to conceal, willfully, something of one's sentiments; for that may be done sincerely. Even saintly Paul is held up to the contemplation of righteous people as a dangerous teacher, because he said he could be all things to all men, for the gospel's sake. Now Paul was far enough from holding the modern doctrine of expediency, which licenses any means to what is esteemed a good end; but he knew how to dress his essential thought in different garbs, and how to vary the emphasis upon special ideas, in order to commend his doctrines to different classes of people. He himself laid little stress upon the manner in which Christ fulfilled the Messianic predictions; but when his purpose was to make the Hebrews receive Christ, he could array the evidences upon which he knew they would place most dependence, as though they were to him all important. The very fact that he carried his ideas so far, and planted churches among so many different peoples, shows what consummate tact he must have had in adapting himself to their various prejudices and habits of mind. Yet in all this he did nothing more than all men and women on the face of the earth do every day of their lives, and what they are perfectly right in doing,— namely, he attempted to find some place of common meeting between himself and other people, upon which he could gain

entrance to their thought and esteem. One can modify his form and style of work with reference to his surroundings, without being either a Jesuit or a hypocrite. Still, there are ministers who feel it necessary, Sunday after Sunday, to preach ideas which they know will meet with no sort of acceptance, but will only shock and offend the great body of their listeners; who will not avail themselves of one particle of tact in placing their thought before the people, but feel bound to state it in the baldest possible way; and who set that forth as the one true and manly course to pursue. There are people who feel obliged, wherever they go, and upon all possible and impossible occasions, to open up their being from its very depths, and display in order all their mental wares, lest some one shall be eternally damaged by misapprehending them. There are yet other people who must be at pains to disavow names which they think very good, and capable of being filled with great meanings, because they may be classed with some one else who does not catch the higher meaning, or who uses the term in an unworthy sense. All this, again, seems to me to be an over-scrupulous and superstitious way of insisting upon trivial things in trying to be honest and true.

I wish to speak of yet one more of these modern superstitions: it is a superstitious regard for freedom. I think it very likely that I should go far beyond many of my listeners here, to-day, if I were to say to what extent I conceive authority in any matter of conscience to be pernicious, and to what extent freedom seems to me the essential condition of any true growth. Therefore I trust no one will accuse me of wishing to barter my birthright, if I say that one of the most pernicious things of the present hour is an insane fear which seems to rest upon many people that they may be somehow or other enslaved before they know it. I do not refer simply to the people who, in the name of freedom, are "shrieking crude social theories in our ears;" for I do not apprehend that the world stands in any immediate danger from them. But I mean, more especially, the men and women who are always emancipating themselves and others from religious bonds which nobody feels; and who would have us believe that the moment we call one among men better than the rest, and worthiest to be followed as our example, we resign our freedom. All shall choose

what name they please, but when men and women renounce the Christian name, expressly upon the ground that they cannot be free under it, and tell me, moreover, that, as a Christian, I cannot be free, then I reply, That savors to my mind somewhat of superstition. If I call Jesus Lord and Master, it is simply that I discern in him my best conscience carried into action, and the promise that I may be able to put it into my action. So, then, I follow not the man Jesus blindly, as an authority; but I follow my own ideal of righteousness, taken out from the realm of abstractions, and clothed by him in flesh and blood. Will any one convince me that therefore I am a slave, or that the true way to emancipate the Christian world is other than to show them what the man Jesus was? However, the real evil of this superstitious service of freedom is not that it leads some few to openly discard Christianity. It is that it leads many, especially among young men, to avoid connecting themselves with the church, joining themselves to any great work, or accepting any great character as a model, because of a feeling that they want to stay always on the outside, and remain free to choose something here, or lend a hand there, as occasion may require. So far as the intellect is concerned, that is very good. But the unfitness of Free Religion (which is simply eclecticism among religions), to take the place of any existing religion, is that it must forever lack what in any particular religious system reaches the sentiments and emotions, and gives it half its power. The result of simply roving through fields of goodness and truth is, that one gets interested nowhere. He becomes spiritually expatriated. All his delight, like that of the ancient Athenian, becomes to see or to hear some new thing; and he will be exceedingly strong minded if he does not degenerate into a mere dilettante.

I have by no means exhausted the catalogue of these modern superstitions. I might go on to speak of that which will not tolerate poetry or idealism or imagination in religion, but will have nothing save Mr. Gradgrind's facts: and beyond that I might prolong the chapter indefinitely. But, perhaps enough has been said to illustrate my thought that there may be superstition in negation, no less than in affirmation.

These things it is not altogether pleasant to say, in that it

seems something like criticizing one's friends: and yet they may be safely said to be wholesome doctrines for all to keep in mind.

It only remains to repeat the injunction, and again I address myself particularly to young men, to be careful that thought and action have some positive direction of their own, and do not simply run counter to other currents. Whom ye ignorantly worship, said Paul, Him declare I unto you. Whatever of truth or right we can declare to the world, is something gained, and is the surest cure for all its superstitions.

"MODERN CHRISTIANITY, A CIVILIZED HEATHENISM."

THIS is the title of a very striking book, first published in England, and lately republished here in Boston by William F. Gill & Co. It is intended primarily as a remonstrance and rebuke to the easy-going, self-satisfied members of the Church of England. But its earnest appeals, its indignant denunciations, and its pungent home-thrusts apply to the same class of nominal Christians, wherever they are, and whatever may be their denominational name.

We recommend the whole book — it is a small one — to our readers. But for such of them as may not have it at hand, we publish extracts extended enough to give a tolerable understanding of the author's purpose and spirit.

The first impression made upon the reader is that the book is written in the interests of what is here called Free Religion. But as he goes on, he finds evidence of a deeper purpose and feeling, and is ready to accept the rumor that the author is in full sympathy with what is regarded as the extreme movement towards asceticism in the English Church, of which movement the Church of the Advent, in this city, is perhaps the best example that we have here.

The book purports to be an account of personal interviews between an English clergyman, who is nominally the author of the

book, and his friend Curtis, a lawyer and a professed infidel, who is the principal speaker, and who entirely overwhelms the clergyman by his superior arguments, though all the while he declares that he is open to conviction, whenever he shall find a living witness to the reality of Christ's mission.

The clergyman thus introduces himself and his friend: —

"On the whole, I am pretty comfortably off. I have good health, kind neighbors, and work which suits me. I do not know what a man can wish besides. I can drive my friends from the station in my own trap, and give them a very fair bottle of claret after dinner. It was on this wise that I entertained my heathen guest some weeks ago; and, when we had drunk as much wine as was good for us, we made ourselves very particularly snug in my study, over a couple of long clay pipes and a small September fire."

Here follow extended extracts from different parts of the book, which we heartily commend to the careful and thoughtful attention of our readers. Is *our* Christianity of a kind to stand the tests which are here proposed? Theoretically, it may be. But how is it in practice, in our principles and habits of living? These are the great questions which are here pressed upon us with irresistible force.

"'Tell me, my dear fellow,' asks Curtis, the infidel, 'what should I have to give up, if I turned Christian to-morrow?'—'Give up? Oh! why—let me see. Oh! you would have to give up lots of things.'—'Well, let us have one thing at a time.'—'Oh! of course: you would have to give up—let me see. You don't drink, do you?'—'About as much as you do, that is all.'—'Nor swear?'—'No, indeed! I think the habit extremely weak and snobbish.'—'And I suppose your life in London, taking it altogether, is tolerably correct?'—'Every bit as correct as your own.'—'Ah, well! you are an unusually good specimen, you see. Upon my word, old fellow, I don't know what you would have to give up, exactly.'—'No, I see you don't. But Christ would have known. If I had put the question to him, he would have told me to give up all that I had in the world,—to fling it, as if it were dung, at the foot of his cross,—and then to follow him.'—'Oh, yes! of course,' said I, knocking the ashes out of my pipe, and reaching out my hand for the pouch, preparatory to lighting up again. 'Oh, yes! of course. If you put it in that way, I see what you mean.'—'I do put it in that way. That is the way, as far as I understand, in which every question touching Christianity *must* be put. Now, look here, old fellow. You won't be offended if I speak my mind. I am a heathen; and I don't believe

in Christ one bit. I think the whole story of his coming to this earth in the highest degree improbable, so improbable that only one sort of evidence would induce me to accept it as a fact. That sort of evidence I do not find to be forthcoming; and therefore I reject the entire narrative as mythical and absurd.' —'And, pray, what sort of evidence is it which would convince you?' —'The steadfast, personal witness to Christ, of those who profess to believe in him. I myself deny that any such person ever lived; but, supposing he did live, there can be no question whatever what he said and did, and commanded his disciples to say and do; for, however difficult the interpretation of your Bible may sometimes be with regard to doctrine, in the matter of practical conduct it is absolutely consistent from beginning to end. The text of the entire New Testament enjoins one leading principle, which no child can misunderstand; and that principle is the downright literal renunciation of this present world. Every species of self-indulgence is declared to be sinful. The Christian is to permit himself no kind of pleasure but the pleasure which comes to him out of communion with Christ. At every point, in season and out of season, he is to fight with all his strength against the spirit of worldliness; and, lest there should arise any mistake about terms, worldliness is over and over again defined, with palpable clearness, to be every thing and anything outside Christ. Without immediate reference to Christ, as to a personal guide standing ever by, no action is to be performed, no word spoken, no thought conceived. This is the sort of life which the founder of Christianity has bidden his disciples lead. Will you kindly tell me how many of them lead it?'"

"'Christ says distinctly, that you cannot serve God and mammon; and you Christians, with one consent, have steadily resolved that that is precisely the thing which you will do. You are serving God and mammon every day. And you do so, not by reason of inconsistencies, which would be pardonable enough, but as a matter of deliberate purpose, because you believe it to be your privilege or your duty. And, as far as I can judge, you good folks who call yourselves High Churchmen are the worst offenders of all. . . . When the Belgravian fine lady, who has been lounging and frittering away her morning after a fashion of which any intelligent heathen would be ashamed, bids her coachman set her down at All Saints, Margaret Street, at five o'clock, where she pays, with many crossings and bowings, what she is pleased to call her evening devotions to an almost unknown God, instead of being rebuked for her hypocrisy, she is very much applauded for her churchmanship, and is told that such a jumbling together of temporal and spiritual avocations is quite the correct thing. . . . Would Christ have tolerated such a woman in his presence for a single instant, without administering such a rebuke as would have rung in her ears till her dying-day? Look at her at home, with her lazy habits, and her profitless pursuits, and her silly conversation. Look at her drawing-room, with its costly mirrors, its

luxurious sofas, its drapery, and its gilding. Christian, indeed! Why, you must know perfectly well that Christ could not sit in such a room, could not stand in it, could not so much as look in at the doorway, without condemning the monstrous iniquity of such wholesale waste and self-indulgence. Will the parson look in at the doorway, too, and tell her this? Not he. It would not be good taste, forsooth; and I should not be surprised if her ladyship were to say that he was no gentleman.'—'My dear friend,' said I, 'you are talking a vast amount of nonsense. How could I possibly tell a lady to strip off her jewels, and give them to the poor? The people would all think me mad, and I should lose half my influence in the parish for ever and ever. . . . I am sure we cannot afford to run such people down.'—'I don't run them down at all. I am perfectly satisfied with them. The thing which does not satisfy me is, that you should have the assurance to claim such people as Christians. They are not Christians at all. They are civilized heathens.'"

"'I look upon your archbishop, and your bishops, and all your clergy, with profound respect. I think them an excellent, industrious energetic, and gentlemanly set of men. All I say is, that they are not Christians: they are heathens. . . . I know very well what Christ was like; and I can see that your priests and bishops, as regards their attitude towards society, at least, are as unlike him as they can possibly be. They have absolutely nothing in common with him. They are outside his system altogether. They follow his teaching just so far as he taught principles which are common to Christians and heathen alike; and they cast him off at the very point where he becomes distinctively Christ, and ceases to be a mere philosopher. They are simply professors in a school of which Christ was the historical founder,—a school, without question, the most perfect in organization, and the purest in morals, which the world has ever known; but a school, nevertheless, and nothing more.'"

"'You have read your gospel superficially indeed, if you have not gathered from it this,—that whereas the philosophers could but teach, and establish a sect, and die, Christ would abide with his Church forever. Patriarchs and prophets had striven darkly and dimly to represent God to man; and they had failed. Christ was now to produce a form of testimony altogether new,—a testimony real, ever present, personal,—a testimony which should proclaim the truth as plainly in modern Paris, or London, or Berlin, as in Jerusalem or Galilee of old. Henceforth, men were not to hear of God, but to see him,—to see him, triumphing in every martyr's death, glorified by each confessor's courage, shining in the pure devotion of his faithful priests, winsome with the grace and loveliness of holy women, who had dedicated their lives to him. Herein, and herein alone, does Christ become anything better than the founder of a school. He is risen, you say; he has ascended up again to heaven. But his Spirit, if he be Christ at all, must linger here;

and, if his Spirit has any strength that can rightly be called divine, it must be manifesting him with a brightness which cannot be hid, wherever his saints and children dwell. Tell me, my friend, whereabouts such a place may be. It is not in your churches, where congregations of good-natured, worldly-minded men and women offer up prayers to God, with lips so insincere that they might just as well be offering them up to Jupiter. It is not in your bishops' palaces, where the apostles of a homeless, footsore Jesus maintain with befitting pomp and circumstance the dignity of the episcopal chair. It is not in the snug country parsonage, where the rector has settled himself comfortably in the midst of rural poverty and distress, and his charming wife and daughters fare sumptuously every day. Such men, believe me, cannot be Christ to the thirsty, perishing multitudes; and, because they are not Christ, they are nothing. That which men were yearning for, as the fullness of God's time drew near, was personal witness. Christ came, and gave it them. That which men are yearning for now, crying for from street and garret and death-bed, aye, and from the closet of the student searching after truth, and the haunts of the man of fashion, who would fain be something better than he is, is personal witness. You Christian priests won't give it them. You persistently withhold it. You dare not be to the world what Christ was.'"

"'And yet,' said I, 'if you would go somewhere and hear a course of Lenten sermons, I don't think you would have much cause to complain of our not speaking out with sufficient boldness and severity.'—'Sermons,' repeated Curtis,—'oh, ah! I have no fault to find with *them*. Your preaching is plain enough, and your Sunday standard of Christian holiness all that can be desired. You can afford to *preach* Christ, partly because, with the Bible in your hands, you could scarcely do less; and partly because, such is your confirmed unreality, it has come to be generally understood that the precepts of pulpit oratory are to be very cautiously applied. You preach Christ, and then you have done with him. When you meet your flock on week-days, you meet them as other men. You are just as proud as other men, if you happen to be second cousin to an honorable, or on terms of intimacy with a lord. You are just as fond of your dinner as other men, and make quite as much fuss if the mutton is under-done. You are every whit as irritable as other men, and take offense as readily, if any one insults you. I have known dignitaries of the Church cut a man dead for six months, because he had offered them some trumpery affront. Christ, I am inclined to fancy, would have met one who had done him an injury, with a kindlier greeting than before.'"

"'We cannot understand you now. We have not the faintest notion what it is that you want us to do. Your sermons tell us of one sort of Christ, and your conversation of another. In your gospel we see a Christ bruised, and covered with reproach, and laughed to scorn: in

your daily life we see a Christ who has grown ashamed of his poverty and low estate, has cast off the garb of the Man of sorrows, and has become a courteous gentleman, or a shrewd business-like man of the world. And, because we see these things, we don't believe in any Christ at all. You are fond of preaching about the spirit of modern infidelity, and love to flatter yourselves that some half a dozen rationalistic Germans are responsible for all the skepticism of the day. Let me tell you that the un-Christ-like priest is the truest source of infidelity. The free discussion of theological difficulties could shake no one's faith, if the witness of the clergy to the truth of their own gospel were such as any reasonable man could entertain. Why should I believe, when, as far as my powers of penetration are able to assist me, I can see that you yourselves are only half persuaded to be Christians?'"

"'For myself, it is Christ, and only Christ, who can tell me anything about God which I care to know. If the age of miracles has ceased, it must be because the age of personal witness has begun. Never yet was man asked to believe in a supernatural God, without evidence supernatural. This is the evidence which I demand, and which, look where I will, I cannot get. Show me Christ, and he shall be my testimony about God. Why cannot you produce him? If ever he came on earth, he *must* be here. If he has gone away from you, and left his people all alone, the age of miracles must needs begin again, or men will rightly disbelieve. The modern Christian talks of belief in God, as if it were the easiest thing on earth. Why, it is the very highest effort of the human mind. It involves a struggle between faith and reason, whose intensity can only be measured by the magnitude of the truths embraced. The unseen and the infinite baffle me, bewilder me, distract me: only by some infallible proof can I be persuaded of their reality. Such proof I should discover in the working of a miracle before my eyes. You tell me that I cannot have such proof. Then I will have personal witness. I will have that testimony by which miracles in the physical world were superseded, when, in the spiritual world (if there be a spiritual world) God proclaimed a kingdom whose life and progress should be the mightiest miracle of all, — the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of men. I won't be put off with a reference to some historical book, which may or may not be true. I won't be put off by being asked to explain how the trees yield their fruit, or the earth goes round. . . . If I am to believe in God, it must be because I see him in Christ: if I am to believe in Christ, it must be because I see him in Ignatius, in Augustine, in Bernard of Clairvaux; because there are men and women living on this earth on whom he has left his mark so visibly, that it cannot be mistaken,— men and women as firmly persuaded of his death upon the cross as if their own eyes had seen him die.'"

"'It could not have been worth while for Christ to die, that he might win for man grace enough to enable him to serve God and mammon de-

cently in this life, and enjoy at the last a heaven in which it should be his highest happiness to serve God and mammon rather better than before, but it *was* worth while for Christ to die, if, by his death, he might procure for man the power of closely imitating his pure and spotless life, and might thus prepare him, day by day, for fellowship with himself at God's right hand. You tell us in your sermons that Christ is the corner-stone of Christian truth. Let me tell you, in return, that, unless Christ be the corner-stone also of Christian practice, the fabric of your Christianity will tumble down. Accept the fact that his example is literally the model of every Christian's life, and all things concerning Christianity become, I do not say credible, but, at all events, intelligible, and consistent with themselves. Then the precepts of the gospel are no longer unpractical and ridiculous, but hold up a standard which is meant to be attained. Then heaven ceases to be the impossible abode of easy-going, good natured, respectable members of modern English society, who could not by any means appreciate its joys; and we begin to comprehend how incessant private prayer, and daily public worship, and works of self-denial and mercy, can form the only fitting preparation for a state of blessedness, wherein the vision of God will be man's great reward, and Christ shall shine as the sun forever.'"

"'My dear fellow,' I expostulated, 'you set up such a ridiculously high standard!'—'I set up a standard? Indeed, I do no such thing. It is Christ, your professed example, who sets up the standard. It is the eternity of possible bliss in heaven that sets up the standard. It is the risk of falling into an everlasting hell that sets up the standard. It is the prayer that you mutter with your own false lips that sets up the standard. It is nothing to me. I don't want you to follow the example of Christ: you would be very stupid company for me if you did. I don't want you to live as if you were trying to win a place in heaven: there would be few points of sympathy between us if you did. I don't want you to talk and act as if you were thinking of your solemn litanies in church: we should see but little of each other if you did. All I say is, in the name of common, decent honesty, be one thing or the other. Be a Christian, or be a heathen. Don't repeat petitions which simply have no sense, except in the mouth of one who is copying Christ in every word and deed; and then turn out into the world, and lead a life a trifle better, or a trifle worse, than that of an intelligent Hindoo. . . . You want me to lead a pleasant, gentlemanly life, and then try to make myself believe that this was the life which Christ led; when the Bible says it was not. . . . If you will only believe it, my friend, there is no middle way between the Christianity of Christ and downright infidelity. . . . You follow the example of a Christ of whom the gospel does not tell: you utter prayers which commit you to such a life as you do not pretend to lead: you talk of a heaven so little precious in your eyes, that, for the sake of winning it, you cannot give up the paltry joys of earth: you

whisper solemnly about a hell whose terrors sit so easily upon your mind, that any trifling pursuit suffices to drive the thought of them far away. This is the personal witness on which a reasonable creature in search of truth is asked to believe in the astounding miracle of the incarnation and death of God. Pardon me, my friend, if I assure you that such testimony will convince no man whose assent is worth attaining.'"

"'I am sadly afraid,' said I, trying to look severe, 'that I shall have to give you up, as a hardened infidel.' — 'Indeed you will,' was the reply, 'unless you are prepared to favor me with proofs which are decently substantial. Let me see Christians imitating Christ, — imitating not a Christ whom I could fashion for myself out of materials purely heathen, not a Christ whom society accepts already as the pattern philosopher, the embodiment of common-sense, the ideal man, but a Christ who at every point is making himself an intolerable offense to the un-Christlike, a thorn and a scourge to every man who does not lie stretched at the foot of his cross, weeping over the sins which nailed him there, loving him with a love which all the world can see, and fearing only lest he should sharpen the agony of his Saviour's death by one unkind or unholy word. Show me a Christian who is imitating visibly such a Christ as this, and I will show you a heathen who will confess that this marvelous tale of Christ and heaven has become credible to him at last, now that the marvelous witness he looked for is forthcoming. . . . I know for certain how Christ would be treated if he were here. I can see the press deriding him, the fine lady picking her way past him in the street, the poor flocking round him as a friend, the magistrate committing him to prison. Let me see his witnesses treated thus, and I will believe that he has sent them. Their Christ-like life in the face of cold modern refinement, in the teeth of cruel common-sense, shall be to me a miracle no less stupendous than the feeding of five thousand in the wilderness, or the raising of Lazarus from the dead. But while I see them claiming the right to live as other men, glorying in the fact that they have no peculiarities, smiling politely on sin, and caressed by those who would have spat upon their Lord, — so long as I see them thus, they shall teach me, if they please, the principles of Christ's philosophy; but they shall not dare to tell me that they are priests of a crucified Christ.' — 'Well,' said I, 'I think I can produce a man whose life pretty well fulfills the conditions you lay down; but, then, poor fellow, he is as mad as a hatter.' — 'What is his name? and what special signs of insanity does he display?'"

Curtis is introduced to this new specimen of a Christian minister. They find him in the church, a little before midnight, in devotional exercises which move and agitate his whole nature, while he is waiting to be called to visit a person afflicted with a deadly and contagious disease. Both the visitors are profoundly impressed by what they see.

"At such a time, his cry for help rang piteously through the silent night, as he half sighed, half shouted, the long, wailing whisper of his trouble; and at such a time it was that Curtis and myself, unwilling to stop and listen, but more unwilling to retreat, gathered up, and stored in our memories for many and many a day, the fragments of his prayer. I will not venture to transcribe it: indeed, the words were far too sacred to be written here. But the point which struck me so forcibly, in Ainslie's language no less than in his tone, was this: the way in which the man had somehow got himself into the visible presence of Christ, till he made you feel that he was literally following his Master about through every incident of the past day, and bringing all his actions, one by one, before his great Example, to see how far and whereabouts he had failed. It became evident to me, in spite of anything which my natural sense declared to the contrary, that the Christ to whom he prayed was at this moment every whit as close to him as he had ever been to St. Peter or St. John. He laid hold of him, he appealed to him, he caught at his hand for help, he looked up wistfully for his smile, he shrank away like a frightened child from his tenderest reproach. Christ was there, — nobody could doubt it, — there, in that chancel, holding communion with that prostrate form. Christ was there: and, as for me, I knew that I was outside the circle wherein he could be seen and felt; that I was one of those who thronged and pressed, but could not get nigh to touch; nay, I told myself, in sober earnest, that I was a very scribe or a Pharisee, looking superciliously on. How many a long day and night must this poor fellow have spent upon his knees, before he could have learned how to bring Christ as near as this! How must his whole life have become one unceasing prayer! How must his very breath, as it came and went, have been drinking down deep draughts of grace, and sighing up to heaven for more!"

They remonstrate with him against exposing himself to fatal contagion, as he is about doing.

"'My life, sir,' answered Ainslie, 'is not mine, that I should give it, or spare, as may please me best. It is little enough that I have done for Christ; and, if I can serve him better in my death than in my life, I can wish nothing happier for myself than that I may die.' He wished us both a cordial good-night, and started off on his mission with the air of a man who had a great work to do, and meant to do it. 'There is a *reality* about that fellow,' observed Curtis, as we were walking home, 'which upsets me altogether. I never saw anything like it before.' — 'Yes,' answered I: 'his character has so many good points, that one cannot help feeling for him. It's a thousand pities that he is so frightfully mad.' — 'Ah!' said Curtis: 'they said something like that about Christ, didn't they? and about St. Paul, and all the rest of them. Mad? Yes, he certainly must be mad. Mad means different from everybody

else; and, if Christ were now on earth, he would be so totally different from you modern English Christians, that you would most infallibly put him into an asylum.'"

Ainslie, the devoted minister, took the disease and died. In his dying hours, Curtis and his friend visited him. Here is the way he talked to them: —

"'I have been telling him,' said Ainslie, 'how right he is. It is Christ, Christ only, Christ entirely, Christ as he lived and as he died; not Christ as we modern cowards have dressed him up, so that he may look like other men. It is Christ, or else it is nothing. We are literally copying his life, or else we are civilized, gentlemanly heathens. For Christian truth has all the elements of a profound absurdity, excepting just this one only element, that it is *real*. Take away its reality, and it becomes ridiculous and impossible. Our mysteries are fables, unless we mean them: our God is a myth, unless we show him visibly to men. We cannot hold our own against the clever skeptic, because we have let go Christ; and Christianity without Christ is, of all philosophies, the most unphilosophical. . . . Christ is as he was: his disciples are as they were. He can no more walk about our streets without insult and cruel mockings now than he could walk scathless about Jerusalem in days of old. As men treated him in the year 33, so do they treat him in 1872, and so will they treat him also in thirty-three times 1872. He is Christ; and good-natured, worldly men and women hate him. Let the Christian priest take this as the guage of his faithfulness, — that good-natured, worldly men and women hate *him* too. Oh, if they should love him, and flatter him, and welcome him at their godless feasts, and make him free of their heathen pleasures, how will he face that day, when his Lord shall search him through and through, and look for the marks of scourge and rod, but look in vain. . . . O Thou who hast borne with me so tenderly all these years, and now wilt take to thyself the life wherein I have given thee back so little of thy love! accept, as my last poor offering of gratitude, the thanks I render thee for this great and exceeding mercy; that, as I have followed — ah, so imperfectly! — thy blessed steps, thou hast ever walked before me, not as a *new* Christ, grown dainty and refined, to suit the civilization of the age, but as the selfsame Christ of whom the gospel tells me, — poor and persecuted and laughed to scorn.'

"Three weeks have passed since the foregoing pages were written; and my friend Curtis has returned to London, to resume his practice at the bar. We stood together at dear Ainslie's grave, till the last notes of the resurrection service had died away, and the choristers had come up by turns to cast in their parting gift of flowers, and take a long farewell of one whose like they will never see again. . . . Not only was the churchyard crammed to overflowing, but the street itself would scarcely

hold the crowd of mourners. They who had misrepresented him, calumniated him, ground their teeth at him for the pure example that he shed, now stood apart, and brushed off the great drops that started from their eyes, lest their weakness and their self-upbraiding should be seen. Ah! 'We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honor. How is he numbered among the children of God! and his lot is among the saints'

"Three weeks have passed; and I have just come back from a visit to the grave, over which I have got into the habit of liking to offer up a daily prayer that my death may be as full of hope as his, and my life — well, I have got into the habit, I am afraid, of *not* liking to think much about my life, since the day when I stood with Curtis in the chancel-doorway, and listened to our dear friend's prayer.

"I walked slowly and sadly home, feeling more and more dissatisfied with my own position, and becoming at every moment more and more persuaded that this modern Christianity of ours is neither better nor worse than heathenism, civilized and refined; and that there is absolutely no middle course left open, to any reasonable man, between the literal, untiring imitation of Christ, in life and death, and the downright refusal to believe that he either lived or died.

"Supernatural beliefs, I went on to think, do undoubtedly demand supernatural lives; and, if it is not worth our while to live the one, it is utterly foolish to profess the other. . . . All these years we have been preaching the gospel of unreality to the world; and the world seems as far from conversion as ever. Is it not rational to suppose that our efforts to make people good and happy might be more successful if we lived visibly before society as men to whom this earth is absolutely nothing, and the day of judgment is the only matter worth a moment's thought; or else admitted honestly that our standard has hitherto been too high, that we have exaggerated our knowledge of the hereafter, that Christ is but the idol of a popular superstition, and that it is enough for men to live soberly and peaceably in this present world?"

We believe that any Christian man who reads these passages thoughtfully will acknowledge their power, and feel that they are urging on him also the necessity of a more consecrated and self-forgetting life. Much of the theology of the book we do not accept. Where the author speaks of our accepting "*literally*" the teachings of Jesus, and *literally* following his example, he demands that which is inconsistent with the figurative character of the gospel language and with all just rules of interpretation.

"Christianity is one of two things; and the whole matter before us resolves itself into the question, which of these two things it is. It is a

human philosophy, founded by a great moral teacher called Christ, who was so much better than Epicurus or Zeno, inasmuch as he hit upon a system which was better adapted for civilizing the world, and taught precepts nobler, purer, more disinterested, more unselfish, than the precepts of any other school: or else it is a distinct revelation of God's will, brought down from heaven by Christ the only-begotten Son; claiming not to improve upon human philosophies, but to supersede them, to upset them, to annihilate them; establishing in their stead a kingdom mysterious, supernatural, unearthly, opposed in every sense to the traditions of this lower world. Christianity is one of these two things; but it cannot be both of them together."

We do not accept this statement. Christianity is both "a philosophy" and "a distinct revelation of God's will." Christ, the perfect man, in perfect and harmonious union with God, revealing to us the capabilities of our nature, and the principles of life by which all that is holiest and best within us may be cherished, at the same time reveals to us the mind and the will of God. In this revelation of man and God, and their relation to one another, is made known to us the highest philosophy that man can know, — a philosophy which fills out all other systems so as to supersede them, while it establishes "in their stead a kingdom mysterious, supernatural," and above this world, but not "unearthly," nor opposed in every sense to the traditions of this lower world." Jesus "came not to destroy, but to fulfill;" not to destroy our human faculties, but to fill them out; not to destroy nature and society, but to fill them out with a diviner spirit; not to destroy our earthly virtues and pleasures, but to endow them with a loftier aim and a holier joy. There are not, therefore, necessarily the sharp antagonisms which are here insisted upon between the religion of Jesus and the pursuits and enjoyments of life. Under the regenerating and humanizing influences of Christianity, the world may be assimilated to Christianity till the time has at length come when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

We assent to much of what is here said of the antagonism between the fashionable types of Christianity and the gospel of Christ. There is always an effort to provide some easy method of salvation, some substitute by which we may be spared the painful necessity of laboring and making personal sacrifices ourselves,

and yet be saved. Against all such schemes we cannot protest too earnestly. The strongest language in the book before us is none too strong, nor its indignation too severe.

So, in what it says of Christ as the "corner-stone of Christian truth," and "also of Christian practice," it is right. Without him, our Christian philosophy is ineffective, and the whole "fabric of our Christianity must tumble down." It is only the living Christ —living still in the quickened, consecrated affections and devoted lives of his disciples — that stands through the ages as a witness perpetually renewing itself, and appealing to the minds and consciences of men. If men are not oftener roused, and stimulated, and ready to give up all and follow him, it is because of the feeble, imperfect type of the divine Master that is held up to them in the lives of his disciples throughout his visible church. The Bible alone cannot convert men. It was not so in the beginning, and it never will be so. An easy, ostentatious, self-satisfied church may have a thousand communicants, but will never convert souls to Christ. It may delude, bewilder, mislead, and pervert them, and make them satisfied with a low and false idea of what is required of them. In this way, millions of men and women who think themselves Christians are wofully deceived, and live in a fatal illusion. When a church becomes rich, or fashionable, or powerful, or popular, it almost always begins to fall away from the true faith, and to substitute a form of belief or of worship for the true and living faith which shows itself only in a consecrated, self-sacrificing, Christ-like life. This is what is wanted in all our churches to-day more than anything else. This living and believing in Christ so as to be made partakers of the Spirit that was in him is the perpetual witness of himself which is to be found in his church, and which is to go forth to convert and subdue the world with increasing power from generation to generation. Is this the type of Christianity that we are holding up in our churches and our lives? Is this the spirit in which our young ministers take up their sacred calling and carry it on? If so, our cause will certainly flourish. If not so, it will not and ought not to flourish.

J. H. Morison.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

"The Unitarian Review" for 1875.

In assuming the conduct of "The Review," the editors have no new departure to announce. Their aim will be to make it serve as efficiently and adequately as may be the interests of religious faith and thought in the place which events have made for it among Unitarian periodicals. "The Monthly Religious Magazine," out of which it arose, had been, for several years previous to the change of name, enlarging in scope, and broadening in purpose, to meet the demand which was generally felt for a journal which should represent more varied aspects of our denominational culture and activity. Excellent always as a religious magazine for the family, thus fulfilling the end it was established to accomplish; an inspirer and counselor always in spiritual Christianity and in the culture of the personal religious life, and containing, too, occasional, and at some periods very frequent, contributions of the highest value as representing the religious scholarship and intellectual wealth of our denomination, — "The Magazine" has tended, since the demise of "The Christian Examiner," to fill in part the place thus left vacant in our periodical literature. The desire was very general and deep for a theological review which should adequately discuss the religious movements and problems of the age, and thus honor our heritage of Unitarian Christianity, and help us to bear our part in the social and Christian activities of the community.

It was to meet this desire, and attain this result more fully, that Rev. Charles Lowe summoned the energies of his earnest and practical nature, and taxed his declining strength. He hoped, without making it less welcome or less useful in the religious home, to be able to command for "The Review" a larger share of the products of the best Christian thought and culture in our body, and thus to make it representative of the scholarship, wisdom, and piety of the denomination, not only in the departments

of critical and theological studies, but also in advocating and wisely guiding those great causes in which are embodied the supreme interests of society and of the Christian Church. The American Unitarian Association gladly assisted in this enterprise, and to it Mr. Lowe devoted the last months of his too early completed life. The work dropped from his hands into those of one who has patiently and wisely labored until now, to develop it and carry it on in the same spirit, — how successfully, the volume just completed may safely be trusted to bear witness. The cordial approbation of many eminent in the denomination has not been withheld; and the present editors may be permitted to allude to the many expressions they have received, from those whose opinions deserve regard, of sympathy and satisfaction in the conduct of "The Review," and in the high quality of the papers it has contained, both as a justly earned tribute to the value of those labors into which they enter, and also to indicate the direction of their efforts in the future.

It will be their endeavor, then, to maintain the standard of excellence at which "The Review" has hitherto aimed, in the publication of the most thorough and profound discussions of critical and practical questions in religion which scholars and thinkers will furnish them, and in striving to direct the intense intellectual life of our time to the reverent and rational investigation of religious truth, and its wise application in earnest Christian activities and an enlightened religious faith and life.

They will seek to help the community to meet intelligently, that it may withstand successfully, those tendencies which are now working to rob society of its Christian convictions; or which, going further, would empty civilization of what have been the most effective elements of individual and social progress hitherto, and, as a last result, eliminate the religious idea from human nature itself. Still more earnestly do they desire to set forth, in these pages, the positive grounds of a rational faith in the religious interpretation of life, and in the value and permanence of the Christian ideal and the leadership of Jesus Christ in the religious progress of the world.

Never was Unitarianism so fully justified as to-day in its breadth of doctrine, and in the freedom and largeness of its

historic spirit. On the other hand, recent deliverances of such theists as Francis Newman, and such doubters as John Stuart Mill, go far to justify the Christian position of all teachers and disciples of religious truth. The former expressly affirms the weakness of abstract beliefs or principles to command the interest or control the lives of men, as compared with those religious systems which are embodied in transcendent examples and fragrant with the memories of generations of saintly lives. And it is, doubtless, partly because the latter traverses so entirely the lines of its current criticism of Christianity, that the extra-Christian opinion of England and of this country is so dissatisfied with his posthumous work on Religion. That cold, cautious mind, illustrating and incarnating the adequacies and limitations of the understanding, trained to distrust and deny its own highest conceptions and hopes, might reject or hold in abeyance every deliverance of the spirit concerning religious verities, but could not put aside the beauty and glory of the Christian ideal, nor question its almost supreme utility when received as a rule of life.

While in the new zeal of the researches in comparative theology many among us are emphasizing the similarities of historic religions, until all clear sight is lost in excess of light, or, possibly, all power of discernment is rendered difficult by universal haze, the really strong and large minds of the world, however much they may criticize Christianity, however much they may doubt concerning any solid basis of verity in religion, cannot help recognizing the divineness of Christ's character, as portrayed in the Gospels, nor deny its unique and matchless influence in human history, and upon the characters and lives of men.

But, while aiming to interest thoughtful and scholarly men, and soliciting the contributions of the wisest and most learned among us, it is hoped that "The Review" will not be found by any to be incomprehensible, unpractical, or dull. There may be occasionally, indeed, topics discussed in its pages of extreme value to the theological inquirer, but involving considerations foreign to the habits and studies of the general reader. It is believed, however, that this will not be often, certainly not usually, the case. The stronger and more vigorous the discussion of any topic of vital

interest to human life or thought, the more likely it is to reach out branches which lay hold of the mind and heart of every thoughtful man. Certainly, this is true of every discussion that shall attempt to state the positive results of thought and research, and to apply them in the conduct of life, and in the methods and organizations by which it is sought to elevate society and ennoble human nature and human existence.

It is intended to devote some portion of every number of "The Review" to articles which it is hoped will not be, or be deemed, less thoughtful or less able because dealing with the more interior and personal relations of the religious life, or because discussing some of those varied topics of historical, biographical, or educational interest which may well be made the common ground of the Christian, the man of letters, and the man of affairs. When we understand, indeed, how letters and affairs are alike the helpers of the child of God, on his way towards gaining the measure of Christ's full stature, we shall see how entirely both are comprehended within the province of a theological review.

It is hoped, however, that this breadth of view will in nowise interfere with distinctness of purpose. "The Review" will not advocate every cause because it would wish to know the best that can be said of every cause. It will not attempt to be a text-book of universal knowledge, nor expect to furnish an arena for endless debate on all disputed points in morals or theology. It will not sacrifice all the utilities of accepted truth to the search for possible truth. It will strive to explore, survey, and inhabit lands already discovered, as well as to set forth in quest of new continents of religious knowledge. And in this quest also it will follow the lines of fairest promise, and choose the direction in which the consenting beams from past experience and achievement mark the course towards the heralding light of new attainments.

Here is a body of facts, beliefs, religious usages, which we call Unitarian Christianity,— largely an inheritance from earlier generations and other ages, but partly also the results of freshly-gained convictions. The Unitarian Church exists to honor and commend to the world these facts, convictions, usages, and to transmute them into life. That it may do this intelligently and efficiently, it

seeks to study all related facts, beliefs, and usages, and progressively to correct and vivify its own.

Perhaps this is going far to say what should hardly need to be said, that this review exists for certain ends, which are indeed universal ends, but which it seeks to advance mainly through defined and already accepted means,— namely, the advocacy, development, and extension of Christianity as we understand it. It seeks to serve scholarship, religion, civilization, by the best statements it can command as to the way in which Liberal Christians are thinking, worshiping, and working in this age.

In the fulfillment of this service, the value and success of "The Review" will depend mainly upon the numbers of those vigorous and well-trained Christian spirits among us who shall be interested to contribute to its pages of the results of their religious thought, their studies, and their experience. There is need of all the wisdom and experience of the fathers, and all the enthusiasm and breadth of thought and research that are directing the Christian studies of the sons. The past year has made it evident that there is no lack of scholarship and literary ability among us, if only they can be made productive in the great fields of religious investigation and activity. With such help, we hope to be able to equip and sustain a review, which shall not only be worthy of our history as a denomination, but also a welcome and valued helper among the great Christian influences of the age, and in all the varied interests of righteousness, religious culture, and the Christian life.

MR. MARTINEAU'S ADDRESS.

The position of James Martineau among leaders of religious thought is such as to make his recent address, upon "The Tendencies of Modern Materialism," an event deserving the attention of all thoughtful men. As a Biblical critic, or as a scholar in any department of theological research, he may be reckoned one among many others; but as a thinker, dealing with the essential facts of the soul and its relations to the universe, he stands confessedly at the head of his school, if not at the head of all living men. This address seems to us the most vigorous and happy of all his recent utterances, as the occasion was one calculated to draw forth his

profoundest and most characteristic convictions. We cannot understand the statement of Mr. Conway, who says of it, in a recent letter, "But it was impossible not to recognize in this last utterance of Martineau an undertone of hopelessness as to the near results of the conflict between the materialistic and the spiritual interpretations of nature." To us, on the contrary, he seems serenely confident of strength, as he takes note of his opponents in their various positions, and rings his challenging lance in the centre of every shield.

Mr. Martineau does, indeed, acknowledge the gravity of the results involved. He does also honestly advise that if the "new faith" is generally accepted of the unreality of an Eternal Mind and a moral government in this universe, it will be time to disband the forces of religious instruction, rather than attempt to retain them for the culture of "emotion," from which all truth has been discharged. He further admits the havoc which the new doctrines make among the formulas and symbols of current systems of theology. On the other hand, he boldly charges science, in the persons of some of its leading representatives, with borrowing some of the worst errors and repeating some of the most serious mistakes of theology; so that "the exclusive pretension, long set up by theology, to dominate the whole field of knowledge, seems now to have simply passed over to the material sciences; with the effect of inverting, rather than removing, a mischievous intellectual confusion, and shifting the darkness from Nature to Morals and Religion." He accuses the current materialism of identifying the lawless, instead of the everlasting, flow of orderly power with the Divine; and, freely giving up to science the "How" of causation, claims for religion the right to determine the "Whence." Science would become impossible as well as religion, if the method of the universe were not one along which mind could move. "If it takes mind to construe the world, how can it require the negation of mind to constitute it?"

Nothing could be more complete than Mr. Martineau's exposure of the jugglery by which, having imported all the potentialities of life and thought into matter, it is easy to build its atoms into vital organisms and evoke from them "all terrestrial life." "Such extremely clever Matter — matter that is up to everything,

even to writing Hamlet, and finding out its own evolution, and substituting a molecular plebescite for a divine monarchy of the world, — may fairly be regarded as a little too modest in its disclaimer of the attributes of Mind."

No part of the address is more masterly than the treatment of Force. He affirms that Forces, conceived as separate entities, constitute a scientific mythology. Power is one, because the idea of power is given, not in phenomena or in any induction from them, but in thought, falling into coincidence with nothing but will where we are personally conscious of exerting it. Living Mind is the type of causality. God is known, as force is known. "If you admit into the category of knowledge only what we learn by observation, then is force unknown; if you extend the word to what is imported by the intellect itself into our cognitive acts, to make them such, then is God known." The basis of religion is thus laid in the necessary assumptions of thought. "Religion reaches its true ground, when, leaving the problem of what has *happened*, it takes its stand on what forever *is*. However the present may have come about, I find myself in it; in whatever way my faculties may have been determined, faculties they are, and they give me insight of my duty and outlook on my position. The beings that touch me with their look and draw me out of myself, the duties that press upon my heart and hand, are on the spot speaking to me while the clock ticks; and to love them aright, to serve them faithfully, and construct with them a true harmony of life, is the same task, whether I bear within me the inheritance of a million of years, or, with all my surroundings, issued this morning from the dark."

We do not understand Mr. Martineau as teaching in these ringing sentences that the soul has no need to take continually from the heritage of its past, and from its providential surroundings, suggestions and influences by which to shape its future development. He would doubtless be among the first to tell us that we must be on such terms with facts as to learn from them that for which the Eternal Purpose has freighted them and wafted them to our presence. Only, what we are, no account of our history can change, nor help us much in comprehending, since it is to be learned by "consulting the nature which we have and which we

see." "The inner life of conscience and ideal aspiration supplies the elements and sphere of religion; and the discovery of duty is as distinctly relative to an Objective Righteousness as the perception of force to an external space." Thus he meets Mr. Matthew Arnold's abstraction of "that, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," by affirming that nothing "makes for righteousness" but One, who *is* righteous."

In the closing pages of the essay, Mr. Martineau examines the proposed substitutes for religious truth, and applies some tests of the ability of these substituties to evolve the higher sentiments and convictions of humanity, and to serve in the exigencies of life. Rendering to individual skeptics of the reality of a Presiding Goodness in the universe the tribute of being better than their philosophy, he proceeds to show how inadequate prudence and considerations of utility are to sustain, much more to create, the nobler sentiments they honor and cherish; and in the threefold illustration of compassion, self-forgetfulness, and the sense of duty, shows how impossible it is to regard these as the result of the battle for existence, and how they shrink and shrivel where the battle for existence becomes the rule of life. So, on the hypothesis of a "Mindless universe," all that seems noblest turns out to be actually hollowest, and religion becomes despair, and existence itself the supreme evil. This negative demonstration is even more impressive than the positive statement, causing the results of the materialistic philosophy to appear as dreary as they are logically absurd.

Our sketch gives but a meagre conception of this noble address whose closely packed thought admits of little abbreviation, but needs to be studied sentence by sentence. We commend it to the careful persual of all as timely and rewarding; especially to those who have lately read that saddest, because sincerest and most involuntary, statement of unfaith, the three essays of John Stuart Mill, — a book whose fundamental view is here briefly, and we think justly, characterized with startling distinctness and strength. Whoever may find this address depressing, we have found it singularly uplifting and inspiring. It is a chant of triumph, not of defeat and death. It is the secure song of the free soul, soaring above all the bars and clogs of its material "envi-

ronment," above all the mists of scientific or theologic speculations, and rejoicing in the divine adjustment of its pinions to the sunny air in which it floats and sings.

JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.

Died, at his residence, in Cambridge, on Wednesday, the 23d of December, James Walker, in the eighty-first year of his age.

It is difficult to convey to those who did not know Dr. Walker any adequate idea of what he was to those who knew him, or of the feelings of continued gratitude, love, and reverence with which they now regard him. By them no other memorial of him is needed than that which spontaneously rises before them when they think of him. His countenance and form, as they remember him, so full of dignity and power and sweetness, come to them as a fitting monument of what he was. The words of wisdom and of strength which he spake, tempered by the tenderest sympathy, the offices he filled in his private acts even more than in his public ministrations, the spirit of gentleness and kindliness which went through his whole life, increasing as it went, and embalming with its sweetness whatever he said or did, rise spontaneously to their thoughts, and fill out the portrait of the friend whom they loved, and the wise and great man whom they honored. But to those who had no personal knowledge of him, it is impossible to give any suitable impression of these things.

There are public characters whose works are greater than themselves. The able general, who controlled the movements of more than a million men during the last year of our war, does not, like Washington, rise in our admiration, as we come near him, even though he stands before us the ruler of a mighty nation. An intimate personal acquaintance with many of the most gifted authors ends only in disappointment. The men are inferior to the name which they have gained. But here and there is a man of great eminence and outward success, who in himself is greater than what he does or says. When we are brought into contact with such a man, when we hear him speak, or see him act, or read of what he has done, we recognize in him the hidings of a power which excites a deeper sense of confidence and admiration than all the rest.

Such men cannot be described or painted. That which is most alive and effective in them escapes all our efforts to analyze or to embody it. Dr. Walker was of this class, inasmuch as he had in himself a life deeper, stronger, more subtle and effective than could ever be embodied in words. When he preached, there was a majesty and a pathos in the preacher, which gave to his words a power not their own. In conversation, even on grave subjects, there was a playfulness of humor, a delicacy of touch, an ease and deference in his mode of address, which made every one feel at home, and perfectly free to say whatever might come uppermost to his mind; while the weightiness of his thought and manner produced a profound and lasting impression. This charm of personal intercourse, which drew young men into his confidence, was one great source of influence all his life long. But of this peculiar power it is impossible to give any proper conception.

James Walker was born in Burlington, Mass., a small farming town between Lexington and Wilmington. He was fitted for college at the Groton Academy. He was the master mind in the recitation room, while his schoolmate, Abbot Lawrence, was the leading man on the play-ground and everywhere out of school. He was graduated with distinction at Harvard College, in 1814, and spent the following year as assistant teacher in Phillips Academy, at Exeter, where his rare qualities were appreciated by a few persons who then predicted his future eminence. In 1818, he was ordained to the ministry, in Charlestown, Mass., where he continued to labor with all his mind and heart and strength, and with constantly increasing influence, more than twenty years. During a part of this time, he was associated with his friend and classmate, Dr. Greenwood, in the editorship of "The Christian Examiner." As a writer and preacher, his power and zeal were felt throughout the whole denomination. Probably no part of his life was happier, or gave him greater satisfaction, or a more assured sense of doing good, than this period of his active ministry.

In 1838, he was made Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and continued in that office fifteen years. There is no department of instruction in our universities more important than this, or which gives to a competent teacher more effective means of extended and lasting influence over

the minds of his pupils. Probably no man has ever filled the place with more entire success than Prof. Walker. He was not an original thinker. He did not undertake to excite and stimulate the students, as some men have done, by his lectures. He was a wise and able teacher. He knew how to direct their studies, to expound to them the thoughts of other and greater men, to call out their powers, and to lead them into the habit of thinking for themselves on the great problems of human thought and life.

His power here was not confined to the professorial room or office. He gained, as few teachers ever have done, the confidence of the young men who came to him for sympathy and counsel. During the last seven years of his professorship, there was probably no man connected with the college who had so great an ascendency over the students. He preached as one having authority. He was a wise and gentle counselor. Indeed, here was perhaps the one office which he filled with more original power and more distinguished ability than any other. He saw too clearly the possible difficulties in the way of any proposed course of action, and had too little the quick intuitive perception of what ought to be done, and done at once, to be a great executive officer. But as a wise counselor, in all matters within the large compass of his knowledge, we doubt whether any man in his day and generation has been his superior, or has done a greater amount of good. From the freshman or sophomore, who came to him, self-confident, inexperienced, and ignorant, to the senior, who has begun to understand how little he knows about himself and the pursuits which lie before him, and who feels the need of some comprehensive rules or hints by which to be guided in matters of vast moment to himself, no one could find a more indulgent, sagacious, far-seeing, truthful adviser than Dr. Walker, or one who would do more to stimulate and call out all that was best within him. We know of men high in office, and of remarkable ability, who ascribe their success through life, in no small measure, to the counsels which he gave them at some critical period in their college course. We have no special means of knowing particularly in regard to it, but we do not doubt that as a member of the Corporation of Harvard University from 1834 to 1860, and afterwards as a member of the Board of Overseers from 1864 to 1874,

his enlightened and judicious counsels were of very great value in administering the affairs of the College. In these and other positions, as a counselor, he was fitted as few men ever have been to fill a most important place. He had no crotchets and no pet schemes of his own. The very absence of decisive opinions, in regard to most of the measures proposed for discussion, often made him all the more valuable as an impartial adviser. Especially in his intercourse with young men, his large toleration, his genial sympathies, his playfulness and wit, his wide outlook into the many paths of usefulness and honor, his faith in the essential principles of truth and duty, his profound religious convictions and strong intellectual statements, enabled him to encourage and help them, without taking it upon himself to indicate to them the precise course which they were to choose.

We have heard it intimated that Dr. Walker sometimes gained a reputation for great foresight by utterances which, like the Delphic oracles, misled men by their ambiguity. It is possible that on some occasions it may have been so, though of course, unconsciously, on his part. But, usually, even in what seemed like words of prophecy, his expressions had no doubtful or double meaning. And it must also be remembered, that, to one who looks quite through them, many of the problems of life, like those of mathematics, admit of more than one solution. He who can see widely enough knows that usually there are more roads than one to the same place, and he who can see far enough knows that there are more places than one to be reached on the same road.

His power and attractiveness in private conversation, and with all sorts of people, can hardly be exaggerated. He had such a largeness of nature that he could take into his keeping the limitations of others on the most friendly terms. Even the idiosyncrasies which sometimes came in his way found a welcome reception in his broad and comprehensive hospitality. It must be confessed that sometimes these things did furnish to his keen sense of humor an occasion for comical suggestions and inextinguishable merriment. But there was no assumption of superiority and no mixture of contempt or ill will in all this, — only an abounding overflow of the milk of human kindness. For no man ever had a quicker sense of what was due even to the whims and peculiarities of his

fellow-men. He spontaneously and gladly extended to them rights and privileges beyond what he asked for himself. Severe in the exactions which he laid upon his own heart and life, he was most lenient in his judgment of others. For serious offenses he had the deepest commiseration and sorrow. And both as a private man and as an officer of the college he chose not to see trivial aberrations, or even the excesses of thoughtless impulse, whenever they could with safety be overlooked.

From 1853 to 1860, Dr. Walker was the President of Harvard University. He was an admirable presiding officer, never dwarfed by the office which he filled, but always giving to the position more dignity than he borrowed from it. His administration was a success. But we doubt whether he found in it the satisfaction that he had found either as a minister or a professor. And we doubt whether he exercised as great an influence over the students then as before. The duties of the President, at that time, were so largely of a disciplinary character that he could hardly hope to secure their confidence and affection as he had done. We believe that during the last seven years of his professorship he was doing more for the students than any other man connected with the University, and more than he was able to do afterwards in his more imposing and responsible office.

During all these years, he continued to preach from time to time, and never with greater impressiveness and power than at the last. There was a perceptible failure of physical vigor, but no falling away in mental power, while all his pulpit services were pervaded by a deeper solemnity and pathos, and a mellowness which threw into them an inexpressible charm. He always reverenced and magnified the office of the Christian ministry. From his presidential chair, the most honorable position to which any man can be chosen by his fellow-men, he went, not down, but up, when he entered a Christian pulpit, to speak on the great interests of our spiritual and eternal being. Here was the throne in which he was clothed with the highest dignity, and from which he spoke with the most commanding authority. But it would be difficult for the reader even of his greatest sermons to form any conception of the majestic power with which its most impressive passages were spoken.

During the fourteen years which have passed since he laid down the duties of his great office, he has been no idle spectator of events, but, in his quiet, thoughtful retreat, he has been sought after by young and old as the wise counselor, and the friend of every good enterprise. For ten years he has been a laborious and most useful member of the Board of Overseers, — rendering, in all, thirty-six years of responsible service to his Alma Mater.

We have never known a more successful life than Dr. Walker's. Doubtless he failed to reach the high standard of intellectual and moral greatness which he had set before himself, and thought of all that he had done with a sense of profound humility. But he sought always the highest ends by the purest means. In outward position he attained to all that his heart desired. Whatever single errors in judgment or action he may have committed, he filled the great and responsible offices to which he was called with marked distinction and success, and with the approbation of the ablest and best men.

In one respect only, the rare felicity of his lot seemed wanting. With a heart that was always gladdened by the approach of young persons, and that entered into their lives with such an entire forgetfulness of self, he had no children or grand-children to enliven the home of his early manhood or to cheer his declining years. But he had the richest of all the outward gifts which God ever bestows upon a man. For many years he was blessed with a wife who entered with him into all his cherished interests and pursuits. Their hearts were alike simple and unambitious, and each was fitted to call out, and to encourage and strengthen, whatever was best in the other. He was not left a great while to go on alone without her. He bore the separation with the calmness of a Christian philosopher and the cheerfulness of a Christian believer. His final descent was gradual. He foresaw the end as he approached it, step by step. He had no raptures; but great peace, and a perfect trust in God.

A great man has gone from among us. The living forces to hold us up and help us along on the side of righteousness are less than they were a few weeks ago. He was one of the last of that remarkable body of men who began their active exertions here, sixty years ago, in behalf of a higher and more liberal school of

culture, which should reach through every department of education and morals, and especially enlarge the prevailing narrowness of Christian thought. They labored faithfully and well. Of all that goodly fellowship of able, hopeful, and helpful men, only two or three — dear and honored names — yet remain. By far the greater part have fallen asleep. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them, while their memory is cherished with tears and benedictions by those who thankfully recognize them as among the distinguished friends and benefactors of their race.

CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF.

A cable dispatch announces the death of this distinguished philologist and biblical critic, in Leipsic, at the age of fifty-six. His successive editions of the Greek text of the New Testament, with their careful collating and weighing of the various readings of ancient manuscripts, have put all critical students of the Bible under great obligations; and his death in middle life is a universal loss. Hardly any literary event of recent time is more interesting and remarkable than his discovery, a few years ago, of one of the very oldest and most valuable of all existing manuscripts of the New Testament in possession of the monks of Mount Sinai. The year whose earlier weeks witnessed the departure of the great rationalizing and skeptical theologian, Strauss, records at its close the death of the most eminent of German textual critics, whose whole life has been given to establishing the genuineness and veracity of those Gospels which Strauss began the work of his life by tearing into shreds and striving to remand into the realm of myth and fable.

CHANNING'S WORKS.

It will be remembered that at the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association a resolution was adopted, to the effect that it was desirable to offer these works to every settled minister in America, free of charge. A new edition has been prepared in one volume, fairly printed on good paper, and well bound. The Association offers this handsome book of nine hundred and thirty-two pages octavo, to every settled minister, not owning Chan-

ning's works, in this country. This is only more generous than the offer to send it, postage paid, to everybody else who wants it for one dollar. We hope a new generation will be led to read carefully these works whose praise is too often a mere tradition among us, but which are so richly freighted with inspiring thoughts and ennobling views, and which contain, by the judgment of able critics here and abroad, some of the masterpieces of English prose.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CONGRESS AND GENERAL CONVENTION.

We were obliged, by the pressure of other matters on our pages, to postpone speaking of this subject, as we had intended to do, in the December number. The "Conference" of our own body in September, and the "Council" of the Orthodox Congregationalists in the same month, was soon followed by the "General Convention" of the Episcopalians, at New York, in October. The methods of the several bodies are so characteristically different, and present so many points of contrast, that it will be interesting, even at this late day, to dwell a little in detail on the proceedings of this latter assembly.

More significant of the real life that is in this large and respectable denomination of Christians than any action of its formal representative organization, was, to our mind, the meeting of the Episcopal Church Congress which immediately preceded it. The idea of this gathering was taken from a similar one which proves highly successful in the Church of England. It was proposed to bring together representative men from all the different schools of thought among Episcopalians for free conference and discussion. An attempted veto by Bishop Potter, of New York, whose unfortunate letter showed a painfully "ecclesiastical" temper, had the effect of preventing high churchmen and timid men from presenting themselves. Perhaps, however, this result was not wholly injurious, since the papers that were read, and the discussions upon them, were throughout pervaded by a genuine scholarship and manhood which make them most refreshing reading. A considerable part of the discussions dealt with the subject of clerical education, in a spirit of wholesome criticism of its narrowness and partialness, a fine paper on this subject being read by Dr. Howard. An ad-

mirable speech by Bishop Whipple, of missionary fame, followed a striking paper, by Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, on "Doctrine and Ritual." Said Bishop Whipple, among other things, "One of my clergy came to me and said, 'Bishop, there are fifteen hundred men up here in that northern forest. I think some of us ought to go there and preach the Gospel.'" — "I think so too."—"I am not quite sure whether I ought to begin with, 'Dearly beloved brethren,' in the light of a tallow candle in a log cabin." My answer was, "Brother, go there and tell the story of the life of Christ, with the warm words that go from your loving heart, and when you come back you need not report to me the service you have used."

We are glad to notice the wise and manly words of Dr. Osgood, who pleaded that "the scriptures are catholic; the sacraments mostly are catholic; and manhood is catholic, not to be trodden under foot by anybody, without law, under the protection of the Holy Spirit, and in the kingdom of God."

The learned and courageous address by Dr. Washburn was one of the ablest and most forcible papers that we have ever read,— a grand argument for a church comprehensive in the true sense. We cannot refrain from quoting a portion of his remarks on "The Episcopal Church and the Universal Church." He said,—

"We prize it [the Church] as witness and keeper of all that is truly catholic; we prize its creeds above the all-special Confessions; its liturgy as the golden chain that binds us with all saints; its Episcopate as keeping for us the Apostolic type and the historic continuity of the body. But our catholicity is not the contradiction of our Protestantism; it includes it, it integrates it. No notion of an absolute authority destroys the supremacy of God's Word. No claim of an exclusive Episcopate bars out our brethren in the one Church of Christ. We shun the fatal blindness which leads a cloistered mind like Pusey to dreams of an *Eirenikon* on the basis of Trent with a Latin Communion; nor do we look for living unity by alliance with a Russo-Greek body, which has slumbered like the Ephesian brothers in its charmed cavern since Nice, and only rubs its sleepy eyes in wonder what this Anglican Church may be, and whether it be orthodox about the *Filioque*. We accept the historic plan of a Lutheran Communion, and do not forget that it has some elements of rich catholic antiquity nobler than our own. We find room for the theology of Calvin in the great history of doctrine and of spiritual life. We recognize all the Puritan has done for freedom; the Presby-

terian for defense of divine law against tradition; the Methodist for his glowing love to Christ's poor, and the Quaker for his pure benevolence. We can work with them, so far as they work for the common truth and life of the one Master; and so, only so, can we impart whatever we have larger than their systems, if we feel that we are not a boastful fragment of the body, but one part of that Holy Catholic Church, in which and for which we have our being. Pardon me, if I can only say thus briefly what needs so much of fuller and careful statement; yet I trust I have not failed in giving you a clear outline. This was my dream on entering our communion. Would to God I could have seen its reality! But the age of its Hookers and Leightons has gone; other ideas, other tendencies, have swept us into the frozen sea of an ecclesiastical tradition, and now we are seeing with our own eyes what we have lost in the power and life of such a church in this divided time. Others around us have grown broader in sympathy, and thrown off their sectarian tendencies. We have grown from a noble body into a sect, and one of the most formal. Yet I will not regret it; I believe it could only be as the Church of England and our own passed through these years of battle to gain the better truth; and when the Catholic revival, now setting in its last brilliant, ritualistic splendors, has passed away, it will leave a truer knowledge of the principles of the Church of Christ and of our own reformation, a larger learning than patristic tradition and a unity such as no time before has seen. Meanwhile, it is left for us to labor for it, not to go out of our communion to find a perfect church, which exists nowhere, but to abide in it, to fight the good fight of sound scholarship and Christian manhood, to strive in all earnest ways to break down the false barriers, to use every effort for the cause of a real unity, assured that whatever may be the future of this Communion, whether it do God's work or whether it wither away, we are in the church and kingdom which has his life, who is yesterday, to-day, and forever.

In view of this, and of almost all the other voices of this "Congress," we do not think the words of Dr. Bellows, in "The Liberal Christian," too strong, when he says that "no religious assembly previously gathered in this country has ever given evidence of a more open and Christian temper, or proof of a more scholarly, thoughtful, and deliberate design to render service to the church universal."

Perhaps as marked a contrast as any presented by the different representative religious assemblies, convened in September and October, is to be noticed in the diverse character of the sermons preached at the opening service of each.

That by Rev. Robert Collyer at our own Conference, at Saratoga, was heard by many of our readers, and is now in the hands of most of them, in the authorized "Report" of the Conference. We need, therefore, only say of it that it is marked by the author's exquisite touches of spiritual genius. In our December number we gave some account of the sermon by Dr. Storrs, before the Congregational Council at New Haven. That was eminently a discourse stamped with the best characteristics of the New England training and culture, resolutely grappling with the great speculative difficulties of the time, in the true intellectual fashion of the type of thought which the Puritans have impressed upon their descendants. The sermon preached by Bishop Selwyn, of the English diocese of Lichfield, before the Episcopal General Convention, was equally characteristic of the body for whom it was prepared. It was a simple religious exhortation to unity and peace, which must have derived the chief part of its impressiveness from the honored personality of the preacher. Bishop Selwyn is justly one of the most marked figures on the English Episcopal bench, having done long and eminent missionary service in distant lands before his recall to England, and being a natural leader of men.

The special errand which brought him and other dignitaries of his church across the ocean to the General Convention, at New York, was evidently to persuade that body to endorse the plan of calling another "Lambeth Conference," — a repetition of that assembly of all the bishops of the English Church and its allied branches (except Bishop Colenso) which Archbishop Longley convened in 1867. A curious and heated debate was called out by this proposition, which developed a surprising amount of latent antagonism to England in the respectable assembly. Dr. Mead, of Connecticut, stated that this was "a resumption of the farce of 1867, when certain bishops went four thousand miles to join in a social tea party." The Convention was evidently divided in opinion, whether it would be a meaningless meeting, or whether there were ulterior designs of establishing a "Patriarchate" over all Episcopal Churches. Finally, a non-committal resolution was adopted, that "all exchanges of friendly greeting — whether by bishops in conferences or otherwise — are especially welcome to the Church."

Another point of contrast which is presented by the Episcopal General Convention to the other ecclesiastical gatherings of which we have spoken, is in its legislative character. Its sessions were occupied by discussions, protracted and wearisome, of matters of greater or lesser importance within their own denomination; but always to the end of passing some vote or enacting some canon which should be law upon the subject. To those outside of that religious communion there is something profoundly depressing in much of this debate. As we read the colums of reported talk, so much of it has to do with "mint, anise, and cummin," rather than "the weightier matters of the law," that we wonder in this nineteenth century, when men are doubting if there be a God, or if the soul has any real existence, to see a great representative religious body occupied three weeks largely in discussing clothes and candles. We recognize, however, the necessity, in a body governed as is the Episcopal Church, to have legislative enactments on a great variety of subjects. But we are led to ask whether the very fact that such incessant legislation, on subjects often trivial, is required, is not itself an argument in favor of greater independency and freedom in the various churches and congregations?

The secession of Bishop Cummins occasioned the passage of a new canon making orderly provision for such cases. A long discussion of the Episcopal "Hymnal" developed an entire dissatisfaction with that collection, whose strongest defenders could say no more for it than it was a temporary expedient.

But the main cause of controversy was the question of ritualism, which makes so deep a dividing cleft in the Episcopal Church. The great majority of the delegates had come together with the intention of passing some sort of restricting legislation on this subject; but it was after all sprung upon them early in their sessions, by the necessity of voting on the confirmation of the election of Dr. Seymour to be bishop of Illinois. After the earnest debates which resulted in his rejection by the Convention, solely on the ground of his supposed ritualism, it was to be expected that some strong measures would be adopted, looking to the suppression of such tendencies in the Episcopal communion. By a great majority, a canon was finally adopted, prohibiting the clergy from cle-

vating the host as an object of worship, and from any act of adoration toward the elements. "Ritualism," says "The London Spectator," "is a delicate plant which grows freely only in bog-earth, not on the firm soil of lay-sense and practical knowledge." Those best qualified to judge, however, pronounce that this canon will really amount to nothing in the way of effectual restriction of these idolatrous practices.

A very strong instance of the tenacity with which the Episcopal body clings to the infallibility of its liturgy, was shown by the overwhelming rejection of a petition signed by over five hundred clergymen, more than a sixth of all, for an alternative form in the office for infant baptism, on the ground of conscientious scruples. Dr. Vinton pleaded for this in a noble speech, but the iron rule was re-affirmed, not without bitter and contemptuous words, by the Convention disallowing the change of a single word or letter. How far this result was owing to a feeling that it would be especially perilous to urge this departure from the ancient order after having successfully invoked the conservative spirit to avert changes in an opposite direction, is a question of much interest which we can only raise. A more agreeable side we should not fail to notice in this unusually noteworthy Convention of the Episcopal Chhrch, as showing the way in which it undertakes to deal with some of the practical problems of the time. We refer to the reception of a full-blooded Indian delegate, and to the grand missionary meeting at which Bishop Hare, of Niobrara, gave an intensely interesting account of his impressions of the Indians and of their capacity to receive Christian truths.

It is by such signs as are given by this and by the utterances at the "Church Congress," of a vital Christianity not stifled by its forms, that that church obtains the respect of many who are profoundly alienated by "churchism" in all its varieties of narrowness, bigotry, and conceit. A generous article in "The Christian Union," suggested by the General Convention which we have been describing, seems to us to breath the true spirit in which Christians of whatever school should criticise and seek to learn from one another, and suggest some points in which Liberal Christians especially may be profited by studying the real strength of the

Episcopal Church. We regret that we have room only for its closing words: —

"In the great elements, of worship, of the reverential qualities, of sympathy with the line whence we are sprung and respect for the teachings of the past, the Episcopal Church ministers usefully and nobly to the whole company of Christ's people. In wishing her a fuller emancipation from the spirit of dissension and the spirit of exclusiveness we only wish her a more abundant entrance upon the great harvest-fields which are white before all earnest laborers."

F.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

In entering upon a new year, we are led to think what object we have in view in presenting these notes of home and foreign life. A bright little paragraph in "The Arcadian," called the "Scissors Man," has aroused our sympathy and magnified in our view the office of the newspaper cutter. The writer begins with Thomas Hood, with the men who write for "Punch," for the New York, Boston, and Western journals, and comes down at length to the modest country editor. All those charming extracts, bright sayings, delicate bits of news, tender reminiscences, which occupy a quiet corner in our papers, he attributes to a being of genius whom he styles the "Scissors man," — a man who has the power to see at a glance, what it takes other men an hour to find out, the cream of a journal; and, better still, who has the power, we suppose, to amalgamate these stray thoughts and facts with his individual freshness, until he brings out something unique and peculiarly his own.

We do not aspire to so happy a pedestal as this, and there are some points where our work differs. Although we would be glad to please and stimulate the thought of our readers, there is a work of still more importance for the magazine which we have in view. It is to promote Christian fellowship among all branches of the church, and also to bring the moral and educational movements of the community into notice, and give them our hearty sympathy; although we may not always agree with the methods of our fellow-men, and may prefer our own little niche in the household of faith, we desire earnestly to make the world feel that all lovers of their race are working upwards to the same ends. The

Abbe Michaud, in an article upon the Conference at Bonn, among the Old Catholics, thinks they made a mistake in trying to bring about theological unity, when unity of faith is the one thing needful. He believes this theological unity would be actually hurtful, producing "a shapeless, motionless, and dead theology." The Rev. Mr. Atwood, in an essay before the Congregational Club of Essex County, on the "Laws and Limits of Christian Fellowship," says, "We exaggerate the scope of Christian fellowship. . . . We seem to think it puts the official stamp on a man. It must be an individual matter, conditioned upon individual worthiness." He says his Universalist brother may deny what he himself thinks a scriptural doctrine, but if he loves God and man "he fellowships him, although he fights his doctrine." In their conclusions, he says, men should "lean to the side of fairness." Our Free Religious friends are not so far off as we are apt to think on both sides, when we argue together. Mr. Higginson says, "There is a tendency among the churches to get nearer to one another, and all around the cup of good will is passed." He believes it is the time to increase this good will, "born not of logic, but of love." Mr. Frothingham, in a valuable paper on the "Spiritual Force," speaks of the social and affectional element as the one great power, and quotes the words of Jesus, as the great friend and stimulator of human love: —

> "Jesus said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' And so it was. The glowing, adoring thought of the friend they had known and honored brought to them the inspiration of his character, and poured a fresh tide of enthusiasm into their fainting hearts. There was no mystery about it. The explanation is quite simple, as simple as the filling of a basin when connection is established with the river. Two or three have more humanity than one. Collective life is more abounding than individual life. And when the collective life is rich and various, as it easily may be made by thought, if not by personal communication, the enhancement and exaltation of power cannot be measured. The mental and moral expansion is immense."

We would like to ask one thing of our readers, which we hope will not be considered an impertinence, nor out of harmony with the subject of Christian brotherhood which we have been discussing. It is this, that each person who receives this review will

make a little effort to lend it to some one else out of his or her own circle who may not find it convenient to take it. It is a matter of regret that we are not able to afford it at a lower price; but by this simple method it will be brought to the eyes, we trust, of many, in and outside of our denomination; and, what is better than all, a spirit of Christian fellowship may thus be promoted, and draw us together as one great family in Jesus Christ.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

An interesting book has lately appeared in London, called the "Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch." Mr. Deutsch was a quiet man but little known, and one of the list of contributors to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." He published an article on the Talmud which made him famous, and would have accomplished much more work, had not his life been thwarted by bodily disease, which finally cut short his days.

He was born at Neisse, in Prussian Silesia, in 1829. At the age of six, he entered the gymnasium, and remained there two years. He then was placed under the care of his uncle, a Rabbi of great learning and a thorough student of the Talmud. The boy's discipline was very severe; his studies were incessant, with little time for recreation; he acquired thus his close habits of study, and probably also an enfeebled body, so that he always looked back with a pang to those years, although he reverenced the memory of his good and learned uncle. He says, —

"Before I knew how to read and write the language of the land wherein I was born, my lips were taught to stammer the Aleph-Beth, and to recite my prayers in the tongue of David. As I grew up, Homer and Virgil stood side by side on my boyish bookshelf with the Mishnah and the Midrash. And before I was inured in the Academe of Plato and his friends, it was deemed well to steep my soul for a time absolutely in that ocean called the Talmud; and to teach me fierce dialectics in the discussions of Rabina and Rab Ashi before I learned to contrast the fierce lightnings that shook the rafters of Sura and Pumbeditha with the mild, serene, ironically smiling lips of Socrates."

In his thirteenth year he entered the highest class of the gymnasium; but his masters soon found they had nothing more to teach him, and he was admitted to the university. He occupied him-

self there with history, psychology, the literature of his own country, and learned the English language. He supported himself in the meantime by giving lessons. In 1855 he joined the British museum, and worked there for fifteen years with untiring industry. He furnished matter for Chamber's "Encyclopedia," Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Kitto's "Biblical Literature," beside preparing articles for the literary journals. In 1857 he published his famous essay on the Talmud, in "The Quarterly Review." He made a visit to Syria to gratify the enthusiasm and longing of his heart, for his parent soil, but returned broken in health. He shortly afterwards went to Italy, where his exhausted frame, prostrated with study and disease, seemed to rally. He wrote from Rome that he was "tumbling from Heaven into Heaven," and that his "soul was one shout of Glory Hallelujah." Such joy, fleeting as it was, makes us feel sad at the thought of the continual disregard of the laws of our being, by the denizens of earth, especially the pure, the gifted, and exalted ones. Yet we can hardly blame our noble fellow-men, whose aspirations go so far beyond their frail bodies, if they forget the simple laws of God. We must rather blame those who train them in youth to a perversion of their powers, or those in the community who throw obstacles in the pathway of a great man's career of philanthrophy, until he dies of weariness, like our own Horace Mann. This picture is not however all sad. The rapidity with which Prof. Deutsch rallied in Italy, leads us to feel with joy the rejuvenating power of the soul, and that what seems in our friends at first sight a permanent decay of the powers is only a lying-by of the faculties, until some favorable breath of God shall freshen them and stimulate them to new life. If the sweet air of Italy can instantly quicken the soul and body of a jaded man, though only for a brief season, what must the atmosphere of heaven do at once for the emancipated spirit? He went the next year to Egypt, and made faint efforts to do his old work, but his physical frame was powerless to carry out the thoughts that gleamed through his brain and he sank with no hand to register them. He came back to Alexandria, and there died on May 12th.

His cherished plan was to write a complete work upon the origin, the contents, and the religious philosophy of the Talmud.

The plan enlarged itself before his vision, and although it may seem to us a dry field of research, we know that all fields are dry to those who have not the power nor the love to draw forth their hidden riches. We must remember that he was a Jew, born to love the rabbinical lore; and knowing what treasures have been bequeathed to us from the Hebrew history, its pioneers, its judges, its poets, and its prophets, he felt that this book must be the culmination of all. He idealized it undoubtedly, and expected too much from its effects upon religion and civilization. Yet such a mind as his must have found truth and beauty where others saw it not; and it is therefore a source of regret that any patient thinker, who would explore the past, should be lost to the world.

His estimate of the New Testament was what we should expect from one of his race. He was interested in its history as a student who feels that the study of it bears upon his subject, but we do not see much comprehension of its beauty or power. He thought that many disconnected parts of the Old Testament prophecies might be filled up from the Talmud; and his estimate of this cherished volume was boundless as his own nature, so that he speaks often sadly of his contemplated work: —

"It is not merely," he writes in 1869, "the results of hard and tedious dry-as-dusty investigations which I carry about with me and write into books, but those certain human problems which underlie them and give them tone and color, and have begotten all those ancient matters, and which are so wondrously like the problems with which we do battle and are worsted. It is the continuity and solidarity of refined mankind which I have in my mind, and the sameness of its achievements, of its loves and hatreds, and prayers and curses, and conceptions of what is good and evil, and godly, positive and negative; and reflecting upon all this I find that I have nothing more to say, and ought to lay down a pen, which properly speaking, I have never taken up. But all this is so confused and wild, . . . and I cannot take comfort in the thought of death, — I want to live, — there is so much life, hot, full life within, that it shrinks from darkness and deadness. I envy those who can fly on the mind's wings to this harbor of refuge; I cannot follow, but keep tossing outside in my broken craft through foam, and rock, and mist."

He had no power to understand or love the Man of Nazareth, and sees only in his teachings the doctrines of the rabbis. One tribute he pays to Christ when he says, "It is the glory of Chris-

tianity to have carried those golden germs, hidden in the schools and among the silent community of the learned, into the market of humanity." A writer in "The London Inquirer," in reflecting upon his opinions in regard to the authority of the New Testament, says very fitly, "Clearly, no theory of the origin of Christianity can be true which omits to take account of the mind of Christ."

THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

The present condition of this church ought to command the attention of all Protestant Christians. The most ardent lover of it, M. Guizot, says, "France will not become Protestant, but Protestantism will not perish in France." The great desire of his life seems to have been to promote fellowship between the Protestant and Catholic churches in his country. We must pardon him if he could not show a liberal spirit in his own communion, and try to appreciate what he did to promote friendly feeling among the two sects. As far as our observation in France extends, we should not say there was much bitterness between the two, but rather an indifference among the Liberal Catholics and a quiet fanaticism among the devoted. On the other hand, the indifference among the Protestants seems to have pervaded the Orthodox Protestants of the national church, as was evinced by the cheerless appearance of their churches, until the liberal party sprung up among them, and aroused them to a vigorous defense of their cherished dogmas.

It may be interesting to our readers to take a view of the actual state of things in the Protestant Church of France at this time. The original Reformed Church does not appear to have had any confession of faith. The local churches were governed by Consistories, which were supposed to be grouped into Synods. These Synods were, however, never held, and had in fact become obsolete. The Pietistic movement which took place in England at the beginning of this century, aroused a counter party there, and also in France and Switzerland. "The Strasbourg Review" was one of the fruits of it, and in our day "La Rennaissance" and "L'Alliance Liberale," bear witness to the liberal thinkers. A few years ago the Orthodox party resolved to put an end to liberal

GENERAL LIBRARY University of MICHIGAN

thought, and they induced the French government to call a Synod, the long-forgotten Synod, which was to be the means of putting down their adversaries. They arranged that a confession of faith should be obligatory upon the members of the assembly. We all know how many earnest pastors, like our friends M. Coquerel, August Dide, M. Fontanes, were ejected from their parishes for non-subscription. The matter has come up anew this past autumn. The government feels the necessity of taking some decided step in answer to the solicitation of both parties. The position is a very awkward one. The orthodox majority was so small, that, if the government yields to it, half the church will be deprived of legal rights. In Nimes, for instance, which has always been a stronghold for liberal thought, a thousand Protestants would own the temples, and seventeen thousand be left out in the cold.

The government will probably be obliged to form two branches of the Reformed Church. Those who are inclined to speak disparagingly of the French Protestants would do well to remember their history, the noble band of Huguenots who suffered untold miseries for the cause of truth, who united in themselves the heroism of the old regime, the honor of the ancient knights, and the domestic affection which make their family life to-day one of the sweetest pictures on the pages of the novel. Their practical energy, skill, and industry we know was without parallel, and France to this day feels crippled by the loss of those refugees, whom she sent abroad to enrich other lands.

SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland we find the same troubles fermenting, only under a different order of things. The great change in 1847, which introduced republicanism into the church, has made it, in the words of a distinguished Swiss, no longer "Une Eglise Clergé," but "Une Eglise Peuplé." The consistory at Geneva consists of thirty-one members, of whom twenty-five are laymen. The pastors are elected by the inhabitants of the parishes themselves. A great many causes of contention naturally have arisen. The Orthodox party have been too timid, and feared the progress of new ideas, while the Liberal party have shown themselves often

elated by success, overbearing, and ready to call in their democratic supporters, who, however sound may be their politics, are not always, in Switzerland, the most spiritually-minded adherents of Liberal Christianity. Among the conservatives, Dr. Carlin and M. Tournier are the most conspicuous. M. Tournier has published a sprightly little book of French verses for children. The death of Prof. Munier, and of D'Aubigné, has deprived the Swiss Church of two men who were ever anxious to reconcile conflicting parties. Such men are much easier found in Switzerland than in France, although even she has produced them. Prof. Bouvier, the son-in-law of Adolphe Monod, published a lecture of late on the future of the Protestant Church. He is a man with all the piety of the old school, but he opposes any dogmatic confessions, and lays down two formulas for acceptance: first, The church free and voluntary, and the state neutral and just; second, The church founded on a simple declaration of a personal engagement to a Christian life.

We confess to a strong affection for the French-speaking Protestant Church. We have had opportunity, during two winters in France and Switzerland, to hear every Sunday the preachers on both sides, liberal and conservative, and when even we take up the French Testament the tones of their voices come to our memories, their oft-repeated and affectionate address, "Mes Chers Freres," their unction and their self-forgetfulness. Above all, we seem to hear their beautiful Canticles, so redolent with the beloved name of Jesus, and appealing so earnestly to the heart and soul of the weary and fainting believer. May peace and charity soon descend upon these churches.

In Russia a colony of Germans called Mennonites, settled since the time of Catherine the Great, are preparing to move across the Atlantic. They are noted for their intelligence, thrift, and their patriarchal habits. They are like the Quakers in their aversion to war, and that is the cause of their departure from Russia. They have hitherto been exempt from military service, and lived a peaceful and happy life; but of late they have been called upon to serve the Empire, and this demand has disturbed them in their peaceful habitations. Little bands of them now are already on

their way to our far West, and we understand they are endeavoring to obtain an act of Congress which shall forever exempt them from military service.

INDIA.

We have received a letter from our friend and missionary, Mr. Dall. We quote a portion of it: —

S. INDIA, OCT. 16, 1874.

Dear Friend, — Hearty thanks for your letter which came to me a few days ago. Heaven is to me a boundless field of missions. How glad I shall be when I am called thither to join my brother Charles Lowe. To-day, I thank God that your spirit is one with his, — so perfectly that we three are sure to meet there, to marshal our hosts of little ignorant ones, our Sunday schools, in the brighter and freer world. Dead! No! God is no lunatic to crush his finest work as soon as ready for use. No! We are the dead. He lives, loves, works, sees, and our faith will come to sight, — only let us work while 'tis seed-time here. The news of our brother Charles' ascension reached Calcutta, July 31. Pressed by work, and many letters awaiting reply on my desk, is my excuse for not writing. May our Father bless you for the opportunity of a hearing you now open in the monthly "Note-Book" for my work, which is growing very large and engrosses my every faculty. So God calls you to bless those that give in America, as well as those that take in India.

He encloses a few of his letters, which, as he says, speak better for his work than he can. One is from Samuel Roberts, the grandson of the well known William Roberts, now dead, so long a friend of the India mission. He, with his father, William Roberts, Jr., conducts a Sunday service in their chapel at Madras. Another is from Miss Chamberlain, our lady assistant in Calcutta, who speaks of her High School of sixty-one Hindoo girls. There are about four hundred pupils in all the four schools of different grades in Calcutta. Another letter is from a "Catechist," as he styles himself, in Secunderabad, who has a small school of poor boys there, and addresses Mr. Dall as Reverend Father, and with the Oriental forms of obeisance. Another letter is from a Hindoo, near Bombay, who may not be wholly converted, but loves Channing, and scatters our tracts among his brethren. Another letter is from a school-master in Salem, in the hot plains where Mr. Dall is to meet him in conference. A call also comes from South India, where an earnest Hindoo is trying to obtain a hall

large enough for a Brahmo Somaj meeting, with the hope evidently of getting Mr. Dall to address them.

The American Unitarian Association assists in sustaining Mr. Dall's mission, but it has many good objects that claim attention, and we would like, without calling upon it for any additional help, to send out a New Year's gift in the shape of a small sum of money to aid our missionary in carrying out some cherished plans which may be dear to his heart. Any of our subscribers who feel so inclined, may send their contributions to Mrs. Charles Lowe, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

Prof. Max Muller gave an address of late, as President of the Aryan Section of the International Congress of Orientalists. He spoke a good word for the Vedas, which, he said, probably disappointed many persons, because they expected what was not to be got from it: —

"It is simply because the Vedas," he said, "is so different from what it was expected to be, because it is not like the Psalms, not like Pindar, not like the Bhagavadgita; it is because it stands alone by itself, and reveals to us the earliest germs of religious thought, such as they really were; it is because it places before us a language more primitive than any we knew before; it is because its poetry is what you call savage, uncouth, stupid, horrible; it is for that very reason that it was worth while to dig and dig till the old buried city was recovered, showing us what man was, what we were, before we had reached the level of David, the level of Homer, the level of Zoroaster, showing us the very cradle of our thoughts, our words, and our deeds. I am not disappointed with the Vedas, and I shall conclude my address with the last verses of the last hymn, which you have now in your hands," — copies had been presented by the Professor, as a souvenir, to each member of the Congress, — "verses which, thousands of years ago, may have been addressed to a similar meeting of Aryan students, and which are not inappropriate to our own: 'Come together! speak together! Let your minds be concordant; the gods, by being concordant, receive their share one after the other. Their word is the same, their counsel is the same, their thoughts are as one. I address to you the same word, I worship you with the same sacrifice. Let your endeavor be the same! Let your hearts be the same! Let your mind be the same, that it may go well with you!'"

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Dr. Heinrich Voigt, in his "Fundamental Dogmatik," tries very severely the reader's patience, by seven hundred pages of octavo, but rewards it in the end. He writes as a supernaturalist, and he separates natural religion from revealed religion. But his spirit is liberal; he is not bound by the creeds; and his orthodoxy does not lead him to criticise unjustly or to attack savagely. His book is in four parts. The first treats of philosophy, or natural religion; the second, of revealed religion and its relation to reason; the third, of historic or traditional religion; the fourth, of the science of revealed religion. The peculiar feature of the book is its theory of inspiration, as a dynamic influence in the soul of the writer: supernatural, yet varying in shade and degree, according to the temper of the man or the need of the hour and the theme.

2. A singular book, fantastic, polemic, passionate, almost mystical, is the theologico-philosophic treatise of Moritz Venitianer, "der Allgeist." He calls it "Panpsychism, a Supplement to Hartmann's Philosophy of the Unconscious." Soul is the primitive principle of all world-life. The intolerance of the writer is excessive. He has small respect for other philosophers, thinks that Kant is a sophist, and that his writings are "wishy-washy." It is probable that these writings will outlive the lucubrations of Venitianer.

3. The immortality of the soul is the disputed question of our time. Can it be proved? Prof. G. Teichmueller thinks that he has proved it in his treatise (Ueber die Unsterblichkeit der Seele). He first defines matter and spirit, and identifies them. Matter, so-called, is essentially the same as soul; and that soul is substance is proved by its unity and simplicity. Now, this absolute, simple substance cannot die. Soul in itself is eternal; but the conscious personal immortality of individual souls is not quite clear to Herr Teichmueller. He thinks that it may be necessary, if souls are to fulfill their proper destiny. At any rate, progress is the law of development, and men gain by dying. At the close there is an attempt to answer the question, "What shall we do in the life to come?" It is answered vaguely. We shall have higher and deeper experiences than those of earth, but we do not know what these will be.

4. A valuable tract, though it contains nothing very new, by Herr M. Appel, is entitled "Quaestiones de rebus Samaritanorum sub imperio Romanorum peractis." The historical sketch of the Samaritans is compiled from good sources, and the scanty tale of their persecutions and sufferings under the Roman rule is touching. The appended examination of the Samaritan sect of Dositheans is curious. To get at the truth about the Samaritans from the writings of their hereditary enemies is by no means easy. Appel's treatise may be read in connection with the English work of Nutt.

5. The claim of Dr. Lawrence Reinke in his latest exegetical volume (Beitraege zur Erklärung des Alten Testaments), which contains a full commentary on the book of Micah, with a new translation, is that he has taken great pains to make it accurate. But from Roman Catholic writers no scientific commentary can be expected. He borrows grudgingly from Protestant scholars, and concedes to them only what he must. This commentary is no exception to that general rule. It may be good for Catholic students, but free students know where to find better, even in the verbal renderings. There are mistakes in interpreting Hebrew words, and more use is made of the Latin translation than of the Syriac or Chaldee paraphrases. It is, nevertheless, a hopeful emancipation of thought.

6. Superintendent Gruetzmacher's essays on the Philemon Epistle (Betrachtungen ueber den Brief St. Pauli an den Philemon), are not in the nature of a commentary, either exegetical or dogmatic. The sayings of the apostle only suggest divers gracious advices and pious thoughts on social questions, the relations of classes, of capitalist and laborer, of master and servant, and the like. Their tone is gentle, but pitiful; and they have a salutary dread of rationalism and radical views of theology and the Bible. The writer thinks that practical Christian love and mercy are good substitutes for theological wrangling.

7. What is "Hesychasm"? Dr. F. G. Stein tries to tell this, in his "Studien ueber die Hesychasten des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts." He does this only in part, and wrongly confounds the Hesychasts of the ancient Greek Church with the Quietists of the seventeenth century. These two kinds of mystics have not very much in common. The resters, as the word "Hesychast" implies (from the Greek *Hesuchazo*), were not thinkers or even dreamers, but dull monks, who stupidly waited for special Divine illumination. The anchorites of Mount Athos were the founders of the sect. Dr. Stein's work is careful and conscientious, and he interprets fairely the Hesychast notions. But

he hardly gives so intelligent an account of them as Engelhardt. The essence of Hesychasm is the assertion that men, if they are only in the right frame of mind, can have direct and personal intercourse with God.

8. Perhaps the best notice that can be given of Edward Zeller's latest book (Staat und Kirche, Vorlesungen an den Universitæt zu Berlin gehalten) is a statement of the table of contents. After an introduction, we have the historic development of the relation of state and church in ancient and mediæval times; the unity of the state and church; the theocracy; state churchism; the division of state and church; the leading forms of association; to which of these does the church belong? summary of results. The church doctrine. The cultus. The church constitution. Church management. Church training. The clergy. The spiritual orders. Church property. Independence of civil rights upon ecclesiastical conditions, The family. Marriage. Civil marriage. Mourning and funeral rites. Civil mourning. The school. The care of the poor. When Zeller handles such topics as these, we may be sure of original thought and ingenious argument.

9. Two works upon the Hussite War have recently appeared. One of them is the second volume of Palacky's elaborate history (Urkundliche Beitraege zur Geschichte der Hussitenkrieges); the other is a smaller work of one hundred and fourteen pages by a younger writer, Dr. Friedrich Bezold (zur Geschichte des Hussitenthums). In thoroughness, of course, the second book is inferior to the first. But its style is easy, its sketches are spirited, and the enthusiasm of the author for the Hussite party, if it is too strong, is contagious. Perhaps he overestimates the influence of the Taborite wars upon the later German uprising of the sixteenth century. And certainly these wars were disastrous to Bohemia, in the destruction of the middle class, and the enslaving of the peasants.

10. A comparison of Prof. Edmund Pfleiderer's little book (Erinnerungen und Erfahrungen eines Feldprediger aus dem krieg des Jahres 1870–71), with the reports and letters of the chaplains in our American war of the Rebellion shows a curious likeness of experience in the military life of the old world and the new. The German chaplain gets bigotry shaken out out of him, and finds good in all the sectarian confessions, as they show in the camp their practical fruits. He even has an apology for superstition. The narrative is not very well written, but its detail is interesting, especially in its revelation of the German soldier's intellectual life, and of the hospital treat-

ment. The chaplain here keeps up his religious dignity, and does not forget that he is a man of God, or fall in with the wicked ways of military life.

A Theory of Fine Art. By Joseph Torrey, late Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

This book is made up of Lectures given by Dr. Torrey in his professorship in the University of Vermont. It has this special interest, as the memorial of a beloved scholar who served his day well in the cause of good learning, and also as the first step taken toward that stated instruction in art which is now getting so much attention in our schools and colleges. It will get more paid to it, both in its theoretical and practical bearings, as its deserts get better understood.

The abstract style which looks out on one, as he gives these pages a turn, classes this as outside books in vogue upon the subject of art. It smacks of a past generation, which quoted Schiller, Alison, Coleridge and Dugald Stewart in this matter. It belongs to the past also to speak of the Apollo Belvidere as "considered the most perfect work that has come down to us from antiquity." He no longer has such consideration, and he never deserved it. He is a superb decoration always, but no longer keeps the first place in sculpture. Criticism, like Death, loves a shining mark, and this handsome long-legs has been hit of late with shafts of ridicule more fatal than his own arrows to Niobe and her interesting family. She too, and Laocoön, will hardly get such consideration now as used to be paid them, and as is hinted here.

One is inclined, at first blush, to question how this will stand contrast with books of the modern, more concrete style and treatment, — with the vivacity, say, of Taine, and the eloquence of Ruskin. Be it confessed, however, that that eloquence is sometimes erratic and misleading and that vivacity grows audacious often, and at times coasts riskily close upon offence. This book is of a sedater sort, high-reasoning and well-reasoned. I fancy its idealist author claiming that he did not write for any day or fashion, but for thought, and did not lay out to catch the vogue with his book. Indeed, it is not for those who wish to be entertained, or to come upon some short cut to the knowledge of art. It is all sober, and in staid form of logic. But it is sure of fit audience. They who will read with the attention the book exacts and deserves will not find it wanting in liveliness or eloquence. Only, it is not the vivacity of the French-

man's fancy, and of his nimble, fine-trained eye, but the animation of the New Englander's quickened moral sense and fine intuitive faculty. And its eloquence is what rises in the rising of the enthusiasm, not bruited but not unfelt as we read, which the writer feels for the ideal principle and spiritual philosophy in which he grounds his "Theory of Fine Art."

Theory is not an attractive word nowadays. It points too much to the metaphysic which is overslaughed now by other methods. But this bides its time. It takes this season to correct itself, and, perhaps, to have its old-time arrogancy taken down a bit. But it waits to take a new departure, by and by, to fresh research of truth and larger discourse of reason. Does not Mr. Lewes consent now to a future for it among the sciences, — he who was of late the challenger and champion for the empirical, and a very Mr. Greatheart against old giant metaphysic? At any rate, to theorize of art will always be attractive, and will lead thoughtful persons to be venturing new statements, or old ones respelled. And always, among these attempts, the ideal and spiritual will hold their place, leading the artist to his finest works, the student to his finest conclusions, and the lover of art to his finest delights. While the physical, in the theory and practice of art, shall be found leading it ever into the commonplace and trivial, or, into what is lower and worse, the metaphysical, in some large sense of the word, will find room to assert itself, and make art poetic, ideal, and something nearer the name given it of divine.

"There are three ways in which ideas pre-eminently manifest themselves as living powers in the practical life of mankind, namely, — in art, in ethics, and in religion." This is the opening sentence. And this is the theory in a nutshell; ideas, living powers. Luther said words are alive, have hands and feet. How much more ideas! Here we have, at the start, the temper of the book, and the ground of its method and argument. It is not afraid of the "high priori road." It says, "The will and the imagination, acting independently of our whims and caprices, and in free conformity with that reason which is their true law and basis, are the *a priori* element and principle, never to be lost sight of in a philosophical system of morals or of art."

It is to be observed, also, that, at the start, making a high claim for art, it puts it nevertheless in its place. This is not first place, though it be ever so bright and fair and good a thing. Premising art, ethics, religion, as the ways to realize ideas æsthetical, moral, spiritual, the writer proposes to "treat in the following pages the first of these ways for the realization of ideas, and also the lowest, since it can

never rise higher than to the completeness of living on the side of its form." Art comes last of the three, the Martha, the Leah, made to serve. Its completing and completeness are on the side of form. Which, by the way, reminds one of what a very different authority, George Sand, says somewhere, "L' Art, ce n' est que forme."

This, taken from the first page or two, shows the quality of the book. And if, by its style, it is close and exacting, and not at all the entertaining reading many seek, it is bracing and elevating.

Here are some passages which I mark as I read, to note this high temper of the book.

Is not this a high enough definition of art? "It is a striving after the absolutely perfect, grounded in the infinite longings of the human soul." And again, "What is the secret of this endless charm (of beauty in art)? I do not hesitate to say it may be expressed in a single word, and that is *truth*, — truth as seen in the coincidence of the ideal and real. . . . The beautiful is truth, — the truth of eternal, as distinguished from merely accidental, arbitrary, or conventional relations."

That exasperating saying, "I only know what pleases me," which affects one like a door shut in his face, and with which many seem to think to close up the whole matter of art, and finish all talk about it, gets no countenance here. "Nothing is so easy as to mistake that which is agreeable to the animal for that which shows itself as beauty only to the higher nature, to the man. A true taste discriminates, and never confounds the beautiful with the merely agreeable. . . . What I consider as beautiful, I am entitled to expect others will consider so, also. I have a right to expect it should please universally, which cannot be said of that which is agreeable to me, because it falls in with my particular likings, my individual interests or associations."

The chapters on "Culture of the Imagination," "Relation of Art to Nature," and "Ideality of Art," might be made, for the interest of them, all one quotation. The imagination is called "the rightly magisterial faculty in art." . . . "In nature we see forces impenetrating the entire matter, residing in it as its true essence and shaping power. As altogether analogous to this principle of form and life in nature may we regard the imagination of the artist or the poet. It works freely and organically, giving itself the rule, or being its own rule; and even when it imitates nature, as in fact it can never safely depart from nature, yet imitating her with a 'rival originality.'" The relation of art to nature is spoken of as "a great subject, but

an incomprehensible mystery, except when viewed in the light and on the principles of a spiritual philosophy." And as to the ideal in art: "The inward law seeking simply and entirely to realize itself . . . is what we mean by the truth of nature; and all such truth is more or less beautiful. Now this truth is what art endeavors to seize in its purity, and quite separated from all accidents by which it may be disturbed. . . . Thus, while nature can present only the individual, art can represent the kind. . . . The ideal is the nearest possible realization, in an actual work of art, of the truth of the *kind*, of the abiding, universal, central law."

Chapter X. is "Division of the Arts," and is preface to succeeding chapters on "Architecture," "Sculpture," "Painting," "Music," "Poetry." In this latter half the treatment proceeds on what is more strictly a historic method. Three great steps carry on the progress of fine art; the *symbolic* period (India, Persia, Egypt), the *classic* period (Greece), and the *modern* period (Italy, Germany, &c). In these fall, as the representatives of each age and step of progress, *architecture;* then *sculpture;* last, *painting*, *music*, and *poetry*.

The book being what it is, it was a happy chance that made the binder ornament the cover with the head of Michael Angelo. Some one said it looked like his *Imprimatur*. Certainly, the spirit of the book is that same high spirit, made up of pure-ideal and austere-moral, which moved the painter's imagination to his works in the Sistine chapel and the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and which inspired the poet's mind to his memorable sonnets. As his grave, lofty face looks at us from the cover, how many a verse of his comes up which might stand for legend on the title-page:

"A quel pietoso fonte, onde sian tutti,
S' assembra ogni beltà che quà si vede,
Più c' altra cosa, alle persone accorte."
[Within that Fount of Love, whence we all are,
Centres all beauty; which below is seen,
More than aught else, by practised men and wise.]

"Come dal foco el caldo esser diviso
Non può, dal bell' etterno ogni mie stima,
Ch' esalta, ond' ella vien, chi più 'l somiglia."
[Heat from the fire may not divided be;
Nor from the Eternal Beauty may my mind,
Which beauty likest That lifts to its Source.]

"E se creata a Dio non fusse eguale,
Altro che 'l bel di fuor, ch' agli occhi piace,

Più non vorria ; ma perch 'è si fallace,
Trascende nella forma universale."
[The soul God-born, were it not like to him,
Beauty none other than delights the eye
Would seek ; but since this so deceitful is,
It reaches up to Universal Form.]

L. G. W.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself. Now first edited from original manuscripts and from his printed correspondence and other writings. By John Bigelow. In three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Our distinguished fellow-countryman, and late Minister to France, has done a good service to the reading public in preparing this careful narrative of the life of his great predecessor at the French Court; and the publishers have clothed it in as handsome a typography as befits the story of the wonderful printer's boy whose name became a proverb for wisdom, the world over. Mr. Bigelow is specially qualified for the task which he has undertaken, not only by his diplomatic career in the same position in which Franklin achieved his most brilliant successes of public service, but also by the singular fortune of having become the possessor of the original MSS. of the famous autobiography, during his residence at Paris. A few years since he published in a separate form this priceless treasure which had been given to the world in a mutilated form and with Dr. Franklin's racy and idiomatic English *improved*, by his unworthy grandson; and this was a natural preliminary to the present work, of which the first three hundred and seventy-two pages are filled by the autobiography ending with the year 1757, while the remaining two and one-third volumes contain a mosaic selected from Franklin's correspondence and other writings, so as to continue the story of his life, in his own language, to his death in 1790. It was an excellent thought, thus to let this master of the English tongue chronicle himself, and the result is a memoir which must stand among the few choice pieces of biography in the world's literature.

Mr. Bigelow has done well to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Sparks, whose invaluable collections of the writings of Franklin and Washington are the foundation on which every writer about either of them must build, and who labored, as most benefactors of their kind labor, that others might reap the reward. But his noble collections have long been out of print, and would be at any rate out of reach for readers of moderate means and scant leisure: so that it is a

public benefit to bring their choicest portion thus within the attainment of all.

We read again these fascinating volumes with ever new sense of the fresh charm of the familiar story. The poor Boston boy becomes the representative of his country at the court of kings; the Philadelphia mechanic becomes one of the foremost philosophers of his time; the setter of types is an oracle of a wisdom profoundly wise for this world, if not of the divinest kind. The limitations of Franklin's nature appear, too, through the *naive* self-esteem which discloses his character alike by his silence and by his speech. But we leave these things for fuller treatment in an article at length, by another hand upon some of the lessons of Franklin's life, in this number of "The Review." Although his philosophy of life is not of the deepest or highest kind, it is good as far as it goes. He is the incarnation of the New England virtues of thrift, shrewdness, homely mother-wit, and his shining talents almost make him the patron-saint of these traits of character. Notwithstanding the limitations of his system of ethics, it would be well if his gospel of honest work and his counsels on daily life which make these volumes wiser than anything since the book of Proverbs, could be laid to heart by every American.

The portrait by Duplessis, which adorns the first volume, expresses the real character of the man better than any other likeness that we know.

F. Grant & Co.; or, Partnerships. A Story for the Boys who "mean business." By George L. Chaney. Roberts Brothers, 1875.

We are glad that the author of this capital book for boys is not subject to the current dictum of criticism that a writer has no business to have a moral purpose in telling a story. His special aim here is to illustrate the perils and temptations that beset boys (or men) in partnership enterprizes. A larger purpose is to commend truth, purity, and reverence, and show the worth of manliness. We suspect a deeper intent still, which is benevolent, and so "moral" in the author, — namely, to please the boys. That he has succeeded in this, is as certain as that the healthy and genial tone of the book will help to make goodness attractive, and meanness hateful to his readers. The bright sayings, capital hits (the sounding ones of Prince being among the best), and comical "situations," packed into the story would suffice to set up a whole series of ordinary "Books for Boys." And yet there is in it no romance of impossible adventures. The

incidents are even studiedly homely and probable, — the jolly but not unusual life of a dozen boys spending vacation in the country. Except that saints like Aunty Patch are hard to find, and pantries so deliciously bountiful as hers still rarer to meet on summer vacations, the only extravagance in the book is the excess of fun, an exuberance of brightness, which may be forgiven, as it is a fault that is in no danger of being extensively copied. The few illustrations are good, though we must admit that Aunty Patch's matronly cap surmounts a surprisingly youthful face. The triumphant one which faces the concluding page may illustrate the deserts of the book, as well as of its hero. We "honestly can tell all the other boys to read it."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachusetts, 1744-75. By his son, Josiah Quincy. Second Edition. Boston: Press of John Wilson & Son. 1874. [To be noticed.]

The Fletcher Prize Essay. The Christian in the World. By Rev. D. W. Faunce. 12mo, pp. 236. Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price, $1.50.

Our New Crusade. A Temperance Story. By Edward E. Hale. 16mo, pp. 287. Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price, $1.25.

Caleb Krinkle. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin, "Carleton." 8vo, pp. 500. Lee & Shepard. 1875.

What Might Have Been Expected. Pp. 292. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The Opening of a Chestnut Burr. By Rev. E. P. Roe. 12mo, pp. 561. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Helps to a Life of Prayer. By J. M. Manning, D.D., Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston. Small 8vo, pp. 159. Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Notices of the following books have been unavoidably delayed: —

Principles of Mental Hygiene. By D. A. Gorton, M.D. Pp. 242. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., author of Sex in Education. Pp. 153. James R. Osgood. 1874.

Strength and Beauty. Discussions for Young Men. By Mark Hopkins, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. Price, $1.75. Sold by Noyes, Holmes & Co.

Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier. James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Swallow Flights. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1875.

By Still Waters. A Story for Quiet Hours. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874. Price, $1.75.

A Foregone Conclusion. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. Price, $2.00.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1875. No. 2.

THE LAW OF THE MEAN, AND OF THE EXTREMES.

THE great providential force, out of God's sovereign will and man's free agency, that gives movement and progress to the world, does not work always in right onward lines. The improvement made has come largely through the counteraction of extremes. The stream of life, bearing human destiny, as it has flowed on through ages and generations, generally has taken an angular course, like a river through an alluvial valley. The current meets an obstacle in the right onward line; the flood is accumulated and sent off at an angle from its former course, and so flows on, until some obstacle again obstructs, and then it is turned toward its average straight line, perhaps passes it, and goes on till obstacle is again encountered and its course turned back; it keeps onward down the valley, but seldom in a straight line between its rocky barriers. Distance is multiplied, much time is used: New Orleans may be four hundred miles from Cairo, but the Mississippi, prodigal of time and power, flows nearly twice that distance between those cities on its journey to the West Indian gulf. So, in the progress of human society, the movement is angular.

Observation of these counteractions of thought and life has left its mark in the multitude of common-sense sayings, proverbs of the people, found in all languages, about the vicious extremes, and the golden mean. "Extremes," we hear, "are born out of violence." "One extreme creates its opposite." "Extremes, if extended, will meet." "All extremes are dangerous." "In a middle course is safety." "Straight lines for movement are better than if broken with angles." And sometimes the love of straight lines has carried roads over hill-tops and mountains, when it would have been economy to have gone round the base, rather than over the crest. The straight line, even if it be free from the extremes of counteraction, may not always be the best possible course, nor the very middle of the road the most satisfactory pathway. But it is no wonder that common sense carries memory crowded with these proverbs about extremes and the mean. How life has been shaken, upturned, revolutionized, by the violence out of which extremes have come! It seems destruction, inevitable, hopeless, to see the wild extremes: now, a freshet of zeal, an explosion of passion; and now a drought of apathy. Then, how absurd to see opposite extremists hob-nobbing together, on the other side of the world where they meet, — the free trader and the protectionist; the materialist and the idealist; the atheist and the pantheist. Each has run through and exhausted his one idea, all is exploded through excess, and antagonism subsides. We all intend to avoid extremes: the honest man's ideal is the straight line of integrity. Reason and conscience forbid excess.

The golden mean, in our idealism, is the land of promise: the climate just right; the seasons blended into a perfect optimism; all opinions brought to unity; and life a harmony that might make Beethoven listen for the music of its sphere. The extremes so dangerous, the mean so safe! In business, in statesmanship, the desire is to keep the exact balance of the golden mean.

In the calm judgment of history, the man of wise moderation, who stands centered and firm amidst extremes, has the crown. Washington, always aplumb upon the golden mean, maintains his great reputation, as his century comes round to its period, while brilliant extremists have passed away with the whirlwinds upon which they rode. Nothing is really grander than the great soul

that completely fills the time it lives in, self-possessed in moderation, touching, if not embracing, extremes, and so gathering into itself every force and tendency to control and harmonize them, while it moves on with an easy majesty to best possible results.

But there is danger in adhering too rigidly to the doctrine that no good can come except from the exact mean; indeed, what men think is the golden mean not unfrequently becomes a centre of indifference or barren bigotry. Here is one too timid and faithless to act earnestly in any cause; he would do something, dreads to be taken for a cipher; but he doubts and fears: while men around him embark zealously for or against theories and plans, he stands, as he thinks, between extremes, only finding fault with both sides; joining neither, and doing nothing. It is no golden mean that he stands upon; it is a centre of indifference, an imaginary point between two somethings; and the poor "mean" man is nowhere and nobody.

Then, there are very earnest people, who can see nothing right or true except along the strait line of their party or sect; they abhor dissent; dread any divergence; can hardly tolerate flanking parties for the protection of the main army. They shrink at the thought of wings, right or left; nothing so extreme can be permitted; all must be centre; extremes are terrible; circumference is suspicious: the absolute orthodox centre, on that all feet must be precisely fixed, and no departure suffered, and pains and penalties are provided to prevent wandering. This bigotry has haunted every path of thought, and would kill free life; it would prevent the leaven working in the dough, or thought working in the mental universe, lest something should come to pass not in the straight line of accepted beliefs. Galileo was a dreadful extremist to the church, and so was Columbus, three and four hundred years ago; far gone they were thought to be from the central straight line. Fifty years ago geology was out so far from what was thought the golden mean, that it was branded as an infamous extreme; and so it has been with one science after another as they have emerged from the chaos of primeval conjecture. Wild, reckless extremists, and irreverent iconoclasts, who scorn moderation, are dangerous, but this narrow bigotry, clinging to its central straight line, afraid of divergence, hating the extremes, will not do.

The athlete, upon his rope in the air, with the balance pole, touches both extremes, and so can stand securely and astonish the crowd.

Progress must have a broad highway, taking in mean and both extremes: indeed, they must all come in; they all are one; the mean makes the extremes; the extremes make the mean. The spine of the eagle gives power to the wings, and the wings uplift the spine, and bear the monarch of the birds above the clouds.

All true progress is by growth; and in order to growth, there must be breaking up of the old unity, and throwing out its germinal parts into extremes from the old central seed: the germs out from the seed, the root and trunk and branches out from the acorn, to make way for new formation. The timidly cautious man, who stands on his golden mean, and instead of wisely checking and bounding the extremes, would crush them with iron clamps, does all he can to kill the growing life. Here is the kernel of wheat: he would keep it as it is, good for bread, excellent for merchandise; but it is sown; the soft mould covers it, air and moisture give their influences, and the old unity is broken up. The seed seems spoiled and good for nothing; worse still, hated extremes appear; it roots downward, and sprouts upward; it differentiates root and trunk and branch and leaf and flower; but the old wheat is lost; and of what use, the timid stickler to the old unity might inquire, all this show out of the ruined kernel? It will feed nobody, and only wave in the wind, and drink up the sunshine. But wait a little; this disintegration of the old unity analyzing its parts, and this synthesis of growth, all ends in a larger unity. There has been differentiation, in order to fuller generalization; analysis, in order to better synthesis: the one kernal bursts into opposite developments and growth, and seems to be destroyed; but, instead of the one, in the harvest there are a thousand. All improvement is only healthful growth; and growth is largely a battle of extreme tendencies, checking, limiting each other, and all ultimating in a grand result.

To illustrate, take the civilization of modern Europe, as Guizot has so admirably shown its growth. There was Rome at the end of the fifth century; in that discordant unity, comprising the Empire, the Christian Church, and the victorious Barbarians, were the possi-

bilities, the germs of Europe, as the oak in the acorn. The old unity disappeared; its glory vanished; discordant elements and appalling extremes are before us. There was terrific clash and carnage; and good men, Cicero and others after him, wept; for it seemed the end of virtue and happiness, the doom of the world. Desperate efforts were made to recover the old glory; it could not be done; that old unity was gone; that one seed had burst into parts; and the commotion, the conflict of extremes, confounded the grand old lovers of the golden mean.

First, triumphant barbarism had its way, and carried off young Europe to live near five hundred years, and be brought up in the rough school of the feudal system. To those who remembered the Roman Empire, it seemed hopeless enough; it was the coming on of the dark ages. Next, the Christian Church, struggling against the extreme of lawless, disorderly feudalism, carried off Europe to the opposite extreme of theocracy, under law and order of God, the church said: but it was a law and order that crushed human liberty, and often human rights; but still young Europe was at school, the best school she could have.

Next, the free cities took the sturdy pupil and taught resistance to despotic authority, even to the extreme of ignoring any general government; behind their walls, those rough sons of liberty made faces of defiance against barons or kings, and learned to be free. And then, when these extremes had checked and moderated each other, came the larger, wiser spirit of nationality and commonwealth. So out of the toil, struggle, carnage, and suffering of conflicting extremes, through more than a thousand years, came the life, strength, and welfare of Europe. The remarkable pupil is not yet educated; its character is far from complete, but the nations, England, France, Italy, are getting more and more upon the foundations of liberty, right, and love. Even Germany and Russia cannot breathe the air, and keep despotism. Through all these centuries we see the progress: but very little can we see coming in the straight line of the golden mean. It is a wide road along which improvement has made its zig-zag course. But for the extremes, it would seem there would have been no movement. To have insisted upon a golden mean of moderation, would have resulted in a dead-lock of forces.

Further to illustrate this law of the mean and of the extreme, think of the course of philosophy. We follow the stream backward from modern times, up through the middle ages, and through the bright morning era of Greece, back to Egypt and India, where it had its beginning. Amidst those head-springs of thought, it is interesting to consider the germinal ideas emerging from the primeval chaos of mind. The finite spirit groped after its own genesis, conditions, laws, and destiny, and after the source whence it came, the "Infinite," "the Uncreated," "the Time without bounds." The depths of that ancient mysticism we have no lines to sound: it is religion and philosophy all blended together. The senses and the intuitions, the understanding and the higher reason, cannot be clearly discriminated; but yet we can dimly see the two great tendencies of sensualism and idealism developing, and beginning the strife of centuries. Buddhism was a Protestant rebellion against Brahminism; and the Sanscrit philosophy bade defiance to the authority of the old Brahminic Vedas; logic demanded that the ancient unities should be analyzed, taken to pieces, and each part come into judgment. Prof. Tyndall, with his critical tests, was in India four thousand years ago. But in both India and Egypt synthesis was stronger than analysis, and, though extreme tendencies were manifest, the old unity stoutly held its own. We come down to the age of Greece, and a great change appears. The extremes are rampant, and hardly any golden mean to be recognized; utter materialism and utter idealism went their different ways. And there was a skepticism that would go no way, even denying that there could be any motion. Into this confusion of opinion, this bedlam let loose, Socrates came with his probing questions; he arrested the extremes, and the skepticism that would believe nothing and go no way, and compelled each to give account of itself and justify its right to be; and if he did not bring order out of the old confusion, he prepared the way for Plato and Aristotle to come and do their work for philosophy, which has so largely controlled and guided the stream for more than two thousand years. But in their time we look in vain for any nicely balanced golden mean. We stand with Plato, and it is mainly idealism that we think of; he would give heed to criticism and test by analysis; but he emphasized spirit rather than matter; he walked by reason

rather than the senses; the earth and the body were not his home; he looked up into the open heavens of his "archetypal ideas." We stand with Aristotle, and it is mainly nature all about us, the elements, the animals, the world, that we think of, and the methods of using our thoughts in acquiring knowledge. The two great men were different: it has been well for philosophy that they were, — and they gave rise to tendencies which, though conflicting, have greatly favored progress, each making his own thought more thorough, definite, and deep, so that at length when their thoughts should come together they would greatly enrich each other, as already they have done. But extremes had their way; Plato's influence especially marked the world for some six centuries, and, at Alexandria in Egypt, created a brilliant era; and then the Neo-Platonic idealism was checked by its own excess, an arrested development, far out from the golden mean.

As the middle ages came on, and the Christian centuries grew dark, and the world was entering the long night, and needed something more tangible than the ideal forms of Plato, Aristotle was remembered; and his strong naturalism, and exact scientific methods, held and kept alive the minds of men: as they could not rise and speculate with Plato, it was well that they should stand upon the ground with Aristotle, and wrestle and play with his forms of logic and dialecties, rather than go to sleep. We owe much to Aristotle, and no other philosopher has kept undisputed leadership of the world's thought so long as he; but it is manifest that he was the opposite extreme to Plato, and the disciples of these great men were in wider extremes than the masters had ever thought of, so unlike were they, and yet counterparts of one whole. So the stream of philosophy comes down from Greece, through that middle period, largely in the channels of the extremes: now through the idealism of Plato, which had its base in spirit; and now through the naturalism of Aristotle, that had its base in the material universe.

So we come to the beginning of modern time, and there stand Bacon and Descartes, princes of the power of thought, kings of philosophy these last three hundred years. They both advocated analysis of old systems and theories, and careful experiment, before building anew out of the old material; but they gave rise to

widely opposite extremes. Bacon emphasized matter, and this outward universe, though not a materialist. Descartes emphasized thought and the spiritual universe, though not an idealist; and each had followers, catching the peculiar emphasis, and on the one side and the other going to extremes which Bacon or Descartes would have condemned. On the one side, in the direction of matter and the senses, there were Hobbs, and Locke, and Gassendi, and Condillac, and Hume and Priestley, and Hartley and D'Holbach, — a line of thinkers marking the course of thought out to the very extreme of materialism, — the universe nothing but matter and the senses. On the other side, in the direction of thought and spirit, there were a line of thinkers, represented by Malebranche and Spinoza, marking the course of thought from Descartes out to the extreme of spiritualism, — the universe a pantheism.

Leibnitz, a great encyclopedic man, following Descartes, and with large human sympathies, holding correspondence with the leading thinkers of Europe, could not bear to see these diverging tendencies, and tried to arrest them, and make them keep the mean. His great learning and right intention command our sympathy and respect; but no giant could hold those diverging currents. They went their way, as we have seen, on the one side and the other, to utter materialism, and to naked pantheism, until each was checked by its excess. And then came reaction. Cudworth and Reid and Stewart and Brown and Hamilton turned the current from the extreme of materialism towards spiritualism; and on the other side Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Cousin, and others, have turned that current from the extreme of spiritualism and pantheism, and brought it back toward the golden mean, where matter and spirit at length will be harmonized, and the stream, united and full, flow onward grander than ever.

Leibnitz by this time knows that what seemed so destructive of truth is to ultimate in a more perfect development. The material side has been studied, and its claims set forth, and a sensualism has been commended to the world; and so the spiritual side has been observed, and the ideal system has been ably set forth: but the end is not yet; these two sides are one whole, and we are to see the two modify each other, and become the very body and

soul of truth. It was sad to see the separation of inquirers: the partisan animosities and bigoted blindness, in each extreme, to all the truth of the opposite; our sympathies — had we lived in the days of the Renaissance — would have prompted us to work with Leibnitz to withhold the diverging tendencies, and keep harmony; but when we get all that can be known and said of matter, and all that can be known and said of spirit, we shall be prepared to make the best synthesis the world has known, and have a well-rounded, complete philosophy.

Once more, to illustrate the law of the mean, and of the extremes, consider the course of religion, in its history from those morning days in Egypt and India, when all that there was of philosophy or science was locked up in the religious mysteries, and the priests kept the key. We come down through Greece and Rome, until the TEACHING and the LIFE from Nazareth of Galilee arrest our attention. We recognize an extraordinary conjuction of earth and heaven; a divine power comes into this world, a clearer light, a stronger aid, — the Way, the Truth, the Life unto men, — the Christ.

The law which we have found so prevalent in philosophy, and in the world's affairs, is also in the course of religious and Christian thought and life. Indeed, in the very beginning of Christian history opposing extremes are before us. In a council at Jerusalem, there stand James and they who dwelt at and near Jerusalem, on the one part; and Paul and Peter, and other missionaries among the Gentiles, on the other. James held to the old letter; Peter and Paul to the new spirit. Conservatives and radicals. It was extreme, terrible ultraism to the disciples at Jerusalem when Peter declared that, in every nation, he that feared God and worked righteousness was accepted of him. What, they said, let in those promiscuous Gentiles with us? These extremes towards the letter and towards the spirit widened until, in the fourth century, Origen, at Alexandria, with his free interpretations, was in abhorrent antagonism to the literalists of Palestine. And so, largely through the counteraction of these extreme tendencies to letter and spirit, to credulity and skepticism, the stream of Christian influence made its way through centuries shadowed with ignorance. Then we have the conflict of Papal Authority with the

rights of reason. The great monk Bernard against Abelard; abhorrent extremes; and very little golden mean; but there was progress, and morning broke upon the long night.

With the Reformation, came the conflict of authority and faith against doubt and skepticism, battling extremes, that filled Europe with violence and carnage. We shudder to think of it all. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, and William of Orange and the Duke of Alva. Humanity groaned, the earth shook, but through the counteraction of extremes the human mind was emancipated from the thralldom of Rome, and the golden mean of freedom, now enjoyed in Christendom, has come out of the war of extremes. Progress through conflict.

As we come toward our own time, we have periods of faith, and periods of doubt and criticism; extremes still, though less violent than of old: and one extreme sure to be followed by its opposite. Even in our own day, this ceaseless pendulum has traveled very nearly its full swing. When this century began, church authority and faith were nearly at high tide; the creeds in the churches were held to be almost as sacred as the Bible; thought must not grow beyond the standard, science must find nothing to conflict with articles of faith. As Galileo was imprisoned, three hundred years ago, for teaching that the earth moved rather than the sun, so sixty years ago the geologists were severely arraigned for heresy, because they saw proofs of antiquity in our earth greater than Biblical scholars had supposed. From this extreme the pendulum moved; and now it would seem it has nearly reached the opposite extreme; and science now is as hard on faith as then faith was on science. Then faith charged science with irreverent skepticism, and now science charges faith with absurd credulity. Once faith said that science was a wretch, and now science says that faith is a fool. These extremes, so harsh and unlovely, mutually so defiant, must conflict until each is modified, and both respect each other. But meantime, though it be so hard to find the golden mean and keep it, there is progress. The pendulum keeps swinging as it has done from the beginning, from letter to spirit, from authority to reason: to-day it touches science; it will go back to faith, carrying influence from each to the other, gradually to modify and reconcile. The pendulum never stops.

Extremists are apt to think it is to stay with them. Science to-day is hugging the pendulum, and shouting, "Victory!" but Omnipotence keeps it moving: in it "the eternal step of progress beats, to that great anthem, calm and slow, that God repeats."

Finally, the lesson to be learned from our survey is the necessity for stout, steady nerve, and dauntless courage; and for great patience, and inveterate hope; nerve and courage for the shock of the battling extremes, patience with half-thoughts and one-sided lives, and all in the hope of coming union and integration of fragments into grand wholeness.

True wisdom will have a broad outlook: occupy the age we live in; appreciate extremes, as well as centre; and generously accept all movement or result that makes progress, though not in the straight, right onward line of the golden mean. Believers and critics, radicals and conservatives, we all are one in Christ, and members one of another.

G. W. Hosmer.

TWO MORE PARALLELS.

There is, perhaps, no objection to religion which those of scientific tendencies are more apt to bring up, or more apt to feel as a stumbling-block, than this, — that its beliefs are directed to something which, from the nature of the case, it is impossible that human beings should know. All our knowledge, it is urged, is relative, — that is, a knowledge of a thing through its relations and contrasts with something else. How, then, can we know the Absolute, the One Supreme, existing in and by himself? All our knowledge is of appearances and through the senses. How, then, can we know that which is said to lie beyond appearances, and is certainly inaccessible to the senses, — spirit? Man, and all that belongs to him, is finite. He passes his few fleeting days, indeed, as a pigmy, in a little corner of the universe. Even in his brighest achievements his powers are narrowly limited.

There is nothing infinite either in his experiences or in his nature. How, then, can he conceive the Infinite? If, even in

imagination, he seek to follow out any mode of the infinite, he ever falls short, — no matter how immense his mental flight, — within the bounds of the finite. Were it possible to follow through in thought an infinite whole, an infinite time would be required for the operation. Theologians may talk glibly of soul and over-soul, creator and creation, absolute and infinite; they may fancy that they understand them, — but they are only deceiving themselves, mistaking familiarity with words for a genuine understanding of things. Their high-sounding terms are but covers to their real ignorance. The realities themselves — if there are realities here — are mysteries beyond all comprehension. The endeavor to conceive of any of them is, as Strauss says of the idea of a Creator, but "merely dealing with an idle phantasy." This is no trumped-up objection, due to the envy of science. It is a difficulty which metaphysicians and theologians themselves have recognized and stated, — a difficulty which beset the path of the most ancient thinkers, which has been affirmed by the acutest intellects of modern times, such as Pascal, Kant, Hamilton, and Mansel, and which is fatal to the claims of religion. Valid knowledge is to be found only by confining ourselves strictly to that realm to which science limits herself, — the realm of the conceivable, that is, of the relative and the phenomenal.

Let us see how this is. It is indeed the common aim of science to keep within the field, not of phenomena, for we have seen that its highest triumphs are in the regions above phenomena, but of that which can be readily demonstrated and verified, and which can be clearly comprehended. And superficial observers, who notice only the exactness of its measurements, the constancy and regularity of its laws, the rigor of its demonstrations, generally fancy it a realm absolutely free from all mysteries. But the genuine savant, who is not content with the registration of facts, but would know what at bottom is their significance and explanation, knows science to be a region of very different character, full of puzzling perplexities and marvellous hypotheses, thick set with dilemmas that land him in the inconceivable and with problems that have to be given up as insoluble. "If you wish to be initiated into the interior of physics," says Novalis, "you must be initiated into the mysteries of poetry." No flight of dramatist's fancy is

wilder than some of the sober theories of the mathematicians. And the more we investigate nature the more miracles we find before our eyes. As Stanley Jevons well says (Principles of Science, pp. 467–468), "Science does nothing to reduce the number of strange things that we may believe. When fairly pursued it makes large drafts upon our powers of comprehension and belief. . . . Scientific method must begin and end with the laws of thought, but it does not follow that it will save us from encountering inexplicable and at least apparently contradictory results."

There is no force, for example, better established scientifically than the force of gravity. Yet it involves the greatest inconceivabilities. It possesses, in the first place, a velocity almost if not actually instantaneous. It must act through vacuous space; if not vacuous interstellar space, yet vacuous atomic intervals. Not only does it thus act where there is no intervening medium, but, more perplexing still, in perfect indifference to all intervening obstacles. Light, in spite of its velocity and the etherealness of its medium, is either stopped or deflected, more or less, by almost every substance; but all media are to gravity perfectly transparent; and two points on opposite sides of the globe attract each other as if there were absolutely nothing between them.

Again, gravitation, as Faraday has shown, is at odds with the fundamental doctrine of the conservation of energy, or else with that of inertia. When two particles of matter at certain distances apart attract each other, and approach, each, through that inertia, will store up a certain amount of mechanical force, due to the force exerted. According to the doctrine of conservation, an equivalent portion of the cause of attraction must be thereby consumed; and yet, according to the law of gravity, the attractive force is not diminished, but increased inversely to the square of the distance. Conversely, if mechanical force from without be used to separate the particles, this force is not stored up by inertia, but disappears; and, when bodies have been moved to double the distance, the force is only one-fourth as great.

If gravity is a property of matter, and possessed of its inertia, these results are truly inconceivable; and if we regard it, as has been urged, as an immaterial principle, then either an equal inconceivability is believed by Science, or Science grants the funda-

mental position of Religion, — the existence and credibility of the immaterial.

Or take the undulatory theory of light, — another of the greatest triumphs of science, — and what mental stumbling-blocks present themselves! We are asked to believe that the infinitely greater bulk of matter in the universe is radically different from that portion of it which comes under the observation of our senses, and makes up the globe we live on; we are asked, that is, to violate the scientific principles of continuity, and of judging the unknown by the known. We are asked again to believe that all the molecular and interstellar spaces, though they seem to be empty, are filled with a medium whose pressure, as before was noted, is calculated at seventeen billions of pounds upon every square inch. Though thus immensely more elastic and solid than steel, it cannot be weighed nor seen, and we move through it without the least pressure from it. A gaseous medium, like air, strongly resists the flight through it of any swiftly-moving body; but the immense pressure of this medium has apparently little or no retarding effect either upon the larger bodies or the minute atoms constantly moving in it. The most that has ever been attributed to it is a slight retardation of one or two of those most feeble and unsubstantial of bodies, the comets. But, if the ether behaves according to the universal laws of matter, it is impossible for bodies like the planets or the atoms to move themselves through its dense substance without the expenditure of force in pushing it aside, and, as an inevitable result, a continual decrease of all cosmical motion. But if, nevertheless, we imagine, as bold physicists have done, that the ether is exempt from this law, and suppose that it is frictionless, — planets and atoms swinging in it without loss of motion, — then we are involved in an equal difficulty; for, as the ether takes no motion from the bodies moving in it, it consequently cannot impart nor transmit any motion to other bodies, and the whole use of the ether, and the necessity for supposing it as the medium for transmitting light and heat, disappears.

Such are the inconceivabilities and contradictions which we plunge into in the study of just two special points in scientific investigation. If we were to examine, in turn, the various depart-

ments of physical knowledge, we should find everywhere only similar results.

Leaving particular difficulties, let us, then, inquire into that which is the seat of all physical force, — the subject of investigation in all departments of science, — matter itself in general. It is matter and its qualities, we are told, that explain everything. What, then, is this "matter"? We generally understand by it the common substance of all bodies. Bodies have many qualities; but that which is common to them all is volume and force. Considering the volume, or the extension of matter, the question arises, is that divisible or indivisible? Down to the primary atom, it is universally conceded to be divisible; then comes a dilemma. If we say it is indivisible, that is something irreconcilable with its possessing volume or extent; for, however infinitesimally small, as long as it has any volume, it must have an under and an upper, a right or a left, side between which a division is conceivable. If the atom is not divisible, it cannot be extended, and hence cannot by any aggregation of such unextended atoms make an extended body. On the other hand, if we say matter is divisible *ad infinitum*, as Büchner does, then we can never arrive at what constitutes the reality of it; for, as long as a thing is divisible, it is a compound, and a compound has no reality except that of its component parts; and as no portion can be found, not composed of smaller parts, we shall never succeed in arriving at the ultimate element which alone can give reality to the aggregate. Moreover, as the process of division in search of the ultimate parts of matter has to be carried on beyond any finite limit, those ultimate parts must be less than any finite extension, and the former difficulty again occurs, how can they make up an extended aggregate?

Again, if we consider the question of the continuity of matter, we fall into similar dilemmas. If matter be continuous throughout all space, atom in contact with atom, then all differences of density, all expansion or compression, all motion, even, except such as that of Descartes' supposed vortices, is impossible. On the other hand, if matter be discontinuous, then we must either believe the inconceivability that matter can act where it is not, or we must suppose the force that passes through the void spaces of matter is not in-

separable from matter: that is, we must grant the postulate of religion, — the existence and action of the immaterial.

Taking up, next, the other main element in the idea of matter, — its force — and endeavoring to follow it out to its logical result, the scientific analyst finds another dead-wall to bruise his head. Is matter conceivably pre-existent to force, and really independent of it, though practically revealing itself only through it? So some seem to think. But just imagine matter separate from force, and what remains of it? Nothing but extension, as Janet has well pointed out (Materialism of the Present Day, p. 47). How, then, is matter in itself distinguished from space? How can a portion of matter be discriminated from the portion of space corresponding to it? In no wise. Suppose, then, we take the other horn of the dilemma, — say that Force is the inherent quality of matter, not even in thought to be separated from it. The difference of a portion of matter from the space it occupies is now plain. It differs in its force. But as this is the only thing it differs in, — as force is the only other factor besides extension always entering into it, — is not this saying just what the opponents of materialism have always urged, namely, that matter really consists in simple force, located in space, and that the conception of a thing besides, called matter, was superfluous. "What do we know of an atom apart from its force?" is the pertinent question of Faraday. "You conceive a nucleus that may be called *a*, and you surround it with forces that may be called *m*. To my mind, your *a* or nucleus vanishes, and substance consists in the energy of *m*."

There are, it is true, perhaps the scientist will say, many things which we believe without yet understanding them, but we look forward to in time. But the mysteries of religion, involving as they do the notions of infinity and self-existence, are absolute mysteries, not merely now incomprehensible, but from our constitution as finite beings always to remain so. I do not care here to discuss this question of the knowability or conceivability of the Infinite. Were I to do so, I believe that it would not be difficult to show that this supposed difficulty is entirely due to certain common confusions of thought and ambiguities of language. That which is inconceivable, because of its contradiction to the laws of

thought, is certainly unbelievable. But that which is inconceivable only by its overpassing the limits of our powers is not, therefore, to be thought non-existent. That which is unpicturable to the imagination may yet be thinkable by the reason. That which we cannot know in essence we may yet know in its attributes and relations. That which we cannot know completely we may yet know not inadequately and not untruly. The infinitude of an object in quantitative respects does not make it unknowable in its qualitative attributes. Spiritual things are not graded by magnitude, but by perfection.

If we bear these distinctions in mind, we shall not be troubled, I believe, by the alleged inconceivability of the infinite. But whether or not the infinite is conceivable or knowable, the fact remains — which I especially desire here to call attention to — that science continually employs the conception of the infinite, without hesitation, and builds with it many of its proudest structures. In mathematical calculations it is continually employed without distrust. In geometry and mechanics the idea of the infinite plays an indespensable role. The conceptions of the line, the circle, and the sphere are inconceivable except through conceptions of the infinitely small. So in mechanics, the passage from the axioms of uniform motion to other forms of motion is made by the assumption of uniform motion through infinitesimal intervals. Astronomy and geology, on the other hand, lead us to the correlative infinitude, the infinitely large. As the telescope penetrates into space it brings to us inevitably the question, "Is there a limit anywhere to space?" That there should be a limit to space, a boundary beyond which there should be no opportunity for existence, is certainly unthinkable; but if so, we must accept the infinity of space with whatever inconceivableness properly belongs to it. As the geologist traces back the history of the world, he runs athwart similar dilemmas attaching to time and matter. It is unthinkable that time should have a limit beyond which there would be no possibility of duration or succession. But if not, then infinite time, with its opposite inconceivability, must be accepted. It is inconceivable that matter should have come into existence out of nothing. But the only alternative is the equal inconceivability, that matter has existed

from all eternity. If theologians with their ideas of creation are guilty of believing in the first members of these pairs of inconceivables, — those who reject it must accept the second. In point of fact they are quite generally accepted by the scientific world. Mr. Proctor in his lecture upon the "Infinities around us" bears testimony to the acceptance by the astronomer of infinity of power, infinity of space, and infinity of time in the universe. Especially do those who belong to the materialistic school, and find the ideas of theism inconceivable, make without scruple the most confident affirmations of infinity. Strauss, for example, declares, that, "if we contemplate the universe as a whole, there never has been a time when it did not exist," . . . "the cosmos itself, the sum-total of infinite worlds in all stages of growth and decay, abode eternally unchanged, in the constancy of its absolute energy, amid the everlasting revolution and mutation of things." And Vogt and Büchner lay down, as fundamental principles of their system, the eternity of matter and the immortality of force.

Even Herbert Spencer falls into the same pit. Though he has branded all ideas which involve infinite self-existence as pseudo-ideas, and consequently condemned all forms of theism, pantheism, and materialism as inevitably involving such inconceivabilities, no sooner has he put theology, as he thinks, *hors de combat*, and gone on to his positive scientific construction, than he tell us that matter was both uncreated and is indestructible, and that force always persists in unchanged quantity, ideas necessarily involving infinite duration both in the past and in the future. Yet if the infinite is an inconceivable thing, a pseudo-idea, a symbolic conception of illegitimate order, what saves these scientific conceptions from vitiation by it? When the wariest thinker is driven by continual dilemmas into accepting inconceivability either one on side or the other, "why then," as Proctor asks, "dismiss the idea of a God merely because he is beyond our powers of conception?" The principle on which religion reasons up to the infinite is not different from that employed by the mathematician, the geometer, or the astronomer, for the same purpose. It is, in fact, the same, the peculiar and fundamental conception of a limit, "the use of which," says Whewell in proving the propositions of the higher geometry,

cannot be superseded by any combination of hypotheses and definitions," and the principle of which, applied through general algebraical symbols, has given us that splendid instrument of modern scientific achievement, the differential calculus. The axiom which rules in all these processes is simply that "what is true up to a limit, is true at that limit." Applying this to the limit of infinity, it gives us the rule, what is true throughout all finite grades up to infinite, is true at the infinite. What better vindication from science could theology desire for its constant claim that the qualities of justice, love, wisdom, and holiness manifested throughout the finite and phenomenal scale, shining out the more clearly the higher the grade of being, must exist in the Infinite Reality above and behind the finite phenomena; and that moreover this Infinite Justice, Love, and Holiness is not perhaps radically different from its finite manifestations, but, however immensely greater and more perfect, is essentially the same.

There is still one other difference often insisted upon as justifying a difference in the comparative credit given to science and religion, — the difference of results.

Though religion may perhaps use the same methods as science and aim at no more transcendental objects, yet in practice, it is charged, she is never able to reach the exactness and the certainty for which science is distinguished. Neither morality nor faith has any absolute standard, any unretreating course. When science once puts her foot down, she never draws back. The received truths and forms of religion, on the other hand, are continually shifting. Its early phases were often gross and full of errors.

Had I not already prolonged this discussion too far, I believe I should not find it difficult to show, as throughout the whole previous discussion, that science itself is equally exposed to these charges. I have only room for a few words.

No instance of sense observation is entirely exempt from the possibility of error or delusion. None have done more to show this than the men of science themselves. Dr. Paget claims as an advantage of the study of physiology, that it is "a very uncertain and incomplete science." Herbert Spencer has recently shown the uncertainties that hang around social science, and Mill

and Jevons might be quoted for similar judgments upon the impossibility of giving either politics or political economy any proper scientific reduction. Even the most exact of sciences, astronomy, is not absolutely exact. No planet, as a matter of fact moves as astronomical laws present it as doing. As Jevons says (p. 73, vol. 2), "Nothing in fact is more certain in scientific method than that approximate coincidence alone can be expected. In the measurement of continuous quantity perfect correspondence must be purely accidental, and should give rise to suspicion rather than satisfaction."

Especially when we would know any of the higher orders of existence, there must be uncertainty in our knowledge. The great certainty of so much of science comes from measurement. But it is only the simpler things that are open to even approximate measurement. Mathematics have not yet solved the equation which is presented by the mutual action of three bodies under the simple influence of gravity. But every atom in the smallest mote is under a thousand influences, "the differential equations of which if written out in full might belt the earth," as Sir John Herschel has significantly said. The inorganic is somewhat subjectable to measure, but when we enter the realm of the organic, the mental, or the spiritual, science finds herself in a realm of mystery. What measuring rod can science put to the sense of beauty? By what weight standard can she estimate the quantitative energy of a thought? "We cannot," as Dr. W. O. Johnson recently warned his medical brethren, "describe the commonest chemical change going on in the body. We cannot define the simplest of the vital processes. In the words of the chemist Bertholet, "We know nothing of any one of them thoroughly, since a perfect knowledge of any one of them involves a perfect knowledge of all the laws and forces which continue to produce it."

Take even the measures with which science reaches its greatest precision, — a precision marvellous, indeed, oftentimes. Yet has science any absolute standard of these measures, either that of time, or of weight, or of extension, any more than religion of morality or faith? Not a bit. The best unit of time is the rotation of a freely moving body. But when we inquire where the freely moving body is, no satisfactory answer, says Jevons, can

be given. The most promising ones, the daily motion of the earth, the moon's motion, and the earth's motion around the sun, are all liable to variation. The best units of space, standard bars, pendulums, fractions of the globe's diameters, are alike exposed to uncertainty. So, also, are all supposed unchangeable weights. Besides the disturbing conditions known, but impossible sufficiently to guard against, vitiating all these standards, there are also conditions which it is always possible may exist unsuspected.

The fact is, that the realm of experience, instead of being the favored seat of exact truth, can never give us any absolute certainty. In the words of Judge Stallo, at the conclusion of his remarkable articles on the Primary Concepts of Science, "there is no absolute system of co-ordinates in space to which the positions of bodies and their changes can be referred; and there is neither an absolute measure of quantity, nor an absolute standard of quality. There is *no physical constant.*" No absolute physical standard is even conceivable. The only absolute certainty is in the realm of ideas,— of intuitions. As far as science is founded on them, it possesses absolute certainty. As far as religion is experimental, it partakes more or less of the relative validity and the absolute uncertainty of science.

Whenever knowledge is destitute of absolute certainty, its history will represent a series of changes, whereby the absolute truth is more and more approximated. This is notably the case with religion. The rude phases which first it took on, the changes and transformations through which it has passed, have been common targets for the by no means complimentary comments of many. But it is the same with science. Nothing is more contrary to the whole spirit of modern science, more absurd, indeed, to a modern intellect, than some of the scientific theories of Kepler and Bacon. The history of science is a history of constant correction of earlier experimenters by later. Newton thought that the mutual disturbances of the planets might be disregarded, except perhaps Jupiter and Saturn. The expansion of quicksilver was long used as the measure of temperature, in ignorance of the fact that the rate of expansion increases with the temperature. All the earlier investigations upon the nature of waves in elastic media proceeded upon the erroneous assumption that waves of different length

would travel with equal speed. He who studies the progress of scientific ideas, cannot fail to notice the succession of various hypotheses that mark its course. The phlogistic, the caloric, and now the molecular motion theory to explain heat; the emission and the undulatory theories for light; the volcanic, the Neptunian, the uniformitarian and now the evolution theory in geology; the iatrochemical, the vital fluid, the psychical systems of biology; the Ptolemaic and the Copernican systems of the heavens; the Cartesian and the Newtonian conceptions of force. In the presence of the new dynamics, the new botany, the new chemistry of to-day, — in the presence, especially, of those theories most revolutionary to to all scientific ideas, the development and the evolution hypothesis, — the natural philosopher of fifty years ago would feel that there was nothing for him to do but learn his science over again, and learn it all differently. Great as have been the theologic changes in the last century, they are more than matched by the shiftings of scientific theory. If in former times the best men of science have made so many errors as it is now proved that they have, is it likely that all the dictums of the present school of scientists are to remain forever unshaken? If the past errors, if the present possibility of error in some things, do not interfere, nevertheless, with the substantial trustworthiness and validity of present science, why should they with the trustworthiness and validity of religion?

The objects and the results of science are then similar to those of religion. To the many who at the present day accept unhesitatingly the teachings of the first, but look on the second as but a collection of unfounded hypotheses, I commend a realizing sense of these similarities. Could the men of science and the men of religion be made to understand the common ground on which their respective structures are based, and the closely corresponding, where not identical, methods by which they are built, instead of antagonists and rivals they would be the best of friends. Soon may that happy day — happy for both alike — be ushered in!

James T. Bixby.

THE DYING COLONY OF JEWS IN CHINA.

In what region of the world do we not, in this age, find evidence of the presence and influence of the ancient race of Israel? What people are so cosmopolitan as the people who are most scrupulous for the purity of their blood, and who boast a pedigree longer than any ancestral line of the nation that worships ancestors? Jews are in all lands, of the East and the West, the North and the South. They stay in the decayed marts of the old civilization, and they go with the pioneers of the wilderness to bring traffic and thrift into the new civilization. We find them in Morocco and in Michigan, in Paris and in Persia, at the antipodes of place and of climate, and equally at home in every place and under every sky. They can be comfortable in the society of any religion, can live by the side of Christians or Moslems, of Pagans or Infidels, where idols are worshiped, or where Allah is worshiped, or where Mammon is worshiped. They can live where the rule is the rule of despotism, or where the feudal lords keep the spirit of class and caste, as well as where they are equal citizens of the democratic state.

And in most nations of the world, the Jews have wonderful tenacity of life. Cosmopolitan as they are, they are not nomad and vagabond. Their foundations are deep and their building is solid, — something more than a tent with its stakes. They come to remain, when they choose their habitation; and they are not easily driven out or starved out. They have wonderful recovery, even from what seems to be annihilation. They thrive alike in neglect and persecution, and they increase and multiply in obedience to their primitive law. They may emigrate, but the vacancy which they leave is soon filled, and the synagogue keeps its company, while the faces in it are changed. Very few lands, in which Jews were living one thousand or two thousand years ago, are without them to-day. They are in Egypt still, — money-changers and scribes, — there as they were in the days of the Ptolemies. They are in Rome still, in their old homes by the low bank of the Tiber, as they were in the time of the Cæsars, and have outlived there

every tribe of ancient Rome. They are in Frankfort and Amsterdam and London still, as they were in the Middle Age, no longer now to be beaten and insulted and plundered by their Christian masters.

An exception to this general rule of Jewish thrift and increase appears in the fortunes of the only Jewish colony in China, about which much is known, or the history of which has been traced. If in any great nation the influence of the Jewish race has been insignificant, it is in China. The largest estimate of their people in that land, in any dynasty, leaves a number almost too small to be reckoned in the aggregate. That the Jews have been in the Chinese land for many hundreds of years is certainly known, and that they came even before the Christian era is not impossible; they have such a tradition. But there is no sign that they ever became a power in the state, or that their religion ever took rank or entered into rivalry with the three national religions of China. Judaism in China was always treasure buried in the field,—a pearl hidden in the shell. It seems never to have been formidable enough to be persecuted, never prominent enough to be despised, to have survived for centuries almost without sign of its existence, to have lived in hermitage in the very heart of the city and the empire. And it now shows the phenomenon of a Jewish colony in the last stage of consumption, dying of utter exhaustion.

The question of the Jews in China, to what tribe they belonged, or when they first came to the land, is not likely to be answered in any satisfactory way. We shall not probably know if they were of the house of Judah, or if they were a remnant of the lost kingdom of Israel, whose children have been followed so far upon the earth. The earliest authentic notice of them is in the reports of Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century, and these mostly speak of the Jews in a single city. The revelation of their existence was made to Father Ricci in the capital of the Chinese Empire by a man who was visiting Pekin, and mistook the picture in the Catholic chapel, of the Virgin with John and Jesus, for a Jewish picture of Rebekah with Jacob and Esau; and also the twelve apostles for a representation of Jacob's twelve sons. The man seemed from this to find that the Jesuits were worshipers of his God, and announced himself to Father Ricci as

a brother of the faith. Farther inquiries brought out the fact that the man was one of a colony living in the province of Honan, in the capital city Kae-fung-foo, a city of the second class, on the Yellow River, some hundreds of miles inland.

The information thus given was followed up. Other visitors came to Pekin from the colony, and Christian visitors went to Kae-fung-foo. In 1613, the Jewish community was visited by Aleni, a good Hebrew scholar, but he could bring back no account of the Hebrew books, which he was not allowed to see. A memoir about these Jews for the use of Europeans was drawn up by Semmedo and Frigaut; these zealots treat the people with contempt, call them "dregs," and insinuate that they are vile, even in speaking of the neatness of their synagogue. At a later time other missionaries went to see the colony, — Father Gozani in 1704, Fathers Domenge and Gaubil, in 1723, and these last brought back a plan of the synagogue and an interpretation of some of the inscriptions upon the walls. If the Christians had been allowed to remain in China, doubtless fuller details about the Jewish colony in the first half of the seventeenth century, when it was comparatively strong, would have been obtained. But the Christians were expelled from the Empire, all access to the interior was closed to foreign travelers, and for one hundred and twenty years, no inquiry succeeded in enlarging the information given in the Jesuit letters, and kept in the Roman archives.

The amount of information concerning the Chinese colony of Jews, given in these Jesuit letters, is not very great, only enough to stimulate, rather than satisfy curiosity. It may be summed up in eight general statements: 1. That the colony had declined from its former importance, and was in process of decay, in culture as well as in numbers; that only a few were acquainted with the Hebrew language, and that none had any knowledge of Jews outside of China, or even in other cities of the Empire; that the Rabbi, a very old man, had only one young son to perpetuate the ritual of the synagogue; and that some of the Jews had adopted the Mussulman faith. 2. Four names of the Jews are given in the letters. They call themselves "Troukin-keaou," the "extracting-sinew religion," because in killing animals for food their law requires them to take out the sinews; or the Israelite reli-

gion, "Y-se-lo-yel-keaou," "Y-se-lo-yel" being the Chinese way of pronouncing Israel, changing r to l; or the "Kew-keaou," the ancient religion. The Chinese name for the Jews, who seem to be confounded with the Moslems, as worshipers of the same God, is "Hwuy-Hwuy."

3. From the tablets on the walls of the synagogue, it appears that there were traditions of three separate colonies of Jews coming into China, the first, in the Chow dynasty, at some time previous to the year B.C. 249; the second, in the Han dynasty, sometime between the year B.C. 205 and A.D. 220; the third, in the year A.D. 1163. There was also among them a tradition that their ancestors came to China shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans.

4. Yet, in apparent contradiction to this tradition of a very early colony, is the fact that their books, as the Jesuits heard about them, have reference to late events of Chaldean history, and even have postscripts in the Persian dialect. 5. The numbers of the people were reckoned by "Tsung," or clans. As nearly as we can find, a Tsung was made up of about fourteen families; seven Tsung were counted to a hundred families. At the time when the Jesuits saw them they were reduced to less than a dozen Tsung, but the record says that the last immigration brought in seventy Tsung, or nearly a thousand families. The number in each family is not reckoned, so that it is impossible to get an accurate census of the people at any time in their history; nor are we told how many descendants of their earlier colonists were remaining at the time when the latest colony came.

6. The records seem to show that they had good social position, were not despised or persecuted on account of their religion; that they held public offices, were honored and trusted; that they served in the armies, and were successful in the arts of life; that they had sacred books, a place of worship, and a religious faith which, in important respects, was like that of the literary faith of China, the worship of heaven, respect for ancestors, and for the memory of the dead. 7. Of their ritual and ceremonial, the missionaries report that they kept the Sabbath, the Fast of the Kippur, the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Rejoicing of the Law; and that they practiced circumcision. 8. It is remarked that

they did not try to proselyte; that they were content to practice their religion in their own way, without interfering with the religion of the sects around them; that they avoided the Pagan temples, prayed toward the holy city of Jerusalem, and honored the name of Jehovah, like other Jews, by not attempting to pronounce it, substituting "Etunoi." They had only the canonical sacred books, and no written Talmud or Targum.

Such, in substance, is all that was known of this Jewish colony in China down to the year 1849. As early as the year 1844, James Finn,* afterwards British Consul in Jerusalem, had interested himself to discover the fate of these Chinese Jews, of whom the account had been recently published, and had written to Mr. T. H. Layton, British Consul at Ningpo and Amoy in China, engaging him to assist in the search. A Hebrew letter was prepared, by Mr. Finn's direction, of congratulation and sympathy, with a list of twenty questions appended, which the Jews who might receive the letter were desired to answer. These were questions concerning the history of the colony, their present condition, their articles of faith, their rules of practice, their customs, their sacred books, their idea of Messiah, and of their doctrine of the resurrection and judgment. They were requested also to write, upon six small tablets, a verse from the book of their law in the Hebrew, and also the name of their city in the Chinese language. Three copies of this Hebrew letter were made and forwarded to Mr. Layton, to be by him transmitted into the province Honan, and to the city of Kae-fung-foo, as he should have opportunity to send.

The first information received by Mr. Finn concerning the Chinese Jews, after the transmission of the copies of this Hebrew letter, was given in two letters from Consul Layton, written in January, 1849, after nearly five years of waiting and inquiry. These letters give an account of interviews held by the Consul with one Teahtingan, a Mohammedan serjeant, serving on the staff of the Admiral at Amoy. This man, a native of the city "Kae-fung-foo," which he called Keakung, told the Consul many interesting things of his acquaintance with the Jews in that city. For many

* The statements of this article are mostly taken from a work of Mr. Finn, published in London, in 1871.

years he lived within half a mile of the synagogue, and his mother used to take her pleasure-walks around it. When he knew the Jews there, there were eight families of them, — about a thousand persons in all. Of these eight families, six had intermarried with the Chinese, while only two had kept their blood pure. Some of the people had become apostate, and the head of one of the pure families, whose name is Shih, which means "Stone," had ceased to observe the Jewish rites. According to this Mohammedan, the Jews of this colony were once rich, and even now some of them were respectable merchants, with warehouses of silks, spices, and perfumes. Their synagogue was an octagonal building, with a tablet of inscriptions on the right hand, two large trees in front, and other tablets in the interior, with the names of the priests and the reigning emperor at the time of erection. The synagogue stood back from the street at the end of a court, some eighty feet long. On each side of the door were lions carved in stone, guarding the entrance. Over the door was the inscription "Cheng-ching-se," "Quiet, pure temple." The large door of the synagogue was only opened at the time of the Chinese New Year; at other times worshipers entered by the side doors. In the inside of the synagogue the rolls of the sacred books, two feet in length, were all bound together in a bundle and covered with yellow satin. No one was allowed to take them away from the synagogue, yet no one could read them there. The serjeant could not remember anything of Jewish festivals or worship, knew nothing about any Jewish priests, and heard of no officer of the synagogue except the rich man who had it in charge. He represented the Jews as doubtful about the day of their Sabbath, whether it were the sixth or the seventh day of the week, and also about the proper position of the hands in prayer, whether they should be stretched upward, or downward, or forward, or joined across the breast.

Along with the letters from Mr. Layton was to have been sent a sketch of the synagogue prepared by the Moslem narrator; but it failed to come, and Mr. Finn had only the tantalizing meagreness of the verbal accounts, which told just enough to make him eager for more. The Hebrew letter which had been transmitted, with a Chinese translation, by a merchant going to the province of Honan, was a long time in finding a reply. The Moslem ser-

jeant wrote also to his friends in the city of "Kea-fung-foo," but no answer came. One day he met Fuh Chow, a former townsman of his, fourteen years older than himself, who was able, not only to remember the Jewish people, but something of their religious service; to remember the priest walking around the temple with something in his hand, over which his head was bowed, — undoubtedly the procession on the return of the Law to the ark, as others were with him. Finally, however, early in the year 1851, a letter was received by the widow of Consul Layton, directly from one of the prominent men in the Jewish colony, in answer to the letter and questions which had been sent some years before, giving much fuller details of their condition and their customs than either the story of the Jesuits or the Mohammedan had given. A lamentable view of the condition of the Jewish community is given in this letter. Only one aged woman can recollect even the principal doctrines of the Jewish Law. Not one person in the community can read a word of the Sacred Books. Though they pray, early and late, with tears in their eyes, and with much burning of incense, that their religion may again flourish, no answer comes to their prayer. They can find no one to interpret to them the meaning of their own sacred letters. Their temple is half broken down, its walls dilapidated, its water-chamber, treasury and hall of the holy men, all in ruins. They are too poor to get a minister, and cannot even repair their synagogue so as to preserve the records of the Law. It will gladden their hearts if friends shall aid them, and they are rejoiced to learn that the religion which they have so nearly lost is flourishing on English soil. The writer of the letter, who signs himself "Chao-nien-tsu," mentions at the close that his family, "the family of Chao, has produced the men who have been most distinguished, who have been connected with the government, been eminent in the arts, and enjoyed the Imperial confidence." Two of them are mentioned as having held high political office.

An appendix to the letter specifies the names and occasions of the Sacred Feasts, the names of the Sacred men, the divisions of the Scripture, the ornaments of the synagogue, the names of the original families, and the feeling of the community about their condition. Six holy seasons are mentioned: the Feast of "Dry

Wheat" or Unleavened Bread, when oil cakes are distributed among friends, coming on the fourteenth day of the second month, showing that the community had adopted the Chinese calendar, which set the new year a month earlier than the Jewish reckoning; the Feast of the "Judge's Gate," on the tenth day of the sixth month, commemorating the destruction of the two Jewish Temples, by Nebuchadnezzar and Titus; the Feast of the Simchath-torah, or "Rejoicing of the Law," on the twenty-fourth day of the eighth month, when the Scriptures are read with closed doors, and red-colored money is distributed; the Feast of the "Greater Patriarch" on the eighteenth day of the eighth month, corresponding to the first day of the month Tisri, the civil New Year's day of the Jews; the Feast of the "Lesser Patriarchs," on the second day of the ninth month; and the Feast of the "Deliverance," on the eighteenth day of the sixth month. Neither of the last two Feasts is observed by European Jews. It is singular that in this list no mention is made of the Sabbath, or of the Pentecost Feast, or of the Feast of the Tabernacles, or of the Yorn Kippur, all of which the community formerly kept. The Purim Feast, so dear to patriotic Jews in other parts of the world, does not seem to have been known to the Jews in China.

Of the holy personages, nine names are given, Atan (Adam), Nuwoo (Eve), Awoo-lo-han (Abraham), I-si-hia-ke (Isaac), Ya-ba-kowah (Jacob), Mayshe (Moses), A-ha-lin (Aaron), Yue-shirh-noo (Joshua), and Ai-tzele (Ezra). Besides these, they honored the twelve Patriarchs, heads of the tribes. They reckon the letters of their alphabet to be twenty-seven, counting five final letters, in words in which the character is varied from the same letter in other places, as separate letters. They have fifty-three divisions in the Scriptures of their Law, one for every Sabbath of the year, making allowance for a leap-year. The greater Scripture is in a roll upward of twenty feet long. The lesser Scripture is in a single volume. They wear in the synagogue a blue cap, and shoes with soft soles. They have in the synagogue a map of the Temple in Tien-chih, a name which from its sound seems to signify India. From that region they believe that their religion came to China, introduced by persons who brought cotton cloth. This Temple probably was intended to represent the Temple in

Jerusalem. It is shown with nine gates, before which colored standards are planted. There is a white stone in the centre and cotton trees in front; a stream runs around the walls, with trees which hang across the water. Men came into the temple enclosure at noon and at midnight by climbing the trees, and so crossing the stream. There are parts of this description which remind us of the description by Josephus of the Jewish Temple.

According to this writer, the original colony of Jews in China consisted of seven families, of which he gives the surnames: Chao, Kin, Li, Shih, Chang, Kao, and Cha. But unlike other Jewish communities they have kept no exact family registers, and cannot tell who have gone off from the community. They have long hoped against hope that some favorable chance might restore their fallen fortunes and enable them to rebuild the house of worship. But now they have come to despair, since some evil-minded men are destroying the walls of the house and selling them for unlawful personal gain. And their single hope is that after death their souls may go back to the western region and be blessed. These Chinese Jews, though they have no song of Jerusalem or Mount Zion, have the same longing as other Jews for a resting-place in the land of their fathers.

Though this letter reached Amoy early in the year 1851, its contents were not known to Mr. Finn until nearly twenty years later. But simultaneously with its receipt in the Chinese port, came the direct narratives of two Chinese Christian converts, who had ventured to make the journey to Kae-fung-foo, and examine on the spot the traditions and monuments of the Jewish community. Though the five ports were opened to foreign traffic earlier than the year 1850, it was not yet safe for foreigners to travel in the interior, and all inquiries of foreigners about Chinese customs were viewed suspiciously. The missionary societies could think of no method so feasible for learning the fate of the Jewish colony as the employment of shrewd and educated natives, who could visit the city without exciting suspicion, and at the same time could be trusted to observe wisely. Two such men were found in the city of Shanghae, Khew-teen-sang, who was familiar with the English tongue and had been educated by the Batavian mission, and Tseang-yung-che, a teacher in the Shanghae mission, and a literary

graduate of the fourth degree. Shanghae being much nearer to Kae-fung-foo than Amoy (only seven hundred miles by the river), the journey was made for them comparatively easy. They were less than a month on their voyage, which was made in the last months of 1850, and they were back in Shanghae in the second week of January, 1851, — having succeeded in most of their enterprise, and found most of what they were sent to find. They drew up reports, each one separately, of their doings, experiences, and discoveries at Kae-fung-foo, one of them writing his report in English, the other in Chinese. Each of the reports has the form of a journal, and the incidents of the voyage are noted, as well as the peculiar condition of the Jews and their synagogue. They found that the Jews received the Hebrew letter that was forwarded to them by the fur dealers, and knew of the curiosity that had been awakened concerning them. The return of the messengers was hastened by some signs that they were suspected, and they were unable to bring back any of the rolls of the synagogue which they had hoped to buy. On this occount they were sent back to Kae-fung-foo to make a second attempt, which was more successful. They purchased six out of the twelve synagogue rolls, and moreover persuaded two members of the Jewish community to come down to Shanghae with them. These men were seen by Mr. Milne, the missionary, and their personal appearance is described in his book on "Real Life in China."

The description of the Jewish community given in the reports of these messengers is substantially the same as the account in the letter of Chao-nien-tsu. They found the temple in ruins, and its enclosure divided up into small apartments, in which the poorer class of Jews, mostly women, some of them widows, were living in a wretched, half-starved way. Around the temple, the ground was strown with cabbages, a vegetable not mentioned as proper for temple offering. The synagogue itself seemed to have some resemblance to a Chinese temple. Chinese inscriptions were fastened upon the walls and over the doors. In one place, they read what seemed to be the name of the Synagogue, "To-hing-Tien-tsu." Over one of the doors they read the words Keng-wie-haua-theen (reverence Heaven). They were able easily to trace the courts, the first, second, and third court, separated by railings

of marble, to interpret the inscriptions, Fuh (Happiness), Léng-Thung-woo-muh (the mind holding communion with Heaven), K-hin-jo-haou-theen (piously accord with the expansive heavens), and to examine the stone tablets and the ornamental gateway. At first, admission to the inner synagogue was refused to them. The Jews complained that some had tried to deceive them, and get entrance to the sacred place, while they were not believers in the religion. But the plausible arguments and the persuasive letter, coming from those who were of their own blood, and written in the Chinese character, finally silenced their scruples, and they were admitted to the sanctuary.

The interior arrangement of this they found to be half Chinese and half Jewish. Behind the front door, they saw a bench, and about six feet from this a long candle-stand, like that before the idols in the Chinese temples. On a table near by was an incense vessel of earthenware, with a wooden candlestick on either side. Another similiar incense table was behind the pulpit or seat of Moses, which stood in the centre of the room, and was covered by a canopy. The seat had an embroidered cushion. On a large table in the shrine they saw the tablet to the emperor, bearing the formula, "May the reigning dynasty continue through myriads of myriads of years." Happily, above this imperial tablet, they saw, in Hebrew, the grand inscription, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," and "Blessed be the name of his glorious kingdom, forever and ever." Then they saw the tablet to the prior Ming dynasty, similar to the Manchow tablet, with candlesticks and the incense vessel. The inscription was in Chinese. On each side was a tripod.

The most interesting object in the synagogue was of course the cell, which is usually called in synagogues the ark, in which the sacred rolls of the Law were kept. Of this the Batavian gives a careful account, the twelve tribes, the tripod for burning inscribed paper, the tablets and the several inscriptions. Unfortunately, he was not able to copy all the inscriptions, but was rudely interrupted by a suspicious Israelite, who seemed to penetrate his disguise and detect in him a Christian spy. He had to eke out his imperfect account by inquiries of one Chaou-kin-ching, who proved to be more tractable and communicative. According to this man, the

original name of the sect was Theen-chuh-keaou (the Indian Religion), but was altered to the "Sinew-plucking religion," by the priest, to avoid difficulty with the Chinese people. The rule of the people is a rule of separation, and all marriages with Pagans and Mohammedans are forbidden by the Law. Polygamy, too, is forbidden, in which particular they have improved upon the old Hebrew custom. The people are not allowed to eat pork, and are required to keep the Sabbath day. Their social position is not good. The surrounding sects despise them. Many conceal their faith for fear of the public opinion, which will leave a Jew to his misery. The excuse offered for selling portions of the buildings in the sacred inclosure, the wood and the tiles and the bricks, was that only so could the people be saved from starving. They had no other resource. Yet all the time they were in hope that the emperor might consider their case favorably, or that they might get help from abroad.

This, in substance, is the information given in the English journal of the Batavian messenger. The Chinese journal of Tseang-Yung-Che, the Shanghae student, contains additional valuable matter, in its copies of inscriptions and of the two large tablets in the synagogue. There are also some remarks upon the history of the sect, the time of the Sabbath, and the first establishment of the religion. According to this account, the Jewish religion was first introduced in China eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, about the time of the birth of Christ. The original number of seventy families was reduced in number by civil war and disturbance to seven families. The officers of the synagogue were formerly three, the rabbi, the sinew-extractor, and the doctrine propagator. When the rabbi took his seat, a large red satin umbrella was held over his head. Before worship all the people must bathe, and in worship must turn westward to Jerusalem.

Of the shorter inscriptions which Tseang-Yung-Che copied, there are two kinds, what we may call religious, and what are rather literary than devotional. The dates of these inscriptions are frequently given. In no case do they belong to an earlier time than the middle of the sixteenth Christian century. One even is of very recent date, corresponding to the Christian year

1797. Heaven, the sacred word of the religion of Confucius, is constantly used as equivalent to Jehovah or God. In no instance are these names employed. The sentences are now precepts and now maxims, "Venerate Heaven!" "Reverently comply with Heaven!" "Venerate Heaven and pray for the country!" "If you acknowledge Heaven, earth, prince, parent, and teacher, you will not be far from the correct road to reason and virtue. If you cultivate the duties of benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and truth, you have just hit upon the first principles of sages and philosophers." Some of the sentences are explanations of doctrine, some are historical. "From the time of Nywwo, when the beauteous creation sprung into being, up to the present time, Western India has had men of natural talent, who have inquired into the Great Original that produced Heaven and Earth and Man." "From the time of Abraham, when our religion was first established, and ever afterward, the Central Land (China) has diffused instruction, and obtained the knowledge of the whole system propagated by Confucius, Buddha, and Faou." "Tracing up religion to the Western world, we resist our evil desires, and alone maintain purity and truth." "Our first ancestor received his religion from Heaven, and honored Heaven also; which feeling we carry out to the venerating of our forefathers." "Worship consists in honoring Heaven, and righteousness in imitating ancestors; but the human mind must have been in being before either worship or righteousness could have been practiced." "His presence is not impeded by visible form. His absence does not imply an empty void; for Eternal Reason is unbounded by the limits of existence or non-existence." This is the only metaphysical definition found in the synagogue.

Only by stealth and stratagem, by climbing in over the broken walls and using candles in the darkness, were the messengers able to get copies of the inscriptions on the large tablets. Both of these tablets give abstracts of the history of the religion, going back to Adam, and declaring Awolohan, Abraham, to be the first teacher of the Israelite religion (Yeh-sze-lonee-keaou). According to the first tablet the Sacred Books, fifty-three sections in all, embodying the principles of the Eternal Reason, were in existence

as early as the Chow state, two thousand two hundred and fifty-four years before the Christian era. Mayshe (Moses) came after Abraham, and established the Law, which he found on the top of Seibra. He was a very benevolent, virtuous, pure, and wise man, and the Sacred Books were given to him for his piety and his faithfulness in fasting and prayer. The contents of these books "are deep and mysterious, their promises calculated to influence men's good feelings, and their threatenings to repress corrupt imaginations." After Moses came Ye-sze-la (Ezra), who was a wise instructor and reformer of religion. Through him the religion took the shape in which it was sent abroad to the nations and transmitted to subsequent ages. During the Han dynasty, that is, not far from the birth of Christ, it came into China from India. The tablets give a record of the building of the synagogue, with the dates of the dynasties and the names of the superintendents. In the dates there are differences of a few years between the two tablets. The second tablet records the great Deluge of the fifth year of T'heenshun, by which the city was inundated, and the synagogue partially destroyed. On the first tablet the closing paragraph is, "We have engraved this tablet, placed in the synagogue to be handed down to distant ages, that future generations may carefully consider it." This tablet was erected by the families, Yen, Le, Kaou, Chaou, Kin, E, and Chang, at the rebuilding of the synagogue, in the first month of autumn, in the seventh year of Ching-tih of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1511)." The inscription on the second tablet, more diffuse and ambitious in its rhetoric, closes with the words, "We have engraven these our ideas on the imperishable marble, that they may be handed down to the latest generation. Composed by a promoted literary graduate of the professors of K'hae-fung-foo, named Kin Chung. Inscribed by a literary graduate of purchased rank belonging to the prefecture of K'hae-fung-foo, named Foojoo. Erected on a fortunate day in the middle of summer, in the second year of Hung-Che (A.D. 1488), in the forty-sixth year of the seventieth cycle, by a disciple of the religion of truth and purity."

On this second tablet, the excellent literary graduate Kin Chung has drawn out, in flowing phrase, his philosophy of worship, in its

methods and postures, giving reasons for the form which was followed. "Religion," he says, "must consist in the purity and truth of divine worship. Purity refers to the Pure One, who is without mixture; truth to the Correct One, who is without corruption. Worship consists in reverence, and in bowing down to the ground. Men in their daily avocations must not for a single moment forget heaven, but at the hours of four in the morning, midday, and six in the evening, should thrice perform their adorations, which is the true principle of the religion of heaven. The form observed by the virtuous men of antiquity was first to bathe and wash their heads, taking care at the same time to purify their hearts and correct their senses; after which they reverently approached before Eternal Reason and the Sacred Writings. Eternal Reason is without form or figure, like the Eternal Reason of Heaven exalted on High. We will here endeavor to set forth the general course of divine worship in order.

"First, the worshiper, bending his body, does reverence to Eternal Reason, by which means he recognizes Eternal Reason as present in such bending of the body; then, standing upright in the midst, without declining, he does obeisance to Eternal Reason, by which means he recognizes Eternal Reason as standing in the midst. In stillness maintaining his spirit and silently praising, he venerates Eternal Reason, showing that he incessantly remembers Heaven. In waving the body, examining himself, and lifting up his voice, he honors Eternal Reason, showing that he unfailingly remembers Heaven. This is the way in which our religion teaches us to look towards invisible space and perform our adorations. Retiring three paces, the worshiper gets suddenly in the rear to show his reverence for the Eternal Reason who is behind him. Advancing five steps, he looks on before, to show his reverence for the Eternal Reason who is in front of his person. He bows towards the left, reverencing Eternal Reason, whereby he admires the Eternal Reason who is on his left. He bows toward the right, reverencing Eternal Reason, whereby he adores the Eternal Reason who is on his right. Looking upward, he reverences Eternal Reason, to show that he considers Eternal Reason as above him. Looking down, he reverences Eternal

Reason, to show that he considers Eternal Reason as close to him. At the close he worships Eternal Reason, manifesting reverence in this act of adoration. But to venerate Heaven and to neglect ancestors is to fail in the services which are their due. In spring and autumn, therefore, men sacrifice to their ancestors, to show that they serve the dead as they do the living, and pay the same respect to the departed that they do to those who survive. They offer sheep and oxen, and present the fruits of the season, to show that they do not neglect the honor due to ancestors when they are gone from us. During the course of every month we fast and abstain four times, which constitutes the door by which religion is entered and the basis on which goodness is accumulated. It is called an entrance, because we practice one act of goodness to-day and another to-morrow. Thus, having commenced the merit of abstinence, we add to our store, avoiding the practice of every vice and reverently performing every virtue. Every seventh day we observe a holy rest, which, when terminated, begins anew; as it is said in the Book of Diagrams, 'The good man, in the practice of virtue, apprehends lest the time should prove too short.' At each of the four seasons we lay ourselves under a severe restraint in rememberance of the trials endured by our ancestors, — by which means we venerate our predecessors and reward our progenitors. We also abstain from food entirely during a whole day, when we reverently pray to Heaven, repent of our former faults, and practice anew the duties of each day. The Book of Diagrams also says, 'When the wind and thunder prevail, the good man thinks of what virtues he shall practice; and if he has any errors, he reforms them.'"

Another passage of the inscription recognizes the close resemblance, amounting almost to identity, between the Israelite religion and the literary religion of China, the religion of Confucius. Its principles are reverence for Heaven, veneration for ancestors, loyalty to the sovereign, and obedience to parents: "just what is inculcated in the five human relations, the five constant virtues, with the three principal connections of life." The inscriptions upon these tablets are interesting as showing that the synagogue was planned after the model of the Temple in Jerusalem, and

that its furniture was a reminiscence of that temple; that the hours of prayer correspond with the hours of David in the Psalms, the fourth, the twelfth, and the sixth hour of the evening; and especially that the word "Taou," translated "Eternal Reason," is equivalent to the "Memra" of the Targums and the "Logos" of the New Testament, while it is itself a Buddhist philosophical term.

This was the sum of information about the Jewish colony down to the year 1851. The last story concerning them is that of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, an American missionary, who visited Kae-fung-foo in the year 1866. He found that the only remnant of the synagogue was a solitary stone in an open square, inscribed with the dates of building and re-building of the sacred edifice. All the rest had vanished. Dr. Martin was moved to make the stone a pulpit, and to utter his thought to the company who had followed him curiously to the spot. Many of these were Moslems. But one after another, men in the company came forward, confessing themselves to be Jews, until he had with him representatives of six of the seven families. Afterward they came to see him at his lodgings, and he learned the tale of their downfall, — how they had been compelled to sell the fragments of their holy house, preserving only some rolls of the law; how they had ceased to meet as a congregation, having no rabbi to teach them and no roof to cover them; how one of their number had become a Buddhist priest; how the ceremonies of their religion are wholly neglected, even the rite of circumcision, and how they intermarry with the heathen; how their children grow up with no knowledge of the religion of their ancestors; how one of their tablets, which bore the name of Israel has been taken by a Mohammedan mosque, and used as a means of converting the people to Islam. The numbers of the surviving Israelites are reckoned at not more than two hundred to four hundred, and are steadily dwindling. In a few years the race will be lost without hope of recovery, as its books are sold and its traditions are forgotten. All the zeal of Christian and Jewish missionaries cannot save it. It will disappear like the Ten Tribes, but more fatally, because no room is left for conjecture, and the way of decay and death is surely known; will

disappear as the Indians have disappeared from New England. Not a child of Aaron or Abraham can read there the law which they kept in their house for ages so sacredly. Not one man in all the region where John Eliot once preached to the Red men can read that Bible which he rendered with such pains and patience into the flowing syllables of their curious tongue.

CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THROUGH DEATH TO HIGHER FORMS OF LIFE.

THE whole order of nature and of Providence is carried on through a perpetual succession of changes. Day and night, spring and autumn, youth, manhood, and age, our human lives through death into eternity, are steps in that great work of progress which has been ordained by the infinite wisdom, and which reaches, as far as we can see, through every department of animate and inanimate existence. It would seem as if there were an inward principle of intelligence and power working everywhere, and forever seeking to unfold its energies and carry forward its purposes through new varieties of external combination or form. The rich vegetation in which we rejoiced throughout the summer, at length put on its dying robes, and returned again to the dust from which it came, that so with the returning year new foliage may start forth, new flowers may bloom, new harvests be matured, and every living creature be provided anew with food.

So it is with us, in the successive changes of our mortal life, and in the farther change from life to immortality. The change is twofold, — an inward spiritual change, from the life of the senses to the life of the soul, and then an outward change, in the external form or conditions of our being. The infant begins life almost entirely as a creature of sense. Gradually new desires and affections are awakened within it. A new world of human and divine interests opens before it. The helpless infant, at first without ideas or affections, grows up into a thoughtful, prayerful being,

meditating on the past, reaching forward into the future, and retaining, apparently, no one feature of mind or outward form by which we may recognize the child that was born to us a few years before. And then, this same person, our child whom we have learned to know and love, and almost to reverence, as we have seen him by the renewal of his mind changed more and more into the image of Christ, ripening for heaven, puts off altogether the earthly garments in which he has been clothed, and goes forth from the dissolving elements of this mortal condition into the higher but unseen glories of his heavenly state.

The change is mysterious and incomprehensible to us. When these earthly garments are cast aside, we stand by in silence and in awe, for we can follow him no farther. Our eyes attempt in vain to penetrate the heavens into which he has vanished. No answering voice comes back to tell us where he is gone, or whether he really exists at all. And because we cannot with our bodily senses find any tokens of his continued progress, we become incredulous. His present condition is foreign to our habits of thought, for our minds have been engaged only upon things that have a material basis. The glories of his spiritual state are so far beyond the reach of our earthly faculties that they fail, not only to engage our affections, but to secure to themselves a place among our settled convictions. The great cause of our incredulity is not that our reason finds insuperable objections, but rather that the whole matter of a continued, spiritual existence is strange to us. We have not been in the habit of forming, and keeping before us, any distinct conception of the method by which what is spiritual in us now may rise naturally from the dissolving bodies into what is spiritual and eternal. Our prevalent ideas of life are connected with these material bodies, and we have so exclusively familiarized ourselves with the idea of a human soul acting by means of these corporeal instruments, that we can hardly conceive of it as carrying on processes of life, and sustaining vital relations with other beings, when no longer connected with its bodily organs.

It is well for us, therefore, to accustom ourselves to form conceptions of that higher life from our highest spiritual intuitions and experiences here, and with such helps as they may furnish, in

the light of a divine revelation, to follow the soul on from its earthly to its heavenly conditions. By such processes and habits of thought, we may make ourselves at home amid the possibilities of our nature as they show themselves in the sublime developments and realities of our future being. For all that we hope or imagine of a future life is only the more perfect unfolding of faculties which are actually existing within us now. No foreign scions need to be grafted upon us. All that is required for the highest heavenly life is only the further and happier development and exercise of faculties already within us, by thoughts, affections, virtues, and graces which may be more congenial and effective under the more auspicious circumstances opening to us in that higher sphere.

Our child is at first only a creature of the senses. But out of this sensuous existence we soon see germs of intelligence faintly working their way upward into the light. This intelligence has only to go on, associating itself with higher methods of investigation and higher forms of thought, to become the intelligence of an archangel. We see in his infant life the germs of affection reaching toward us with loving sympathies, and seeking for some tokens of answering affection. And this love needs only to go on refining and purifying itself from all that is coarse and selfish, spending itself in generous and self-denying acts, growing in diffusiveness and power by every new act of personal sacrifice, till it becomes the highest attribute of the holiest seraph that bows before the throne of God or goes forth on his errands of love and mercy. No new faculties need to be added to what we already possess. He who is born into the higher life of the soul has already entered upon the eternal life. He has, unfolding themselves within him here, faculties which are already reaching upward into the eternal world. He lives and believes in him who is the resurrection and the life, and so will never die. His walk is with God, and God is from everlasting to everlasting. His conversation is in heaven, and death with its attendant sorrows can never enter there. In the spiritual affections and desires awakened within him by the spirit of God, he feels himself to be living now within a realm over which death can have no power. Before him are visions of surpassing joy and loveliness, which connect him with what is

spiritual and eternal. As he looks into this divine ideal of truth and holiness and love, which he finds in Jesus, he is himself changed into the same image which he contemplates with loving reverence.

Only one thing holds him back and sets limits to his upward progress. The body, which once helped all his faculties into activity and life, at length becomes an incumbrance and holds him back. The soul reaches upward with infinite longings; but the body is of the earth and cannot rise. It is only a temporary help, and therefore, must drop off from its immortal tenant, the soul, which is clothed upon with a spiritual organization adapted to a more advanced stage of existence. Clothed in these finer organs of sight and touch and motion, our friend goes forth into the profounder intuitions, the richer harmonies, the diviner joys, of the heavenly life. Still there may be no new or miraculous creation, — only a freer and fuller unfolding of all the higher faculties of our nature; no new creation, only as formerly here, so now there, he is changed into the same image from glory to glory.

"But we who remain behind cannot see it, and how then can we know?" In every change that takes place before our eyes, the vital process, the efficient force by which the change is brought about, is something that we cannot see. You place your seed in the ground; it springs up a living plant. What is it that has wrought this change? You cannot see it. You cannot lay hold upon it. And yet you know that it exists.

"But if we do not see the agent, we see the effect; while in this alleged change through death to a higher life, not only the agent and the process, but the result, the higher life itself, is hidden from us." All this is true, and from the nature of the case it must be so. We cannot see a human soul, even while it is united with a material body. We know it only from our consciousness of its working within us, or from seeing in others its manifestations through a material form. If, therefore, it should separate itself from the body, and go forth as a pure spirit or in a spiritual body, from the very nature of the case it must then be beyond the reach of our bodily senses. The fact that we cannot see it is no evidence that it does not exist; for we cannot see it now. Why, then, is it to be regarded as a thing incredible with

you that God should raise the dead, through the very act of bodily dissolution, into a higher form of life?

"The change perplexes us. We cannot understand it, and therefore, we cannot quite believe it." But is the unseen change necessarily any greater or more mysterious or more perplexing to us than some of the changes which we actually see taking place in this world?

We see a new-born child — a little, helpless thing, with no power of thought or affection, and no instinct apparently except that which is connected with the desire for food. Here is a human being as he first reveals himself to us.

In process of time, this child becomes a man, walking upon the earth like some superior being, removing forests, building temples and cities, laying the foundations of empires, organizing governments, retaining in his capacious mind the treasures of ancient wisdom, forecasting events, traversing the heavens, weighing the planets in a balance, determining the specific substances of which the sun and stars are composed, looking up through all this with love and reverence to an infinite, all-creative, and sustaining power, catching glimpses of an overshadowing eternity, and feeling within himself the awakening of faculties which can find their true life and rest only in some higher realm of being. Here is the second stage of his progress.

Again, this earthly organization is dissolved. The man becomes immortal. The material garments which have become an incumbrance and a burden are cast aside, and a noble spirit, schooled here in all high thoughts and heavenly virtues and graces, goes forth clothed anew in garments of infinite purity, the fitting vesture of such a spirit, rising from the earth, mingling with angels of the same nature with himself, finding objects of interest to which his best affections may rise in reverence and joy.

Here is this same being in the third stage of his progress.

Now, in this transition from the second to the third stage, from the perfected saint on earth to the enfranchised spirit in heaven, is the change necessarily so great and marvellous as in the transition from the little helpless child to the man with all his magnificent endowments of mind and heart?

Take a few individual cases. Newton, an infant, knowing noth-

ing and capable of knowing nothing, put aside, indeed, at first, as too frail a thing to live, and this same Newton, in his capacious thought, comprehending the laws of the universe; and, when he has finished his great work, laying it as a lowly offering on the altar of his God. Is not the change which we have seen, from the infant to the philosopher and saint, greater than that which we cannot see, from the saintly worshiper of God on earth to the saintly worshiper of God in heaven? John Milton, an infant, helpless and powerless alike in body and mind, too ignorant even to wonder at the world around him, and this same Milton, with all manly graces and endowments, with knowledge human and divine, borne on the wings of his majestic thought into the realms of everlasting joy, singing the praises of God in strains not unworthy of angels as they bow in adoration before the throne, — is the change here, when this exalted being becomes the spiritual inhabitant of a spiritual kingdom, necessarily so great as that which we have witnessed from the child to the man? Fenelon, a newborn infant, with no sense of right or wrong, no notion of God, no affection for man, and no desire higher than a craving for food, and this same Fenelon drawn by affectionate yearnings towards the whole family of man, wrapt in the sublime emotions which bind him to God and throw around him the atmosphere of heaven, the love of God transfusing itself into him and transforming earthly desires into heavenly affections. Here we have a being restrained only by an earthly body from rising through the affinities of his own regenerated nature into a conscious union with God, and Christ, and the saints who appear with him at his coming. Surely the change from the helpless, wailing infant to the perfected saint on earth is more marvelous and strange than any change that will be needed in order that he may join the glorified spirits in the kingdom of heaven.

In all these cases, what we see is a more wonderful and mysterious change than any that can be necessary when, clothed as we may imagine such spirits to be in accordance with the laws of their being, they go forth to be welcomed by the angels, and introduced by them as their fitting companions into the glories and wonders of their heavenly kingdom. The most marvelous transformation of all is that which we have actually witnessed on earth.

As we learn to rise above what is earthly, and to live amid what is divine and heavenly, we become associated in our minds and our affections with the interests and realities of God's spiritual kingdom. It is no strange world into which we are to be introduced when we become immortal. We see one full of intelligence, activity, and health, interested in every good word and work, looking forward to years of usefulness and happiness. The great change is before her. The fountain of her bodily life is poisoned. Death, she knows, is near. But there are no misgivings. She knows in whom she has put her trust. The dearest objects of interest, amid which she has lived in her holiest and highest moments, lose nothing of their power over her. She lives in an atmosphere of love and peace. Can we look on such an experience, such a triumph over pain and death, as anything other than a near approach to the kingdom of heaven? When the poor body shall relax its hold upon the spirit and fall away, shall not the soul, clothed upon in its spiritual organs, rise by its own affinities heavenward, to join and rejoice with kindred spirits there?

Sometimes, as our friends approach the unseen world, it would seem as if they saw it opening before them, and revealing to them the forms of those whom they had known and loved, ready to welcome them into that higher sphere. Very pleasant are these glimpses of the eternal world sometimes vouchsafed to God's children on the earth. I would not lay any great stress upon such experiences. But he who in his own children has watched the opening life and growth of a human soul unfolding into the graces and affections of a pure, rich, wômanly nature, or into the thoughtfulness and strength and lofty aspirations of a young generous manhood, has seen a transformation more strange and marvelous to us than any that might await them when these immortal souls put off their mortal garments and are clothed in immortality.

If we live to this world alone, in what is material and sensual, we must of course look upon death in its earthly aspect, and that tells only of dissolution and decay. But if we accustom ourselves to live in the higher affections of our nature, and in the higher regions of thought which encompass those affections and give them power, then we live in principles of life and thought which natur-

ally connect us with God and with heaven; and from this higher point of view, in the light of these spiritual truths, we see how amid outward changes and death there may be an inward spiritual progress. Feeling here within ourselves that we are changed into the same divine image, as we rise into a higher life, we are able in our thoughts to follow the spirit of our friends upward from an earthly to a heavenly existence, with no violent shock or unreasonable strain upon our faith. It is but the natural ongoing of the life which is here begun. When once from our own experience we feel that the soul has life in itself, from the consciousness of that inward and spiritual life, we look out on mortal changes as merely outward phenomena, affecting the mode, but not the reality of our being. It is not arguments that we want, but an inward spiritual life, — a faith which, growing out of a deep spiritual experience, lays hold on the great spiritual realities which are the powers of the world to come. When we look from the soul, as the centre of our life, to God, who is the centre of all life, the shadows begin to fly away. The day-spring from on high dawns upon us. Beholding what is spiritual and divine, we are gradually changed into the same image, till the light of a perfect and eternal day shall open to receive us.

J. H. Morison.

THE IDYL OF EDEN.

THE questions with which "Gail Hamilton" closes the first of a recent series of papers, in "The Christian Union," on the fall of Adam, and to which, on the premises assumed, there really seems to be no answer that is not hopelessly sad, prompt one to look again at those premises, and ask if they are certainly sound. "How can we be expected to stand where Adam fell? And suppose we do stand, suppose we do secure an upright generation, what guaranty have we that it will not upon the second temptation lapse into vice, repeat the ruin of Adam, and so give us all our work to do over again? What hinders the world's progress from being at best but a perpetual moral see-saw, now up, next down?" "What, indeed?" we reply. We cannot tell, and upon this showing things look sad enough. But suppose we examine our premises anew. Could we so far divest ourselves of tradition and inherited opinion as to look dispassionately at the subject, we might see good reason to disbelieve that the race has ever known a general crisis of decline, has ever had a "fall."

We need not pause to recall the fact that physical death, so far from being traceable to any moral lapse, prevailed long before moral beings appeared on the earth, and is indeed (physiologists tell us) involved in the very plan of organic structures, vegetable as well as animal; for it seems likely (as some one has suggested) that the current opinion upon this point, in these days at least, is drawn, however unconsciously, more from Milton's poem than from the Bible. We will rather ask what has been in fact the history of man from the outset, so far as we are able to ascertain it.

Passing by as still in dispute the doctrine of physical evolution — though we cannot but call attention to the steady decrease in the distrust and aversion with which even conservative theologians have inclined to regard it — one must be struck, even upon the most cursory glance at history, with the "one increasing purpose" running through the ages. We need not go back to any conjectural "cave-man," nor turn the fascinating

pages of Le Hon or Lubbock, as they reconstruct the life of a "Stone Age," or a "Bronze Age," to be impressed with the idea of human development and progress from almost the lowest terms: we may take our stand quite within historic times. If the progress of a single decade, and still more of a century, suggests this, yet more shall we be impressed when we compare periods more widely separated. The picture which Macaulay paints of the England of two centuries ago, and those by Hallam of still earlier stages in European history, are very suggestive. The past to which we look back so fondly, and with such regret, presents quite a different aspect under the critical glasses of the historian, or as seen through his telescope. At the close of the "History of the Middle Ages" is a chapter on the state of Europe at that period. In it the author gives an interesting sketch of manners and society in those times, their fluctuations, and, since the twelfth century, their gradual improvement. In one place, after showing that allowance must be made for the tendency of early writers to speak despondingly of their own times (in accordance with a law which we shall presently discuss), he says, "I shall content myself with observing that times to which men sometimes appeal as to a golden period were far inferior, in every moral comparison, to those in which we are thrown."

We need not fall into the error of ignoring the intense intellectual activity of the so called "Dark Ages," nor deny that there have been periods of serious decline, ebbs, as well as flows, in the tide of events; we may allow that in some directions and in some places the human mind early reached a point of development not since surpassed, if even equaled, that (as Freeman has it in the "Outlines of History," when speaking of the age of Pericles) "there never was a time when the human mind was brought so near to its highest pitch as in these few years of the greatest power and splendor of Athens;" we may admit much of what Mr. Phillips in his somewhat fanciful lecture claims for the "Lost Arts;" we only urge that there has been a general progress, not in every particular, but in the total of man's being, material and immaterial; not in a straight line, but in a waving one, or in a spiral.

Let us look at a few illustrations. Where is the science of any past age which could devise, or the art which could execute, a

plan to feel for the end of a lost thread at the depth of nearly two miles, in mid-ocean, and bring it to the surface? Where is the science of any past age that could make known to us the elements of the fixed stars, and, having shown the term "fixed" to be a misnomer, actually tell us the rates at which they are approaching or receding? Where is the science of any past age which could in great measure reconstruct, as philology has done for our Aryan ancestors, the life and manners of a people living thousands of years before the dawn of history, whose language as such no longer exists, who have left no distinct traces of themselves in monuments or traditions, and whose very existence was till recently scarcely suspected?

Or (to look at ethical questions) how superior an age when, by the principle of arbitration, the hour seems at hand when the nations shall learn war no more! when the characteristic mistakes of the age, in communism and the like, are only faulty embodiments of the principle of human brotherhood, and when sociology is the distinctive science of the age!

For it will not do to reply that the development and progress of the age is materialistic and intellectual merely, and that these might easily consist with a low moral condition; since it is precisely the moral progress of the age which is most characteristic of it. It is an age of alliances, of arbitration, of international weights and coinage, of co-operative institutions, of penal reforms. It is an age when the love of man, which, if we may believe the Apostle John, is a condition of, if indeed it do not ultimately involve, the love of God, is challenging the largest attention and inquiry, and if pursued with more scientific methods may for that reason be the freer from mere sentiment; an age when the rights of the lower creatures are being vindicated and recognized; and when that very doubting and shaking up of all the old beliefs, which sometimes startles us, may be only the prelude to a larger and a purer faith when, having "tested all things," we shall "hold fast that which is good," and out of this season of storm and stress shall emerge into that peace of God which passes all understanding.

Notice further, that, in practice, we always assume as a matter of course that history is a record of progress. However conser-

vative and orthodox our theological views, we never think or speak of any past age save as inferior to our own, and inferior (upon the whole) *in direct proportion* to its remoteness from us. Nor is this to be accounted for by any principle of perspective, or by what we may call the egotism of any time present; for, as we shall presently notice, the tendency, until very lately, has been, as Horace sings, "to praise the times when we were children," to set the golden age at the beginning instead of at the goal of events. And this new outlook toward the future, so characteristic of our age, confirms, by its illustration of the larger thought of the day, that belief we may have independently reached, concerning the progress of the race.

"I may fear the troubles of the passing time," says the author of the "Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition," "but I cannot fear for humanity. For I know that its course is onward, and irrepressibly, irreversibly onward. I know that unerring Wisdom will make the faults of each age, the calamities of nations, and the failure of states, the ministers and means of a better growth, and will lead its own with strong attraction through the woes of the present, through the ruptures and wrongs of the hour, and over the wrecks of time, into clearer day and serener life; and that out of the experience of so many ages, and the contributions of so many nations, will come at length the perfect order, the reign of Reason, the City of God."

Take the special subject of Hebrew history itself, and it is impossible not to be impressed with the sensible progress of the people after we come, with the migration of Abraham, upon ground which begins to look fairly historic. The heroic times of the Judges, with all their crudeness and barbarism, are an advance upon the pusillanimous period of the Exodus and the Desert; the splendor of the early monarchy, in spite of the canker at its heart, is an advance on the disordered times of the Judges and the greater cruelties obtaining in those days; and even the sad decline incident upon the schism is lighted up by the sublime warnings of the prophets, whose development is itself a token of the growth of the inner life of the people. Then comes the Captivity, with its discipline, out of which the people are to come spiritualized; their thoughts turned inward upon the things of

the spirit, their hopes turned upward and forward to the coming day.

It seems to remain now only to show how easily and naturally the story of a Fall may have arisen.

We have expressed the belief that the present age is distinguished from all the past in looking rather to the future than the past for its golden age; yet it is a general law which has hitherto obtained in the feeling of nations, and which even to-day holds good in the individual experience, that the past grows brighter as we recede from it; that —

> "The past will always win
> A glory from its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein."

It is a beneficent provision in memory, that, as we review even the recent past, its sad or annoying features fade away, and leave the pleasure without alloy; and every one thinks with Wordsworth he was happier when a child. Sometimes we even have despondent fits and complain: "Life is not so happy as it used to be; family and social life have declined; crime and suffering have greatly increased; religion has declined, has lost its hold upon the consciences and lives of men; and even nature itself seems to have caught the general spirit of evil, — the summers are hotter, the winters colder" (or else the reverse, for here, as always, tastes differ); "there is too much rain or too little; there are more tornadoes and earthquakes than there used to be; everything is going to destruction." Nor is this individual feeling peculiar to the present; there is a story of a Spartan king who answered such a despondent one, that it was probably so, for he remembered that when he was a boy he heard his father say that when *he* was a boy his grandfather said the same thing.

And as this feeling certainly exists in the individual, so it seems to have existed in that almost spontaneous folk-lore which embodies the race-feeling. Every stream of history has its sources in a golden age when the earth teems unbidden with the richest fruits, and the men are only less than gods. The Roman Virgil, writing in the first brilliant days of the Empire, can sing no higher praise of it than that the golden age of Saturn's peaceful reign has

come again. In the book of Ecclesiastes, written certainly some centuries before Jesus, we read the caution, "Say not, 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Dr. Noyes, commenting on this passage, adds, "The notion of the superiority of former ages is still prevalent in the East," and quotes the following from another writter: "The Hindoos have four ages which nearly correspond with the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages of the Western heathen. In the first age, called Kretha, they say the corn sprang up spontaneously, and required no attention; in the second, named Treatha, the justice of kings and blessings of the righteous caused it to grow; in the third, called Tuvara, rain produced it; but in this, the fourth age, called Kally, many works have to be done to cause it to grow. 'Our fathers,' say they, 'had three harvests in the year; the trees also gave an abundance of fruit. Where is now the cheapness of provisions? the abundance of fish? the fruitful flocks? the rivers of milk? the plenty of water? Where the pleasures? Where the docility of animals? Where the righteousness, the truth, and affection? Where the riches, the peace, the plenty? Where the mighty men? Where the chaste and beautiful mothers with their fifteen or sixteen children? Alas, alas, they are all fled.'"

"It may at first sight seem strange," says Macaulay, in his History of England (chap. 3), "that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propositions, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is in some sense unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely *because* there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save, with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past."

"In truth," continues this writer, "we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. . . . A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity."

Is it suggested now in reply that quite a different interpretation may be put upon the illustrations we have adduced; that in all these dreams of a golden age we may see, not a common illusion growing out of common tendency of the human mind, but the traces, often distorted indeed and indistinct, of a real event, a real condition of the race; and that the memory of it has lingered still, through successive migrations, only changing hue and outline as the language of a people alters under a new sky and amid new conditions? We answer that such a view of the traditions in question might perhaps be held were there no other difficulty, and that we have called attention to them, and to that tendency of thought whence they may have flowed, only to offer a possible explanation of a belief involving the gravest moral difficulties. For though, on finding our individual reminiscences so largely illusory, or learning that the heroic age of nation after nation when scrutinized dissolves away into mere romance, we can hardly resist the inference, the suggestion, that the same tests applied (if they could be applied) to the *race* traditions of a heroic age, might produce like results; still our most serious objections to the current view grow, as we have said, out of moral considerations. Aside from the fact that the view in question complicates the problems of Theism by seriously compromising some of the Divine attributes, there are very grave difficulties upon the side of history; for either the common and long-accepted results of so-called secular history must be ignored, or brought into hopeless conflict with the supposed sacred or theological history; or else the two being forced into some semblance of harmony, or the theological view being at all hazards preferred, there results a philosophy of history as inexplicable as it is gloomy and discouraging. Until re-

assured by a glance at actual history, we should be unable logically to see anything hopeful in the prospects of the race, but only a "moral see-saw," and in the story of man only the record of a moral puppet.

Let us hope then the hour is coming when we shall cease to find in the story of Eden the premises of a sad and disheartening philosophy of life; and shall view it rather as one of the idyls of the race, one of the many endeavors, almost spontaneous and unconscious, of maturing and sobering man, to surround his cradle and his childhood with the roseate colors of the dawn.

We have learned now that Westward runs the best route to the East. Childhood, with all its special graces, is far from being the highest and best period in human life. It has indeed its charms; and these — its simplicity, its trustfulness, its freedom from actual guilt — may, happily, be preserved in great perfection till the hoary head has become a crown of glory; but we are not to forget that it is crude and imperfect, and that its innocence is a quality merely negative, as devoid of virtue as it is of sin. "Be not children in understanding," writes the apostle; "howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." "When I was a child," he muses, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child;" but the hour comes when childish things must be put away, if real growth is to be achieved.

Happy for Paris had he heeded the offer of the wise, chaste goddess: —

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> . . . . . Rest thee sure
> That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
> So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
> Shall strike within thy pulses, like a god's,
> *To push thee forward* through a life of shocks,
> Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
> Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
> Circled through all experiences, pure law,
> Commeasure perfect freedom."

H. D. Catlin.

THE GREAT MAN AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

A SERMON.* BY REV. C. A. BARTOL, D.D.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." — MATT. XVIII. 4.

THUS the great man is the little child, in every beautiful quality common to childhood and manhood, — simplicity, humility, teachableness, affectionateness, earnestness, and that crown and keystone of human nature, the indomitable will.

Musing on the death of James Walker, the spirit brings me a text, never more lively in my memory in thinking of any person so strong and wise, and of a character so consistent through an acquaintance I have had with him of over forty years. The secret of this reputation, still standing like a tower while the grand, mortal form is laid low, must have been a solid virtue, which consists in transforming the graces we are born with into principles. To humble one's self as a little child is to have more than a child's humility. It is instinct wrought into choice. It is the look and manner of the cradle preserved in the firm step, defined feature, and upright form. Happy the man whose lips infantile innocence and the artless cunning of the babe have never left! Beauty and persuasion from him shall be in the mouth, which, says one, oftener than any other part of the countenance, disappoints.

Without inquiring how all excellence on earth or in heaven is but the transfiguring of our earliest traits, I find an illustration of the doctrine in our dear and venerable friend. Perhaps we have never had in this community a man, the impressiveness of whose bearing, in public or private, at once drew more universal respect, although not like inferior men the crowd, and surely none of lowliness more singularly marked. Does one live who can quote a word, remember a gesture, refer to a momentary glance in him of vanity or conceit? He dealt in sterling gold: the guinea's stamp upon it was put without his knowledge in the great mint. There was no affected self-disparagement, that common trap for praise,

* Preached in West Church, Boston, Jan. 3, 1875.

and of self-exaggeration not a jot. A property so Christian and attractive goes far to account for his hold on his associates and his kind. Thomas Starr King told me that a boy in Charlestown one day on the street calling out to some fellow, with the usual abbreviation of Walker's Christian name, the unpretending minister turned on the sidewalk, over which he was passing, and asked the wanton lad, with all gentleness, if he meant him. There is a peculiar charm in this forgetting or abnegation of self. It is, in people distinguished or obscure, the merit most rare. It is all over with the finest influence when a man is conscious of his claims, and looks over his shoulder at the shadow he casts. How many eminent persons this assumed dignity spoils! They seem sitting as for their picture. The young lady as she dresses looks in the glass, and these dignitaries would make a mirror of mankind. The really great men do not act for history or posterity, but for truth and duty: then history tells their tale and posterity cherishes their renown. The vertical sun they live under spares them all consideration of the reflection they cast. Jesus was not the solemn figure, the machine of salvation in a scheme, which we imagine. He played with children, and played on Peter's name; and if he wept once at the grave of Lazarus, and sweat blood-like drops in Gethsemane, he smiled every day. Of certain supposed returning travelers from the spirit life, the medium, in a trance, said, "These are stiff men; I wish they would go away." Dr. Walker was no iceberg or iron bar; he did not need to unbend.

Yet this irreproachable was a playful disciple. Abraham Lincoln, overborne with responsibility, said he should die if he could not occasionally tell a jocose story. Never was gravity more deep than Walker's; yet he too declared life would be intolerable without a sense of humor. To smooth the wrinkles of care, disarm the thunder-cloud of anger, and turn quarrel into a jest, it was never in anybody more genuine, or more dry, or more apt for moral service. When a young man asked of him the readiest road to fame, he answered, "I think you had better attack the Christian religion, or the Constitution of the United States." When another of a lazy and undecided temper consulted him about the choice of a vocation, and listlessly said he had sometimes thought

he should like to be an architect, Walker replied, "Sir, a man's aptitudes are to be respected; but his inclinations are to be examined, analyzed, and if proved unfit or unworthy, turned out of doors."

Being not a prophet or seer of the future, but a practical sage of the present, he went with the Webster whig party in his politics; but no philanthropist could be more unwilling than he to be the instrument of any cruelty of the law, and when he was pushed to the logical conclusion with the question whether he would aid in the recapture of a fugitive slave, he being at the time afflicted with a severe lameness that rendered all locomotion difficult and painful, rejoined, "The fugitive slave would not deserve his freedom who could not get away from me." The essential modesty, perhaps self-distrust, so remarkable in a constitution so powerful, did not qualify him for a stirring part in life. Popular as a preacher, professor, president, and man, I suppose he did not shine very conspicuously as executive officer or administrator of affairs, although ably discharging every office and trust. His hand was hardly like that of Quincy on the college-reins. His large discourse of reason compelled him to see both sides of every case, possibly to reserve his decision too long, and perhaps to reopen what was understood as having been settled once, so that the students in his charge sometimes complained that their cause did not, under his auspices, go with the faculty, as they had expected from his conversation in private, and "the word of promise to the ear was broken to the hope." It was not because he was two-faced and insincere, but, like the celebrated English Halifax, scrupulous and nice in his argumentation. Doubts would remain or recur in the apparently clear solution; he was advocate of both parts, and found it hard for conscience and intellect absolutely to decide.

He was almost too deferential, a fine speaker, but the best of listeners. He granted your proposition sooner and easier than you wished; you were ashamed of the scope he gave you, and regretted the little resistance he made. "And cold performs the effect of fire," writes Milton of a certain region, in Paradise Lost. His humility stopped you more than any pride. It was a gulf to fall into, more frightful than were any stone to stumble at or hill to

mount. I call to mind only once his withstanding my plea, namely, that the Harvard professors should attend the Sunday service to which the students were compelled. Ordinarily he seemed too passive or submissive to another's thought. It was not so much concession as patience and kind regard. Dr. Channing never had greater respect to a companion's mind, and I longed in converse with him for less facile agreement and some wholesome electric shock in the conflict of opinions or encounter of wit. There was a strange seeming contrast betwixt the man in the pulpit, laying down the law from which the soul could not flee, and in the parlor, consenting mildly to what you might suggest. In the desk he was a king on his throne, a magistrate in his chair, a dictator of duty, an expounder of truth; in the room or by the way how sweet and courteous, a bland gentleman, an unassuming child! The last time he gave you and me here a labor of love, as we walked home together I was fain to signify to him my delight in the reasoning sort of sermon he had delivered like a great lawyer in the church. He responded, with characteristic withdrawal and effacing of himself, "Oh, there are many ways of preaching." Long after he had ceased from the regular ministrations, I asked him if he did not sometimes, from old habit and enjoyment of a calling he had exercised so acceptably, hanker to hold forth. "Never," was his emphatic reply. Again, meeting him by chance, I said, "You do not come before the public often now." "No," he answered, laughing, "I am retiring gracefully from the stage." I had to tell him, "You cannot retire so gracefully from as you have occupied it." Visiting him, some years ago, in his study, in Cambridge, when he had resigned his presidency, I found him revising and rewriting his Lowell Institute Lectures. "For publication, I hope," I said. "Not at all," he replied, "only to put them in better shape." I said nothing, but I confess I had a sense of the sublime in the solitary thinker's recasting his speculations, after a generation had passed, with nothing of the greedy American eye for publication, hasty notoriety, any earthly success, any human knowledge: but simply to state more clearly and entirely in the cold manuscript, to be returned to his drawer, the truth of the subjects discussed.

But, loving seclusion, he did not shrink from duty. There was a time in his prime when his trumpet was heard, among the loud-

est and most resounding his bugle blown. In the breaking out of the Trinitarian and Unitarian strife, no yeoman's service was more valuable than his. In that controversy he was in the van. I suppose his eloquence of logic on fire reached the middle-class, the rank and file of young men, the foremost business intelligence of the time, more effectually than did Channing's superior, ideal strain. Indeed Dr. Walker was practically, to the generality of folks, perhaps the weightiest and most powerful advocate the new heretics in theology had. His statement was irresistible. Webster could not say the thing with more force in the forum than he in the desk. He was an orator to match Everett, without the oratorical gloss. He could so possess his hearer's mind with his point as to drive everything else out. The reason was he began low down on the level with his audience, and it was an actual progress, a real journey up the mountain they were constrained with him to take. There was no superfluous matter, no waste powder, no side-issue. The very baldness of his fancy shut out needless ornament; his gravitation, like the globe, to truth gave no space for digression or ingenuity, and his word went like a cannon-ball to the mark. How his sentences hissed as they were hurled! I am told that when he gave an ordination discourse at Cincinnati, certain orthodox opponents, attending from curiosity, to hear what this babbler would say, were fairly, as by a physical engine, forced out of church by the momentum of his words. "I did not dare to look at him, or meet his eye," said one, "when he preached from the text, 'I would that thou wert either cold or hot.'"

When the transcendental issue in this country was joined between Mr. Norton and Mr. Ripley, who but he should be at the front! The aspiring youth of the time could scarce have done, would have been ill-bestead, without that brave champion, which his strength in the churches and in the periodical and pamphlet literature of the time enabled him to be. There was in the zeal of the grave, unimaginative, judicious, trusted man a color of romance and enterprise which went into the very banner of theological freedom and aggrandizement of faith. If that ardor abated, and the courageous challenger fell back from positions taken farther on by more recent explorers in the field, let the juniors not expect from fourscore the labors of one score or two of years;

and understand the wise and honest suspicion that all motion may not be progress, and that some steps of ingenuously attempted discovery have to be retraced, —

> "As old experience doth attain
> To something like prophetic strain."

Certainly Dr. Walker was neither in the rear nor in the lead of the host of more recent reform in church or state. He told me he did not belong to either wing, right or left, but to the right centre. But, even by a sympathizer with the forward part, something may be said for the counsellors of prudence, the moral brakeman through whose care the human train is safe as well as swift. I said to him, on his eightieth birth-day, that he had watched our centripetal and centrifugal tendencies, and kept us in the orbit of law; and he answered that none of the many letters of congratulation had been more welcome.

Dr. Orville Dewey, his peer in age and genius, — long live he still! — writes to me that he was "unassailable on every side, had never done or said or printed anything that could be taken hold of against him: was there ever a better preserved reputation? This argues doubtless great caution and self-control. But it was not coldness or apathy. What Demosthenic power and concentrated passion of utterance there was in his preaching! In some respects he stood alone, a grand statue only increased in its dignity and beauty by the benignity, gentleness, and modesty that invested it." His example was conservation of force, fire on the hearth not on the floor, the animation of a retiring man, no such conscious colossus as we sometimes see bestride the senate, pulpit or bar, but like Wesley wanting no monument, and as Fenelon willing to serve and be unknown. The moderate as well as the enthusiastic deserve praise. I do not believe it was the anger of the Lord, but of some fanatic presuming to act in his name, that smote Uzza for putting forth his hand to hold the ark when it shook and the oxen stumbled. Those who steady, as well as those who drive or draw, are wanted and in place; and the flame, which propels car or ship, is not that which sparkles and flashes and makes a noise, but rather out of hearing and sight, a central and governed heat, although ambitious zealots always have their merits allowed beyond those of the advisory class; and oftentimes

it is the forth-putting, like a show-pipe on the organ or figure-head of the vessel, who get all the credit belonging in part to unseen yet real promoters of the commonweal. But there was no lack of kindling in Walker. A latent caloric inflamed dry argument, the fervor of the Methodist was in the coolness of the rationalist, till a conclusion of the understanding ended in a conflagration of feeling and bolt of resolve. Never passionate, he was impassioned always. What an adroit advocate to anticipate and state all that could be said on the other side, and come in with overwhelming victory at the close! He did not know what an artist he was, nor were we aware, so natural as well as astute was his power, waxing in his style from the lowest fountain-beginnings till it became a flood as of Father Taylor's untaught rhetoric at last. A vacuum is the great power in mechanics, to pull the piston or blow the package through the empty tube. So the absence of a speaker's will only lets in the omnipotence of the Divine; while wit was ready as excitement ebbed and the grave discourser with a great thought beyond pathos could turn a smile into a tear. After attending a conference, he said, he did wish ministers would speak in their natural voice! When the students in their costume evaded the regulation black with an invisible green, he said he was sorry their ingenuity could not be more profitably bestowed. If he was seldom touching he was never weak.

Let me give some specimens. His sermon to unwary promisors. "Thou shalt say, No!" his advice to let propagandists of infidelity alone till "they should become ashamed of their cause, ashamed of one another, and ashamed of themselves;" his comic query to his congregation whether there was such a thing as "common honesty;" his declaration to impatient reformers, "You cannot hurry God;" his apprising those who stood aloof from reform with the plea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" that "this was the excuse of the first murderer;" his ringing defiance at low views of human nature that "there is bound up in every man an archangel were there but motive to bring it forth,"— which was quoted for generations; his ridicule of ministers preaching over people's heads, "Perhaps they shot one side, perhaps the shot fell short, and perhaps they did not think to put any shot in;" his description of the law as a "sleeping lion," and his incredulous satire of those pretending to be shocked by new views, — who can forget

that heard such things sounding in the mellow and mighty voice, and saw them gleam through that gray eye, and felt them pressed home with a gesture from the slender hand with tapering fingers in which beauty was combined with delicacy and strength! His frame and face and head, chiselled finely with a half-pale, half-ruddy artistic tint, was so handsome, it would have fixed admiration but that we were always constrained to look beyond at the lamp of living glory set in this exquisitely modeled human vase.

How he went into his work, which was no tinted photograph, but a hewn monument or sculptured form! Under his refinement was what rude native vigor! How he gazed like a lynx, stooped like an eagle, and swung to and fro like an elephant about to charge; his sustained note and long-breathed tone having something of the lion's roar! Yet there was nothing gross or animal in the temper he did not indulge, but absorbed and re-absorbed into power. With little of invention or imagination, he stood on accepted premises and universal principles to move the world. Naturally skeptical to prove all things, he convinced you it was safe to believe at least as much as he did. You could scarcely doubt what he told you was true. A young minister, in doctrinal perplexity, consulting him, he said, "All the creeds are questionable; put your stick down where you will, you find soft ground on every side; preach the representative doctrines!" I trust we can do better. Himself a seeker for truth, he never came to the end of his quest. All to him were open questions still, on which he has gone to get more light! He quickened, but did not solve. Faith springs largely from sentiment, and from that intuitive creative faculty of which he was mainly devoid. Yet in God and duty with what agony he believed! His bald and bare, but mountainous mind rested on primeval rock. His writing was slow; hard work to prepare; but there was no rending the links on his anvil hammered and forged. He was intense to enliven truisms. If an ethical axiom was buried in oblivion or heedless unconcern, he was the man to raise it from the dead. Is there a gift of originality? His was the genius of common-place; and it requires more energy to revive from indifference and put a neglected truth in gear, among the affairs of man, than to throw out novel hints. Not ingenious to discover, he was wise to judge, persuasive to enunciate, and potent to apply.

It is the great privilege of existence to know a truly great man who is also a little child, like Humboldt and Agassiz and Newton and Lincoln; and Walker belongs to this band. All his notions I did not share, nor stand in every one of his positions. He argued that ministers had better not vote, having both parties in their church, so as not to offend but ingratiate the flock, and I did not agree with him in that. He resembled the man who said, "I was not an abolitionist till the Lord was," as if the Lord were not so with his first inspiration to Garrison's mind and long before! I regretted this backward attitude, as I did the heady intolerance, on the other hand, from which, after maintaining, against the mob, over forty years ago, George Thompson's right to speak, and being among the first to urge the removal of negro-galleries in the church, I suffered myself as a so-called recusant, for refusing to sign a single ill-drawn petition, at the hands of later converts to the cause. By the splended and blessed success of the anti-slavery cause in this country, my judgment of the unjust bigotry that strove without ground to stain individual character for the least difference of method to the same end, has not been altered a jot.

Dr. Walker, with all his unequaled balance and harmony, had constitutional limitations, in which, with a curious humor or an arch self-depreciation, he seemed to rejoice. Being invited into a picture-gallery, he declined, saying "he should have to make-believe too much,"—a confession and keen satire too! Having little sense of music, he remarked that he saved a good deal of time in not going to concerts, — a doubtful, had it been meant for a general, proposition. If his little quotation signified slight reading of poetry, small was his acquaintance with singers beyond the hymn-book and David's psalms. His pages have scarce more wealth from nature than Calvin's, which let in no ray of beauty even from the neighboring lake of Geneva or the snowy Alps. But our brother and leader wrote with a love and liberality unknown to the grim Genevan's pen.

Dr. Walker had no hatreds, revenges, envies, or spites; and I trust we all do emulate if not match him in that. He was an optimist, in making no useless complaints, giving way to no vain forebodings or regrets. He was no marplot or kill-joy, and heartily eschewed the buzzing censor who, he quaintly said to me,

if there were in anybody a sore big as a four-pence half-penny, would be sure to light on that spot! He was a clean-limbed racer, and laid aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us. In these days of scandal, accusation, and objurgation it is pleasant to think that a rumor of his wrong-doing, of any impurity or dishonesty, the air itself could not receive or support. How this holy self-possession was in his bearing and tone! How deeply religious he was! His opening prayer here at the funeral of Dr. Lowell was the most chastened, inspiring, and subduing part; and the way in his scripture-reading, at the burial of Gen. Lowell, he said, "Shall the sword devour forever? He hath given it a commission to devour," — left nothing to add.

Why, at last so solitary, was he to the last so happy, but for his trust in God? Not only honoring father and mother makes one's life long in the land. With a sound constitution and sober habits, great objects and ideas in the heart and brain, as with Michael Angelo, Dante, and Goethe, favor longevity. "I verily believe he lives on purpose," it was said of one. Yes, "purpose:" that more than aught beside is the thing to live on! "I shall live and not die," said sick David, "to declare the glory of the Lord," with the same positiveness as an older prophet in his bed. When a certain person was commended, it was answered, "The only objection I have to him is that he died." "I have power," said Jesus, "to lay down my life and take it again." Yes, a great object is that on which to live! Dr. Walker came to his good old age from fulfilling the Maker's mission and obeying his laws. So perfect his frame, he told me, not long since, he had not lost a tooth. At his obsequies I felt that of Bible or liturgy was little need. Any word could scarce fail to interrupt the silent collect. The silver hairs in the pews, with the youthful heads, the noiseless emotion, the representation seldom equaled, from sanctuary and court, of letters and laws, to do him honor, and the solemn stillness of the long sitting before the service began, swallowed up the devotions of speech and song like the silence of God, and substituted, for the weeping of wife or child, brother or sister, over that lonely but not unlamented form, the paternal and sisterly sorrow of kindred minds, to stand for a multitude whose tribute in ten thousand houses we could signify, but not replace.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," as the ancient tree ripens a peculiar flavor. But the reaper comes at last; and some of us must feel like stalks of wheat in the field, or stems in the vineyard waiting but a day for the gleaner's hand. My cedar, after five hundred years, puts forth as tender green as the plant a day old; and the great man in freshness is the little child.

In understanding, Walker had something of Socrates, less of Plato, more of Aristotle, — in his heart always the Christ. Character beyond intellect, the lesson of all being, is what "being dead he yet speaketh," as, with knowledge, it made the sage he was, but did not affect to be, although he must have felt it a reward of his fidelity to be leaned on almost more than was any other man in the community for advice: for it is not the big, stately, statuesque and cast-iron individual, with rigid and forbidding air and manner, that we go to for counsel, but the simple, Jesus-like, little in their own esteem, great in God. A spiritual physician, Dr. Walker had a crowd of patients. In the benevolence of his heart he volunteered to young men how many suggestions for their best influence, to secure success and spare them pain! There was no fly in his ointment, no mote of dust or stain on the glass of his telescope, no prejudice to bias, no error to warp, no vice to alloy. We could take his opinion without the proverbial grain of salt. I remember his kind and sagacious encouragement and warning to myself at my settlement, and how well what he intimated as likely, was verified in fact, as it was always after his broad and friendly survey, accurate as of the instruments that traced the transit of the planet. For this goodness I lay my offering on his grave. In his last note to me he says, "For several years I have been little better than a book-worm, slow to adopt any of the new movements, and slower still to be frightened by them. I have no doubt that all things will come out right at last; but precisely where they will come out I do not profess to know. Do you? Oddly enough it seems to me that the ritualists, the old 'high and dry,' are at the present moment more thoroughly alive than any other party in or out of the church."

Dr. Walker, especially since his editing of "The Christian Examiner," allowed little of his writing to go to the press, save a volume of sermons of which I have an autograph gift-copy. He rated himself lowly as an author, as he did in every other way. Doubt-

less his words suffer some discount when the vast personality of the speaker is taken out. But there must be in his lectures, as well as sermons, which are as admirable studies as those of any man, a rare lustre of spirituality, sound morals, reason and good sense; and I trust that a posthumous publication by his literary executors may confirm and perpetuate his fame.

Hail and farewell to this model of sobriety! We pronounce fit eulogies on those who have boldly breasted a divided opinion and pioneered the way, martyrs for a cause. It is said that every sleeper of the railway, across the Isthmus to Panama, is a coolie, the mortality among the laborers was so great. We all walk or ride over the bones of those who have suffered and died for our sake, — we have not one redeemer, but ten thousand. Yet praise is due also to the moderate man, the sealer of our moral weights and measures, who preserves the equipoise of society and trims the boat, if an earnest moral sense dictates that part. It took Gen. Jackson, on horse-back, pistol in hand, to rout twenty thousand men at a horse-race that was going to be run by fraud. Dr. Walker could have performed no such feat. He was not made for a partisan or leader of a forlorn hope. He committed himself to no man or set of men, but headed now one, now another, company, to let justice even her scales. Theodore Parker he could not go with, or resist, although he prized him not as a theologian, but considered him, as he told me, "a phenomenon," having his providential place. He sometimes regretted not having himself studied the law; but his position was rather of one on the bench than at the bar. He rushed into no foremost rank to attract observation and cry, Lo! here, or, Lo! there; but stayed in the closet with God and his own thought, coming forth in the simple strength of its sacred right. He laid on us a spell by the absence of all clerical sanctimony, exaggeration, or superstition, although never lived a man of more serious, pronounced piety. At his presidential inauguration he thrilled every soul of his audience with one sentence, as he bowed his head and lifted his hand, of reference to the Divine Presence in which he stood, taking the vow of faithfulness to his trust. If he said nothing original, he said nothing to take back. The Bible encomium, said Ephraim Peabody, on a man is that he was *just*. By our venerable friend it was well earned.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, D.D.

It was our privilege to be in Philadelphia, on the twelfth of January, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Furness' ministry in that place, and a more grateful and hearty recognition of a good man's life is seldom witnessed in this world. The pupils of Phillips Exeter Academy coming together from all quarters to honor their old preceptor, Benjamin Abbot, LL.D., on his completing fifty years of faithful service, or the alumni of Harvard University rising with reverent respect when the honored form of the venerated President Quincy appeared among them at their anniversaries, present the only occasions which come to our minds as worthy to be compared with this, among all the commemorative services at which we have been present. The house of the beloved pastor was open for the reception of friends from twelve till six o'clock. No one could enter that home without seeing tokens of the qualities which have made his life what it has been in this personal ministry of fifty years. The church was filled in the evening. Friends from near and far had come together to bear witness to the love and honor which they bore him. The speeches and poems were good. But there was nothing in any one or all of them to mark the occasion, and cause it to be remembered for a life-time. The one remarkable thing that gave unity and interest to the occasion, and which it is a joy to bring away and cherish in our hearts and memories as long as we live, is the man, with the life that he had been living, the ministry which he has been carrying on, the personal qualities and influences which have been going on with him through all these fifty years with a constantly increasing power. As with Dr. Walker, in a widely different sphere, here also the man was greater than his works. Sweet and grateful as his words and voice are, fresh and clear as his published writings have been, the personal form and

thought and life behind them were still more charming and effective.

By nature, Dr. Furness is an artist and a poet, endowed with all gentle and genial affections, and with tastes which have always shrunk as by an instinct of moral feeling from anything but what was honest, pure, and lovely. But with all the gentleness of a nature whose inmost fibres were touched with a sense of beauty, and moved by whatever is fair in the world without or lovely in the soul of man, moral rectitude was a law of his being; and when great moral principles, involving the rights of humanity, were at stake, he stood inflexible and immovable, protesting against the wrong, and feeling, as Luther did, that he could not do otherwise. And as a necessary consequence, the world has come round to his way of thinking, and honors him for that which once brought the heaviest reproaches upon him.

As a friend, winning the hearts of his people, carrying always with him an atmosphere of gentleness and kindliness, Dr. Furness has exercised a rare and beneficent influence. Men and women and children were drawn toward him by a gracious and lovely tenderness, which showed itself in the expression of his countenance and the tones of his voice. This might make him a pleasant companion. But it would not enable him to fill, as he has done, lo! these fifty years, the office of a Christian minister, were it not for the inspiration which came to him from a higher source, and made him the medium by which his people were brought into closer relations with God. Through his artistic tastes, he knew how to bring them into sympathy with whatever is beautiful in the world of nature and art. Through his warm and generous affections, he knew how to awaken corresponding feelings in others, and bring them into sympathy with whatever is lovely in our human relations. Through his moral perceptions, he knew how to teach the law of duty, and to bring men into obedience to its great behests. But there was a loftier faculty still by which his greatest works were done, — the sense of a Presence everywhere attending him, illuminating the fairest works of art and nature, and the sweetest intercourse of human beings, with a divine loveliness, enforcing the behests of holiness by diviner sanctions, lifting up our human lives into sympathy with what is divine, and in all the

terrible vicissitudes of our earthly condition reminding those around him of One who is leading them on into grander and deeper experiences of his love.

And the peculiar power, which our brother has shown in his ministry among his friends, has been drawn, day by day and year after year, from his personal familiarity with Jesus of Nazareth. His own account of this matter, in his semi-centennial sermon, is so much better than anything that we can say, that we cannot but quote from it. Referring to the study of the Gospels, as truthful narratives of facts, he says, —

"I have now for forty years given myself to this fundamental inquiry. It has been said that only scholars, far more learned men than I pretend to be, can settle the historical claims of the four Gospels. But the fact is, the theologians in Germany and elsewhere, profound as their learning is, have busied themselves about the external, historical arguments for the truth of these writings. They have been given, it has seemed to me, to a quibbling sort of criticism about jots and tittles. But it is not microscopes, but an eye to see with, that is the one thing needed for the elucidation of these writings.

"When we first occupied this building, I read courses of expository lectures every Tuesday evening, in a room which was fitted up as a vestry under the church, for some four or five months in the year, for five seasons. The attendance was never large; some thirty persons, perhaps, gave me their presence. But my interest in the study came not from my hearers, but from the subject, in which, from that time to this, I have found an increasing delight. Continually new and inimitable marks of truth have been disclosed. Unable to keep to myself what I found so convincing, I have, from time to time, published the discoveries, or what appeared to me discoveries, that I made.

To many of my brothers in the ministry I have appeared, I suppose, to be the dupe of my own fancies. What I have offered as sparkling gems of fact have been regarded as made, not found. Some time ago I came across an old letter from my venerated friend, the late Henry Ware, in which he expostulated with me for wasting myself upon such a barren study as he appears to have regarded the endeavor to ascertain whether this great Christendom be founded on a fable or on the adamant of fact.

"So dependent are we all upon the sympathy of others that I believe my interest in this pursuit would have abated long ago had it not been that the subject had an overpowering charm in itself, and that one great result of the inquiry, becoming more and more significant at every step, was to bring out in ever-clearer light the majestic, godlike character of the Man of Nazareth. As he has gradually emerged from the thick

mists of superstition and the theological speculation in which he had so long been hidden from my sight, his person, as profoundly natural as it was profoundly original, has broken upon me at times as 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.' Not in any alleged miracle; not in any nor in all his works, wonderful and unprecedented as some of them were; not in his words, immortal as is the wisdom that he uttered,—but in that reserved fullness of personal power of which his works and words, his whole overt life, give only a hint, significant, indeed, but only a hint. There, in himself, in what he was, in the native, original power of the man, the secret of his mighty influence has been laid bare to me. That it is that explains the existence of the wondrous stories of his life.

"And that it is, also, which is the inexhaustible fountain of inspiration, faith and love and hope, which the Infinite Mercy has opened in the world, and of which men, fainting and perishing in their sins, shall drink, and from within them shall flow rivers of healing and health.

"And further, science, becoming popular, is impressing the general mind so deeply with the idea of the inviolable order of nature that it is not to be believed that men will look much longer for the credentials of any person, or of any fact, in his or its departure from that order. Nothing can be recognized as truth that violates the laws of nature, or, rather, that does not harmonize with them fully. Deeply impressed with the entire naturalness of Jesus, I believe that the time is at hand when the evidence of his truth, of his divinity, will be sought, not in any preternatural events or theories, but in his full accord with the natural truth of things. As the Fact, the Person, in whom the highest or deepest in nature is revealed, he is the central Fact, harmonizing all nature.

"Never, never from the first, has it been more important that the personality of Jesus should be appreciated than at the present time. The Darwinian law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest is in all men's minds, and in the material, organized world of plants and animals we are all coming to consider it demonstrated. As an animal, man must be included under that law. In the physical world, as Prof. Tyndall tells us, 'the weakest must go to the wall.'

"But man is something a great deal more than an animal. He has an immaterial, moral, intellectual being, for which he has the irresistible testimony of his own consciousness; and as an immaterial being, it is not at the cost of the weak, but it is by helping the weak to live, that any individual becomes strong. This is the great law of our spiritual nature. The highest, the elect, the ones whom nature selects, the fittest to live, are those who are ready to die for others, sacrificing their mortal existence, if need be, to lift up the weakest to their fellowship. In the unchangeable order of things, not only is it not possible for a man to become great by sacrificing others to his own advancement, but his greatness can be secured only by giving himself for them.

"Let science, then, go on pouring light upon the laws and order of the material universe. But let it stand by its admission that its connection between that and the immaterial world, however intimate, is not only inscrutable, but unthinkable, and reverently recognize, standing there on the threshold of the immaterial world, one godlike figure, surrounded by the patriots and martyrs, the great and good of every age and country, holy angels, but high above them all in the perfectness of his self-abnegation. No one took his life from him; he gave it up freely of himself. And thus is he a special revelation of the law that reigns in the moral world, as surely as the law of natural selection reigns in the physical."

One thing above all others impressed us while in Philadelphia, and that is the constantly accumulating power of a Christian minister as the years of his ministry in one place are multiplied. It is only needful that he should be fitted for the place and the work, that he should be alive to all the highest interests of man, that he should keep along with the best thought and life of the time, that he should go year by year more deeply into the meaning of the Gospels, and with new freshness and power interpret them anew to his fellow-men, while he is himself regenerated and purified by the solemn and affecting experiences through which he is called to pass. Thus he finds himself living always with the Son of Man, till from the very perfection of his humanity he is transfigured and stands before him as the Son of God. Then he will go among his people with deeper and holier affections, he will speak to them more and more as one having authority; and he will be followed by them with ever-increasing love and reverence, blessing and being blessed. The passage of time, instead of blunting his sensibilities, makes him more alive to every motion in the direction of God's providence, and fills the world with new wonders and glories, till, at the end of his fifty years, he is able to speak naturally after this grand fashion: —

"It is a wonderful day, a great day of the Lord. We are stocks and stones if we do not catch the spirit, the generous spirit, of the Almighty, breathing and brooding in countless unacknowledged ways over this mysterious mankind. All things, like a host of prophets, are pointing us to an unimaginable destiny. The authority of the human soul over the visible universe is becoming every hour more assured. We are not here to walk in a vain show, to live only for the lust of the eye, so soon to be quenched in dust, or for the pride which feeds on what withers almost at the touch. Our nature bears the ineradicable likeness of the

Highest. The mystery of it is hidden in the mystery of all being, and the laws of our minds are revealed in the laws which hold the whole creation together. We are not servants, we are sons; heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus and all the good and great. And all is ours, ours to raise and enlarge our thoughts, to set us free from a corrupting bondage to the senses, to deepen our hunger and thirst for the only living and the true, for the beauty of holiness, the immortal life of God. And all our private experience, all our conflicts, our victories and our defeats, all the joys and sorrows which we have shared together, the sacred memories that come to us to-day of parents, sons and daughters and dear ones departed — do they not throng around us now, and kindle our hearts with unutterable prayers for ourselves and for one another?"

MR. GLADSTONE AND CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

The controversy aroused by Mr. Gladstone's remarks in "The Contemporary Review," concerning the position of the Roman Catholic Church and the new limits set to the civil loyalty of its members, has assumed large proportions, and continues to excite intense interest in England. His statements have drawn forth indignant rejoinders from eminent ecclesiastics, and other replies of a disturbed and semi-apologetic sort from equally eminent Catholic laymen. It is to be observed that, while some of the latter are evidently staggered and doubtful, the former, except, perhaps, Dr. Newman, though using ridicule and sarcasm in deprecation of Mr. Gladstone's assault, hold firmly to the extreme position, which occasioned and, we think, go far to justify it. The Pope has himself taken a part in the quarrel, assailing the late prime minister with a vigor of epithet savoring of those more fortunate days of papal rule in which his function of objurgation was exercised without risk of being contemned as empty reviling.

The English press has slowly roused itself to join in what it largely held at the beginning to be an ill-timed and needless strife. And though Mr. Gladstone has said that the main purpose of his discussion was practical, and not controversial, so astute a statesman can hardly have expected that such a vigorous and sweeping denunciation of the present policy of the Papacy would fail to attract universal attention, or to precipitate a discussion in which he would be called upon to justify such severe and damaging charges. He must have been conscious that the champions of the Vatican,

upon whose shields his challenge had rung so unmistakably in passing, could not rest until they had essayed to clear themselves of the imputations thus cast upon them.

Their onset, therefore, did not find him unprepared, and his "Political Expostulation" was a masterly defense of his former positions, and an argument which will have an important and lasting influence upon the English mind, as to the bearing of the Vatican decrees upon civil allegiance. No political pamphlet of recent times has had so wide a circulation as this; and it is certain that the public sentiment of England has never been so intelligently aroused, nor since the days of the Gordon riots so much excited concerning the pretensions of the Papacy. Of this able and exhaustive argument we have now only space to say, that, while we have been surprised at its occasional sharpness of epithet and unnecessarily irritating tone, it abundantly confirms and establishes Mr. Gladstone's previous statement, that since the Vatican decrees no one can become the convert of Rome without giving up his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of the Pope.

We have been especially interested to observe the singular use which has been made by the papal party in this controversy of the doctrine of the supremacy of conscience, familiarly known to us as the principle of the "Higher Law." They urge that the claims of private conscience limit civil allegiance for all men; and that Catholic and Protestant are therefore practically in the same relations to the state. This appeal to the supremacy of private conscience seems to us as unfortunate as it is disingenuous. In claiming supreme authority for it, as against the state, the ground on which the Romish theory of religion is founded is completely abandoned. Paradoxical as the statement may sound, Dr. Manning's argument can have no force except with Protestants. The Romanist has been instructed time out of mind to yield his conscience to the decisions of the church in all doubtful cases. If now it be remanded to his own keeping, he is likely to use his newly gained liberty more broadly than to decide in an appointed way the special question submitted to him. A conscience that can be appealed to on behalf of the assumption of a church, must be free to decide against that assumption in case

it shall appear unwarrantable. At all events, the world is not likely to attach great significance or sacredness to the decisions of a conscience which is only called into exercise for the purpose of signing, under direction, its own abdication in favor of a power claiming supreme authority over all private conscience and action. No doubt Archbishop Manning is right in affirming the superior sacredness of conscience in individual life to all external authority; but as little can Mr. Gladstone be censured for declaring that it would be absurd for the English government to defer to a conscience which chooses to submit itself absolutely to a foreign potentate, preferring his decrees to those of the government under whose protection its possessor elects to live.

Mr. Gladstone's charge that the Romish Church has shifted its limits of permissible doctrine seems also to be abundantly sustained. Not that the Papacy has changed its view as to its own prerogative, but that, until 1870, its view was not stringently enforced upon its members. Lord Acton's reply, from the moderate Catholic ground, is, that the indictment would be juster if it were more complete; that the doctrines did not begin to be enforced by the Vatican Council; that men have suffered death for this cause of questioning and restricting the temporal authority, as for blasphemy and atheism, and that the recent decrees have neither increased the penalty nor made it easier to inflict. Mr. Gladstone may justly reply that this papal claim was not always enforced; that, as he has shown, a party denying the temporal authority has been permitted in the church; and that the Decree of Infallibility gives to the Pope's claim a new importance, if not a new efficiency. In England, certainly, this claim has been permitted to rest. Fifty years ago, Archbishop Murray and Bishop Doyle of the Church in Ireland, testified before a select committee of the British Parliament, that the Pope's authority was wholly confined to spiritual affairs, demanding allegiance in matters entirely distinct from the state; and that he should be opposed if his commands interfered with the temporal rights of the king. This was before the granting of Catholic Emancipation in Great Britain, and doubtless such an interpretation of allegiance to Rome was a necessary condition precedent to that event. While Archbishop

Manning affirms that the conditions of allegiance have been in nowise altered, no ecclesiastic has ventured, in the present controversy, to deny that the authority of the Pope is supreme in matters temporal as well as spiritual. They have attempted to qualify somewhat or to explain, they have ridiculed the supposition of a possible conflict, but, tacitly or actually they have affirmed the claim of the Papacy to infallibility and temporal rule. The Catholic laymen, indeed, who have denied or questioned that in case of a conflict of allegiance it would always be their duty to adhere to the Pope, have been warned that they are out of bounds, and in imminent peril of the anathemas of the church. There is little doubt, however, that in the supposed case, the Ultramontane ecclesiastics would find, as they have repeatedly found before, that the great body of English Catholics hold anathemas cheap where loyalty to their civil constitution is vitally concerned. What generations of sedulous indoctrination into the extreme papal view might accomplish, we will not undertake to say, but at present the peril is rather conceivable than actual; and the value of Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation consists mainly in the influence which his sharp challenge of the towering assumptions of his opponents will have in bringing their position into clearer light, and compelling them to modify it or lose a larger proportion of their following.

The controversy will also have good results in opening the eyes of Protestants to the fact that the boasted unity in the Roman Church is unreal; and perhaps do something in England to stay that envy of the name of Catholicity which has repeatedly led Anglican officials into projects of doubtful alliance with the Romish, Greek, or Old Catholic Church to secure it. The claims of Catholic unity are certainly badly shattered. Clergy and laity take opposite views of the meaning and extent of ecclesiastical allegiance. The statements of bishops and archbishops, to-day, directly contradict those of similar functionaries fifty years ago. Lord Camoys sadly confesses that the Vatican decrees lay a new obligation on his conscience. Dr. Manning declares that the nature and extent of civil loyalty is nowise changed by them. Monsignor Capel says that the spiritual power defines and limits the civil power. Sir George Bowyer admits this extreme view to be inconsistent with civil allegiance. Several laymen, led by Lord

Arundel, boldly declare that the Vatican decrees are unsupported by any decision of a General Council, and by inference void. The Catholic Union of Great Britain formally repudiates Lords Arundel, Acton, Camoys, and the rest. The claim of *semper eadem* sounds somewhat absurd in the midst of this confusion of doctrine and opinion; and those who have been driven by ecclesiastical storms outside to seek the refuge of the Roman Church as a haven of peace, must find their visions of spiritual unity and repose somewhat rudely disturbed.

The position of moderate Catholics, as represented by Lord Acton, especially, is of exceeding interest. Not only does this Roman Catholic nobleman boldly declare that, if the present Pope or his successors should at any time command what is inconsistent with civil duty, the general Catholic conscience would infallibly disobey his orders, but he has also asserted that many Popes have in fact improperly interfered between princes and subjects; and being challenged by those of the Ultramontane party to furnish instances of such interference, has presented a terrible chapter, three columns long, in "The London Times," of papal misdeeds, oppressions, and usurpations. It is no wonder that, though closing his indictment by declaring that "the Romish Communion is dearer to him than life," he has been denounced by his bishop as a traitor to his church, and has doubtless good reason to reckon himself fortunate that the temporal power of the church is at present latent, else his attachment to it might be tested in a manner extremely unpleasant.

In the light of this controversy, too, the Old Catholic movement assumes a larger importance. In the course of the discussion, it may receive large accessions and become a formidable power; but this can only happen if it shall stand by living issues, and avoid the Anglican dreamers, who are anxious to form with it and the Greek Church a New Catholicism, and does not wreck its hopes in the millennium-enduring *Filioque* controversy or other rubbish of the dead or dying past.

Another characteristic of this controversy is the lack of consistency, and plain-dealing frankness, on the part of several lead-

ing defenders of the Vatican decrees. When Dr. Manning talks to reporters, or to any Protestants, he utters dark sayings, or confines himself to skillfully worded common-places,— or, as the writer in "Macmillan's Magazine" expresses it, speaks "Vaticanese;" but when he speaks or writes for Catholics, as in his address some months since, or in his more recent pastoral circular, he speaks plain English, "easy things to understand," and bates not a jot of his extremest claims, fully justifying all that Mr. Gladstone charges. The scarcely sub-pontifical loftiness of his disclaimer of the divided civil allegiance of Romanists, in "The Times," cannot blind us to its extreme inconsistency with his recent circular, reprimanding and threatening with excommunication those of the unfortunate laity who have been trying to say in other words the same thing, — that is, who have denied the temporal jurisdiction of the Pope in England. He says, —

"Events which unhappily are notorious, induce us to make known to the faithful, lest any should be misled by the word or example of one or two who still profess to be Catholic, that whosoever does not in his heart receive and believe the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, as they have been defined by the supreme authority of the church, does by that very fact cease to be a Catholic."

Still stronger is the statement of Monsignor Capel. Speaking of Lord Camoys, he says, "If he seriously and honestly refuse to accept the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope, then does he make shipwreck of the faith." Archbishop Manning finds in Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation the arguments of Dr. Döllinger; and in approaching Dr. Döllinger's position, Lord Acton, Henry Petre, and the rest, find hanging over them the same flaming sword of anathema which cut him off.

Prince Bismarck, in abolishing the post of envoy to the Vatican, justifies himself by reference to the statement of the papal nuncio at Munich, in 1869, that the church was "free only in America and perhaps in England and Belgium, but that elsewhere her chance of regaining her rightful position rests upon revolution." Bismarck rightly declines to hold diplomatic relations with a power which may at any time demand of its adherents the forcible overturn of the government he represents. Nor can the

policy of banishing the Jesuits from the empire be seriously blamed, when they are not only actively opposing its statutes, but presumably plotting, as faithful sons of the church, to accomplish the needed revolution which is to restore the church to its "rightful position." Three hundred years ago the Papacy claimed the power to release all English Catholics from their civil allegiance. Mr. Gladstone may well rejoice with trembling that civil allegiance is yet so strong in England as to make its utmost machinations so little perilous there to-day.

In the January number of "The Quarterly Review," Mr. Gladstone returns to the charge. His desertion by the Catholic party last spring in the vote on the Irish University Bill (by express direction of the Papacy, it is now well understood), by which his government was overthrown, seems to have fully opened his eyes to the peril of a foreign power entering in the garb of religion and assuming to dictate political results; and it will not be his fault if the English mind is not completely aroused to the peril, as well as made keenly alive to the absurdity of the papal claim to personal infallibility and temporal authority.

The Roman Catholic Church subsists by enormous assumptions. Dr. Clarke's allusion to the fact that, according to St. Paul, and the declaration of our Lord, St. Peter himself was far from infallible, has an amusing appositeness to the discussion concerning the pretensions of the self-styled successors of the latter apostle. Gladstone and Bismarck, he says, are true successors of St. Paul in withstanding Pius IX., because when he interferes with the institutions of England or America, he is to be blamed; just as Paul withstood Peter at Antioch for seeking to abridge the liberties of Christian converts there. The doctrine of papal infallibility is thus summarily cut up by the roots.

The latest phase of this controversy appears in the recent pamphlet of John Henry Newman, of which at this writing only a brief report has reached this country. So far as its spirit is thus indicated it would seem, as already intimated, that this leading theologian of the Roman Catholic Church in England is disposed to yield somewhat more of the pretensions of the Papacy than the ecclesiastics who have spoken before him. Dr. Newman is re-

ported to have recently been in confidential conference with the advisers of the Pope, and is supposed to express the result of this conference in his pamphlet. If so, it would appear that alarm has been caused at Rome by the storm which Mr. Gladstone has raised, and by the partial defection by many of her adherents when the question of allegiance was brought home to them; and it would seem to have been judged prudent to allow more latitude in the interpretation of her late decrees, and for the present to abate something of the claim to absolute temporal authority. Rome well knows how to wait. When did the papacy ever fail to yield when necessity was to bend before a storm, or fail to re-assert her claim when the storm was past? The concession is never remembered long; the claim is never forgotten. Dr. Newman says that there are circumstances in which he would obey the Pope and not the law, and others in which he would disobey the Pope to serve the state. Infallibility, he declares to be a matter of faith in thought merely, not in actions. Just what is implied in this last statement it will require the full text of Dr. Newman's ten chapters to determine.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This is probably the smallest religious denomination in the country, numbering, according to its own claim, thirty ministers and twenty-five parishes, scattered through the whole land. But it is also the youngest denomination, having held its first anniversary only a few weeks ago. It is, however, strong in hope and in conviction. It has what is stronger than numbers, — the more or less pronounced sympathy of the entire Evangelical and Broad-church parties in the Episcopal Church in its protest against the sacramental interpretation of the Prayer-book and the Articles. The five hundred clergymen who signed the memorial to the late General Convention for an alternative form of exhortation in the Order for Infant Baptism, and the larger number who substantially agree with them, seem to us to logically belong with the seceders; and many will doubtless join them if the Church, as seems likely, shall remain in its present attitude of decided and disdainful refusal to yield anything to the hurt conscience of this large and earnest minority of its communion. The Latitudina-

rian portion of these remonstrants cannot, indeed, be depended on for any extreme action in resistance to what they believe to be irrational doctrine, as their assent to many other portions of the Prayer-book requires a degree of accommodation in interpreting its language that will not make it difficult for them to continue in the use of phrases whose obvious meaning they have long ago repudiated. But the Low Church party are as earnest for distinctness in doctrine as they are decided in their opposition to all approach to the sacramental theory of Christianity; and all the tendencies of Evangelical Protestantism with which they fraternize are making more absurd and impossible their position in a church which holds them inflexibly to the continual recognition and inculcation of views they repudiate as savoring of superstition. The late accession of Rev. Dr. Nicholson to the fold over which Bishop Cummins presides is likely to be largely followed as Evangelical churchmen become convinced, as he evidently is, that there is no hope of reform or of increase of liberty in the Episcopal Church.

WOMEN ON SCHOOL BOARDS.

There is wide-spread satisfaction that the women recently elected to serve upon the school committee in Boston have been permitted to enter upon their duties. Apart from the question of the desirableness of such service, it has been generally felt that the majority of the last year's committee transcended their authority in pertinaciously refusing, upon technical grounds, to admit the ladies elected to the Board, and thus in effect declining to recognize the right of the citizens to appoint their servants. That the persons so appointed were not personally well-qualified for the position, could not be seriously maintained; and the majority therefore committed itself ill-advisedly, though doubtless with great sincerity of conviction, to the doctrine that the people had no right under the statutes to commit to women the superintendence of their schools. This position was soon traversed by a decision of the Supreme Court, and the committee made the further mistake of persisting in the exclusion. The result has naturally been the election of a considerably larger number of women for the current year.

It is unfortunate, we think, that the question of fitness should thus have been made subordinate to the question of sex. No fair-minded person can doubt that there are many women whose culture, administrative ability, and experience in the training of the young, would make them exceedingly valuable advisers in the conduct of the public schools, and it seemed a perfectly safe experiment to allow those who are judged to possess such qualities to be eligible to their exercise. We recall an instance in which, twenty years ago, in a country town, a lady who had been an eminent teacher was elected to this position, and served acceptably and without reproach; though since her death, unless within a year or two, such action has not been repeated by the town. Much less is there likelihood that any town will persist in the election of inefficient or incompetent women. For the present, too, it may be said, that no women will seek this position, or be voted for, as part of a political bargain, or as a stepping-stone to further preferment,—an advantage it would often be worth while to secure, since it would remand the decision to considerations of fitness purely. Besides, we are sure that many thoughtful mothers are feeling that there are interests connected with the health and moral security of their children, which would be, to say the least, more carefully considered, were their own anxieties and experience directly represented in the superintendence of the the schools. We may add, also, that whether or not the fact that six-sevenths of all public school teachers are women is one to be regretted, as is urged by distinguished educators, and as we are partly inclined to believe, its existence suggests the desirableness of their having a part in school-supervision; and, together with this other fact that they are found more and more largely every year in every grade of schools, suggests in what direction we may look for competent women to fill places upon school boards.

On the other hand, it ought to be said that some of the arguments in favor of placing women upon these boards are worse than valueless. Such, for instance, is the statement that it would be well to give the supervision of schools entirely into their hands because they have more leisure than men of proper qualifications to adequately undertake it. It is this readiness to accept the services of persons who have nothing else to do that has done

more than anything else already to impair the efficiency of our public schools. They are often put in charge of immature or ill-qualified young persons because the supply of such persons is unlimited; and the result is generally a cheapened quality of instruction, and a tendency to develop and perpetuate a degree of grown up immaturity in the children so instructed. The women who will be of value upon our school boards, will not be the women who lack something to do, but will be, like the men who are of value there, those who, because of the supreme importance of the ends to be subserved, are willing to make room in lives always full of work for this service also. No man or woman who is fit for this important and responsible duty is likely to be found with empty hands; and it is only on the ground of eminent fitness that the decision as to who shall fill it should be made.

THE LOWER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

We hear in these days a good deal about the higher education of women; and we are very glad to hear it. But its beneficent result will be for the good of the few, while thousands of their less privileged sisters are disqualified alike by taste and by hard necessity for any such advantages. There is, however, a lower education of which all are capable, and to which all have a right, — an education of those powers which must be called into exercise to make a happy home. Every man has a right to such a home, and every woman has the privilege of at least helping to make it. It seems to me that we begin a little too high up. Girls are seeking to fly before they have learned to walk, if we may judge from a list of the studies that they pursue at some of our schools. Everybody must receive a proper education for the business which is to be a life work, and every man who is to be a competent workman serves an apprenticeship for his especial calling. It seems, then, only fair that every woman should claim the right to be fitted for her life work, for which her time of preparation is apt to be so limited. A knowledge of the higher branches of learning is not to be lightly esteemed; but that is a privilege, and not a necessity. But for every woman it is a necessity to have a knowledge of household economy, of the art of preparing simple

and wholesome food at the smallest expense, of cutting out and making and repairing and washing and ironing the clothing of a family, and of keeping a house clean, well-ventilated, and also attractive.

These arts were learned in the older times almost unconsciously by girls from their mothers, or by the poorer class from the housekeepers who took them into their families, and for their "board and clothes" taught them all that was needed in housework and general home accomplishments. Then, a poor man could find a wife who knew how both to spend and to save the money that he earned. But now, though he may find a much more accomplished woman, it is not the "house mother" that he needs. The incursion of foreigners, grown up in years, but children in the household knowledge which we used to suppose was an innate idea with a woman, has undoubtedly something to do with this; but this very element makes this same knowledge more needed than ever, and some way should be found to instruct every girl in it as surely as to teach her how to read. Why should not there be, in the last year of every girl's education at the public school, a thorough course of domestic economy? I am sure there are many women thoroughly competent who would gladly serve in this truly missionary work.

There is no surer way to send sons or husbands to the attractions of drinking saloons or gambling houses than to have their homes governed by inefficient and ignorant housekeepers. We all know that a well-cooked breakfast, served on an orderly table, sends a man forth to his daily work in better health and temper than a hurried untidy meal; and, moreover, with a pleasant anticipation of the dinner of the same sort to follow, which will hasten his return. A women can hardly be a true helpmeet who is incapable of providing thus for the comfort of those dependent on her.

When our legislators or school committees understand that well-ordered, attractive homes are better safeguards than any penalties or police, they will see the wisdom of providing such instruction as will teach girls how to create them. Meantime, what will become of thousands of girls who are growing up with wise heads, but with hands utterly uneducated for the common and inevitable work of life? R.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

We have received a copy of a valuable pamphlet from the American Peace Society. We are too much in the habit of regarding the efforts of this wise organization as we do the sun and rain from heaven. We take its beneficent influences as a matter of course, being long familiar with its principles, and saying to war, "Be gone from the earth," as the rich man in Scripture said to the poor man, "Be ye warmed and fed,"— condemning the sin, and yet not raising a finger to remove the evil from the world.

This pamphlet quotes many pointed and graphic utterances against the wars of nations, from a long list of distinguished names, such as Lord Clarendon, Jefferson, Lord Brougham, Erasmus, Burton, Robert Hall, Cecil, Channing, and others. It does not take the non-resistant ground of the Quakers, but argues simply against international wars, under the headings of "Three Excuses for War," "Substitutes for War," "Stipulated Arbitration," "A Congress of Nations," &c. It seems to defend justly our civil war on the grounds of national defense; but we may, if we choose, go behind the question there, and say that, if the best people in the country had been more alert, the slave-holding element would not have attempted to propagate itself; and even then, if the government had been less sleepy, the conspiracy against the central power would not have ripened, and the first blow at Fort Sumter would not have been struck. Being struck, however, there was nothing for the United States government to do but to defend itself. Supposing, even here, that the government, like a big boy, with a small one blustering, had appealed to some of the best leaders of the rebellion, and said, "Let us talk this matter over; we are not going to fight you: let us have an arbitrating committee at Washington." Time is everything in such cases: mean men's passions cool, and large men's judgment asserts itself. It would have required an immense amount of magnanimity on the part of our people to bear the taunts of a hot-headed party, who knew that swiftness was their only success; but in the meantime the best Southern sentiment would have found opportunity to sun itself under the benignant influ-

ences of a wise executive power. But offenses must come, and we must let bygones be bygones: only may we congratulate ourselves that we have escaped war since, with other nations, by this humane principle of arbitration, and abide by it in future.

One of our own country-women, Julia Ward Howe, has done a great deal among women to promote the cause of peace, having established through her agency many societies in different towns for this purpose. She went to England two years ago to arouse English women on the subject, has kept up a correspondence also with Germany and Italy, and she went to France alone, at a most inclement season of the year, to represent, by request, American women at a peace meeting in Paris, made up of strangers speaking foreign tongues.

The International Peace Congress at Geneva was really one of the most interesting events of the past autumn, although there was not much said about it. The world, however, moves, and silent powers are slowly working. Dr. Miles has received the following encouraging letter from Dr. Bredius, a prominent member of the States-General of Holland, and also vice-president of the Arbitration Association at Geneva: —

The Rev. Dr. James B. Miles, Boston, — THE HAGUE, Nov. 27, 1874.

DEAR SIR: I have the satisfaction to inform you that the motion on international arbitration, brought before the second chamber of the States-General by Mr. D. Van Eck and myself, on the 12th of October last, was carried to-day. We had less than a day's debate, and a proposition to adjourn the discussion until a later (not named) day was met by a counter proposition to leave our motion, without any further defense from our side, to its own inherent strength, and to close the discussion and vote at once. This proposition being adopted, the minister for foreign affairs approving of the principles, after his speech the motion was carried as above stated. I hope you and your friends, the laborers for the great and holy cause, will acknowledge that Mr. Van Eck and myself have redeemed the pledge we gave our most honored friend, Henry Richards, to our best power. Our country has now become worthier of being the place for the next year's meeting of your International Association. M. Auguste Couvreur is proposing a similar motion in the Belgian house. I remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly, BREDIUS.

The rude and reckless manner in which the Anglo-Saxon race rushes into barbarities with humble enemies is manifest in the way we have treated the Indians, and particularly at this time in South

Africa, where the English officials have shown a brutality towards the natives which has called out all the indignation of Colenso, Bishop of Natal. Some two hundred Kaffirs — women, children, and old men — were drawn out of their hiding places and shot, and the whole tribe dispersed, simply because it was supposed that they had helped another tribe who were attempting to escape from British domination. The attention of Lord Carnarvon has been called to these atrocities, by the bishop's volume, and the poor colonists will be excused from troubling their minds about his heresies so long as they can affectionately call him the father of his people. May the good time soon come when governments shall remember the words of the apostle, "They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

SOME ART GLEANINGS.

We find, in a number of "The Churchman," a very interesting article upon Hunt's "Shadow of Death." The writer quotes first Mr. Hunt's own statement in regard to his work. "This picture," he says, "was painted in the conviction that art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." The example of the old masters, in their treatment of Scriptural subjects, Mr. Hunt recognizes as generally accepted by modern painters; but he thinks that art is many sided, and, while he admires the work of artists who follow closely the traditions of art, he is inclined, while following them, to appeal at the same time to the "current spirit and intelligence of the age." He feels that the artist should paint for the people of this age, as the old artists did for theirs; and the painter is thus "glad to be saved from the difficulty of competing with the great Masters on their own ground." The public now is much more familiar with actual Oriental usages than the Bible readers of the time of Paul Veronese, great and intense interest is manifested in the human life of Jesus, and so, while there are numerous pictures representing the miracles of the gospel, there are none which represent Christ "in full manhood, enduring the burden of common toil." Mr. Hunt wishes to emphasize the idea of the dignity of labor, and he modestly hopes that his delineation of "The Carpenter" may not be unwelcome on account of

the humbleness of its conception. "There are enough of every class," he says, "who have felt the burdensomeness of toil, and the relief of its cessation; and enough also of those who have battled against temptation to seek this world's glory, at the expense of their peace with the silent Father, and who may be encouraged to persevere while thinking of this scene in the workshop at Nazareth as taking place at the end of a long autumn day, during which 'the servant waiteth for his shadow.'"

The writer of the article quoted goes on to say how Mr. Hunt sojourned long in the land of Jesus, how he studied many living faces of the tribe of Judah for models in his work, living nearly five years among the people before entering upon his great task. Then comes a description of the picture, which is very graphic, but we can only give a few impressions of it. The picture represents the interior of a work-shop containing a carpenter's bench, on which are some half-sawn planks, with the saw resting idle in the cleft. There are piles of shavings, and tools lying about or placed upon a rack in the wall. From the window are glimpses of the open country about Nazareth, the hills of Galilee, and the rosy mountains of Carmel. On the window-sill are two pomegranates, and near by a half-unrolled scroll of parchment. The light of the setting sun streams in, and falls upon the figure of Jesus. It is the hour of evening prayer. He stands with his arms raised, as in the act of relaxing his tired muscles; and at the same time he is thanking the Father that the time of rest has come. The figure is very imposing and majestic. The hair, of a dark aburn, falls upon the shoulders, and the eyes are full of profound tenderness. Standing in this way, the figure of Christ casts a shadow on the wall behind him. On this wall the rack of tools is crossed at right angles by two long instruments of iron, and these together make a cross on which the shadow of the Saviour seems to hang. The mother of Jesus appears on the canvas in a simple dress of bluish green, and a white turban or cap. She kneels, with her back to the spectator, in the act of opening an ivory coffer which contains the gifts of the Magi. Her attention is caught by the shadow on the wall, and we imagine the sorrow and dread upon her countenance. This quotation from St. Paul is carved in the bottom of the frame of the picture: "He became

obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The writer confesses that the "stern realism" of the picture gave a feeling of disappointment at first; but the more she gazed the more she felt its power, which seemed to affect the mind like the poetry of Wordsworth, breaking through the conventionalities of his age.

We remember one of Murillo's pictures at Madrid, which shows that he sometimes escaped as much as he dared from the restrictions of the Romish Church, which decreed that his Virgin should have such a color to her robe, so many angels at her head and — feet we should say, only that he was not allowed, we believe, to show her feet — and many other petty limitations. It is wonderful that he could produce such a young, innocent, radiant, floating creature as his best "Conception" at Madrid, under such surveillance. The picture to which we refer represents the Virgin sitting in her humble room, with her work-basket by her side, and all the simple articles of daily usage around, while the baby, if we remember rightly, is sporting at her feet.

This reminds us of the Montpensier collection of pictures exhibited in Boston. We are sorry to hear disparaging remarks made occasionally about these paintings and their owner, as if the Duke, for the sake of the insurance, would sacrifice the reputation of the Orleans family, as connoiseurs in art, by sending over here a collection which he himself thought inferior. The truth is, we are apt to go to extremes in this country in our criticism of paintings, as of music, literature, and everything else. A certain class of persons are intense in their enthusiasm, and extravagant, and another class, who are constituted differently, feel it necessary to tone down their ardor, or, we should more justly say, throw cold water on it, by condemning as worthless what others admire.

We must remember, too, that old pictures of the Spanish school cannot be what is called popular. Thy deal often with ascetic subjects, their coloring is sombre, and it requires a very strong light to reveal their beauties. We recall a collection of fine old Spanish pictures which were sent over to this country, a good many years ago, by a dear friend who resided in Spain. They were offered to the managers of the Boston Athenæum, for exhibition, but they declined them as of no value. Perhaps they

were right, from their point of view. They would not probably have brought in money at that time, as the taste for pictures was very different from what it is now. The paintings delighted many little coteries of picture-lovers, some gems were picked out by purchasers, and they were sent back again to Spain to adorn the old country-house, near Madrid, of the gentleman who owned them.

We have been rather amazed at the way these old Spanish masters have been handled by some of the critics, — Ribera, for instance, the grandeur and nobility of whose heads is unrivalled: Velasquez has fared rather better. But we think it would be more difficult to get an idea of his pictures from one or two, than of those of Ribera, who is always noble. An old monk, in the possession of an American lady, comes before our vision now, — so wonderfully he stands out from the canvas, so imposing and yet so benignant and sweet is his face. Velasquez' magnificent landscapes always suggest the court, and we weary of the fashionable ladies in his woodland scenes. His portraits, superb as they are as works of art, are in a human point of view wretched inanities, as representing half-imbecile royal children. But when one goes close to his canvas, and sees what a blur it all is, what a splash of colors and no more, and then steps back and sees what grand effects he has produced, after his own fashion, one is ready to admire reverently the cunning of the master-hand. The death of Fortuny, the Spanish painter, at Rome, and the respect paid to him by a large concourse of artists and friends, leads us to feel that art is not entirely of the past in Spain, even though she goes back to her Bourbon King again. Our own continent, so peopled with this race, ought to produce something from them which should be redolent of the wild free life of the new world, blended with the glow and exaltation of the old. Perhaps, when South America is done with her endless wars and tumults, we shall see something in literature and art which will enable us to grasp hands with our fellow-Americans.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

Dean Stanley has lately contributed a preface to a volume of discourses and letters by Father Hyacinthe, which have been translated by Madame Hyacinthe-Loyson, and published under the title of "Catholic Reform." The preface is marked by the usual largeness and wisdom of the Dean's views, and in its completeness shows, as well as anything that he has written, his own liberality in the church of Christ.

He begins by speaking of the principles of Old Catholicism, and says there are three courses open to those in the church who disagree with the dominant party: either to break away and form themselves into a sect, or to cut loose from all ecclesiastical organization, or, what is far the wisest part, to remain in the church, and to "strive openly and honorably to realize within it their own ideal of Christianity." He goes on then to say that the struggle of the Old Catholics is the same which has existed in the English Church from the time of Lord Falkland to the present day; the same which was sustained by John Wesley, when he said, "I vary from the Church of England, but I will never leave it." It is the same contest which has divided the French Liberal Protestants from the National Church; the same which led John Bunyan and Robert Hall to oppose close communion in the Baptist Church, and animated the people in Scotland under Dr. Chalmers and Norman McLeod. The cry, he says, of the dominant party, is always, "We do not wish to keep you; you are not of us; we anathematize you; you are traitors in the camp; if you leave us we will respect you, — so long as you remain with us, we hate you, we despise you." The answering cry is, "We have no wish to leave you; we maintain our position as legitimate in the Catholic, the Anglican, the Huguenot, the Presbyterian, and the non-conformist churches; we value the advantages not only temporal, but spiritual, which the connection with a wider body gives us; we refuse to regard ourselves as outcasts; we maintain that we represent, not the only, but some of the best elements of perpetuity and life in the church; we claim to be descended in spirit, though sometimes not in letter, from those who are acknowledged to be the best and wisest leaders of the church in ancient times."

The Dean thinks the Old Catholics "may fairly say that they more justly claim that name than those Ultramontanes who, even by Montalembert, were called the 'Neo-Catholics of the nineteenth century.'" The most interesting point he makes is that both parties are injured in their religious life by the separation. The Ultramontane Catholics, freed from the Old Catholics, would, he says, "drag down the venerable institution to which they belong into a state of degradation." "The Liberal Catholics, parted from the general stream of historical and national tradition, would probably become a bitter antagonistic sect. The Liberal Protestants, already suffering from the narrowness and limitations of French Protestantism, would feel this more and more as they became a distinct body, while, on the other hand, the Puritan section of their church would lose the stimulating influences of such men as Colani, Coquerel, and Fontanes." "Every church," he says, "has two tendencies at work, which together form the current of its existence." He goes on to say that "a favorite weapon of attack on the Church of England is the allegation that it is impossible to defend the maintenance of a church which includes divergent views of Christian theology." "If this impossibility "were once admitted, there is not a church in Christendom that could hold its ground for a year." "If it be said," he continues, "that there is, and ought to be, no halting-place anywhere, except in the extreme consequence of our opinions, it may be replied that this is an inconsistency which applies to every serious religious movement, and to every great religious institution throughout the world." We should be glad to quote the whole of this admirable preface, so broad in its outlook, and so clear and firm in its conviction of the supreme value of religious liberty.

Our readers have doubtless seen the controversy going on in the English Church during which, Bishop Colenso was refused the pulpit at Oxford. Dean Stanley invited him to preach in Westminster Abbey afterwards, which invitation he gratefully declined. The correspondence between the two is honorable to them both, as an exhibition of courage and independence on the side of the Dean, and of Christian sincerity and moderation on the part of the Bishop of Natal.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. If dreams, as part of the spiritual life, may be included in the province of religion, then the small book of Prof. L. Struempell, (die Natur und Entstehung der Traüme) has a rightful place in our summary. The nature of dreams and their history, where they come from, what they mean; whether the soul always dreams in its sleep; how dreams are related to hallucinations, and how they belong to nervous states; speech in dreams; memory, sense of time and place in dreams; why they vanish so quickly, — all these topics are discussed. Dreams are treated as a natural and moral experience, to be scientifically studied.

2. Dr. G. H. Scholten, in his sagacious treatise (die freie Wille), translated from the Dutch original, is not lost in wandering mazes. He is a "Determinist," but he denies that his position is hostile to sound morals, or that it excludes Christian virtue. He reconciles it to the Divine Sovereignty, and with the idea of a personal God. A clear thinker here tries in a common-sense way to settle a question essentially insoluble

3. The Apostle of Atheism, Dr. Ludwig Buechner, publishes in a small volume of fifty pages the lecture which he gave two years ago in his visit to America. It contains, for those who have read his previous books, nothing new of criticism or argument. He calls his doctrine "Monism," and declines the name of materialist; yet he confounds this Monism with Atheism, — a historical blunder. Buechner has no reverence, and his reasoning is sometimes trivial, not to say flippant. His book is entitled "der Gottes Begriff und dessen Bedeutung in den Gegenwart."

4. Among the numerous antagonists which the pessimist Hartmann has aroused, one of the sharpest and strongest is Dr. J. Volkelt, whose octavo volume (das Unbewusste und der Pessimismus) argues the subject from the Hegelian stand-point. Volkelt does not quite silence the prophet of misery, but he says words that are worth heeding. He denies positively that Pessimism is a fair logical deduction from the philosophy of Hegel, or that this philosophy leads to the denial

of any living and conscious God. It is a good deal to say, that the argument is intelligible.

5. More and more are Christians in our time coming to discard the statement that Jesus had no human father as a doubtful legend, having no value for doctrine. Dr. Gustav Volkmar in his tract (der Herkunft Jesu Christi nach der Bibel selbst), shows how slight and uncertain is even the Biblical foundation of the miraculous birth. The Epistles, the Apocalypse, the Gospels of John and of Mark, have no knowledge that Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost. Luke and Matthew are inconsistent in their narratives, and know nothing of it in the story of the after life of Jesus. Volkmar's plea will be hard to refute.

6. The latest life of Jesus is that of J. Haeberlin (das Leben Jesu in Lichte unserer Zeit). It has a popular purpose, and is intended to save those who reject the Gospel miracles from deserting the Christian church. The spirit of the volume is kindly, reverent, and even believing, — notwithstanding its rejection of the supernatural element. But it has numerous misstatements of fact, geographical and historical, and the account of the Jewish sects is not correct. It allows only the humanity of Christ, rejecting as unhistorical all his reported words about his resurrection and his second coming.

7. When an Englishman undertakes to write a book in the German tongue, especially a theological book, he must expect, as they say in the West, "to catch it." And the German critics find that Rev. W. B. Pope, in his book on Christ (die Person Christi), fails to understand the claim of the German mind, which asks for more than a god in the dress of a man, and will have real humanity in the Christ, though he may have also a Divine nature. They are not satisfied to have an old Greek creed, framed some hundreds of years after Christ's death, expounded as the measure and substance of enlightened Christology. Even the patristic lore of an Oxford scholar cannot excuse this kind of effete dogmatizing. The German mind sees only absurdity in this attempt to meet rational criticism by a patched-up compromise of the eighteenth with the fifth Christian century.

8. What did Tertullian mean when he spoke of the Bread as representing Christ's body in the Eucharist? This question and collateral questions are treated by Charles Leimbach, an accomplished Latin scholar, in his small volume of one hundred pages (Beitraege zur Abendmahlslehre Tertullians). By carefully collating all the passages of Tertullian's works which bear upon the theme, Leimbach decides that the African Father teaches the "real presence" of

Christ in the elements. The result will not be agreeable to the "Reformed" party, who have always claimed Tertullian as their advocate. But Leimbach's argument seems decisive.

9. In the constant bringing to light of new Arabic documents and Mediæval Church records, the literature of the Crusades would seem to be inexhaustible. Herr Reinhard Rohricht, more than two years ago, published a history of the Crusade of Frederic the II. in 1228, A.D. This is the basis of a new and much fuller discussion in his "Beitraege zur Geschichte der Kreuzzuege." The book has an affluence of Arabic learning. Germans naturally take more interest in the Crusade of the famous Emperor, as the English do in Richard the Lion-hearted, or the French in Godfrey and St. Louis.

10. Sixtus V. was anything but a saint in his life, and no Pope was ever more cordially hated in Rome. He was a man like Cromwell, a terror and a bugbear. Yet he was brave, shrewd, and a vigorous ruler. His works of architecture are the glory of modern Rome. His story, as told by the noble Alexander Von Huebner, is praised by the Germans for its impartiality, its ample details, and its solution of some difficult questions of Papal election and management. The book, though written by a German, was originally written in the French language. Sixtus is a remarkable instance of the boast of the Roman Church that its children may rise from the lowest station to the highest dignity, and that the son of a peasant may become the sovereign and peer of the greatest kings.

11. And Dr. Gustave Volkmar again, the omniscient scholar, has a word to say on the Papal myth (die Römische Papalmythe). His book promises more than it performs. It is not an exhaustive discussion of the origin of the Papacy, or of the question, "Was Peter ever in Rome?" But it bears rather on the assumption of Papal infallibility and the consequence of this doctrine, and shows the dilemma in which France with her Gallican liberties finds herself in being called to sustain the Papal claim. The Professor is not a bigoted Lutheran, but his sympathies are with Germany in its present contest with Rome.

12. And a useful book of reference, for those who would understand the cause and merits of the Prussian quarrel with Rome, is the small volume of Prof. P. Hinschius (die order und Kongregationes der Katholischen Kirche in Preussen). The "Orders" first, and then the "Congregations," pass in review, and we learn what kind of vows monks take in Germany, and what is their allegiance to the state. It is not easy to get from Catholic authorities trustworthy informa-

tion about their church in Prussia. They have kept a policy of evasion and concealment. But as their arts are revealed, and their claims are promulgated, public opinion, which deprecated at first the arbitrary acts of Bismarck, is turning to uphold his severe measures as warranted by the crisis.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

Les Pléiades. Par Le Comte de Gobineau. Stockholm and Paris. 1874.

Count Gobineau is a versatile writer, and is expert in many branches of human knowledge, and many provinces of human service. He is not yet an old man; but he has been statesman, diplomatist, archæologist, theologian, novelist, and traveler, and has written divers volumes illustrating his various work. His great history of the Persians is at once rich in decoration and thorough in execution. His smaller work on the Persian and other Oriental religions is full of curious information about sects scarcely known in the West. If his treatise on the cuneiform writings does not rank in accuracy with the investigations of Schrader and Rawlinson, it is still a rare evidence of industry and ingenuity. Four octavo volumes of discussion of the "inequality of the races of man" attest his skill in anthropology. What he has written about his personal experience in Asia, in America, and in the "Isles of Greece" is most entertaining, and his two works of fiction, "L'Aphroëssa" and the "Abbaye of Typhaines" ought to have been translated long ago.

"Les Pléiades," his latest work, has made a sensation in the cultivated circles of the French capital. It is a novel, but it is much more than a novel. Its charm lies in the keen, delicate appreciation of manners and life, of national character and of natural scenery. The secret of its name is not told, and is not easily guessed, for the leading characters are more than seven, and there is nothing in their fortunes or their conversation to remind one of the shining starry groups. An Englishman, a Frenchman, and an Italian, all young, are the first triad; and their remarks upon things human and divine, upon customs, morals, faith, and mysteries, are in keeping with their nationality. Then to these is added the German ruler of a petty principality. An English missionary in India, distributor of Bibles, with his mature daughter, cold in manner, proper and practical, but full of tender sentiment always subordinate to duty, are a fine foil to the reckless, passionate Sclavonic Countess, who is a Syren. The

half-dozen of female characters in the book are very individual and very distinct.

We could not expect, of course, from a Frenchman of the world, who probably has no fixed religious convictions, a prudish morality; but this novel has the merit of not resting upon crime, of not disgusting the reader by details of murder, adultery, treachery, and heartlessness. With all its stoical indifference, with all the hinted pessimism of its sarcasm, its moral is good; the lovers are true to one another, and the affinities are adjusted without resort to crime. The German prince waits for his silly, unspiritual wife to die before he marries the beautiful maiden who has won his heart. The English philosopher is true to the missionary's daughter, in spite of her seniority in years, and the siege laid to his heart by a more fascinating charmer. Justice is done in the end. The crooked ways are made straight, and the last picture is of prosperity and peace. The satire is impartially distributed, and the life of the convent is no more held up as the model of purity and comfort than the life of the saloon. An honest and true soul may make all circumstances tolerable and congenial and even joyous, if true loves holds and rules it. As a master of the niceties of French phrases, Count Gobineau has few superiors, and the style of his book "leaves nothing to be desired."

Le Christianisme en Dix-Neuvieme Siecle. Par Etienne Chastel. Pp. 374. Genève: A. Cherbuliez & Cie. 1874.

This is the fourth volume of a history of Christianity in the first nineteen centuries, by M. Chastel, and undertakes to give a general survey of the vast field of Christendom at the present time. It presents in the first division, in clear and attractive style, a picture of the schools and leaders of theological opinion in the different countries of the old and the new world, and in the second division treats of the relations of Christianity to non-Christian peoples. Of course a work so extensive in its scope varies in the accuracy of its treatment in different parts, and, being written in Switzerland, makes some serious mistakes in its statements concerning American affairs. It is stated, for instance, on p. 220, that "the Universalist school, already so numerous in the United States, considers Theodore Parker as its principal leader," and, on p. 290, that the civil war in America rose from the revocation of the Fugitive Slave Bill by President Lincoln! But notwithstanding occasional mistakes of this kind, the book is a very instructive compilation of facts hardly to be found so well grouped elsewhere, and the account of the course of religious history

on the continent of Europe in this century will be found trustworthy so far as we have observed. Although the closing volume of a series, the present is also an independent work.

La Resurrection de Jesus selon le Nouveau Testament. Essai Historique par J. Viollier, Pasteur. Pp. 92. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1873.

This beautifully printed *brochure* contains an able discussion of the New Testament doctrine concerning the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The author's theory is, that there is an irreconcilable difference of teaching on this subject between the Gospels and Book of Acts, and the Epistles and Apocalypse: the latter teaching "the spiritualistic" and the former the materialistic or "traditional" view. M. Viollier strongly presents the arguments for believing that the traditional view is of later growth, and is destined to decline and pass away. He justly estimates the importance of the doctrine of the Resurrection to the supernatural authority of Christianity, but seems to us to fail to demonstrate the main thesis of his book, and therefore to leave the Resurrection still the great sign of an authoritative religion. However we may dissent from the conclusions at which he arrives, we cordially recognize the high and serious spirit, as well as the marked ability, of his discussion.

La Crise Actuelle de L'Eglise Reformee. Par Ariste Viguie. Nimes: 1874.

Il Faut Choisir. Opinione d' un laie de L'Eglise Reformee de Nimes. Nimes. 1874.

In the marked theological division which is separating the two schools of thought in the Protestant Church of France, the southern consistories have been, we believe, as a rule, on the Liberal as opposed to the Orthodox side. The two vigorous pamphlets whose name we give are of special interest as giving voice to this position and as stating its grounds.

L' Eglise Protestante et Son Avenir. Discours par Aug. Bouvier, professeur. Geneve: F. Richard. 1874.

Catholiques Liberaux et Protestants. Discours, etc., par Aug. Bouvier, professeur. Geneve: F. Richard. 1874.

La Nouvelle Loi sur Le Culte Protestante.

Three able pamphlets illustrating some of the aspects of the theological discussions in Switzerland, which are explained in the article contributed by M. Viollier to a recent number of this Review.

The Genesis of the New England Churches. By Leonard Bacon. With illustrations. Pp. 485. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874.

Dr. Bacon's Historical Discourses, published thirty years ago, told with a picturesque power, which no one who has read the volume can ever forget, the story of the early ecclesiastical history of New England as it can be grouped around that of the earliest Connecticut Church. He takes up a congenial task, and one in which his readers are won beforehand, in the present "endeavor," as he terms it in the dedication of the volume, "to bring forth fruit in old age."

The grand epic, for such it is, of the origin and beginning of the characteristic New England polity, is worthily told by him. It is a story which has its martyrs and its heroes, an Odyssey across more dangerous seas than Ulysses crossed, and that for a purpose the highest and most consecrated which ever glowed in human hearts; and an achievement which may truly be counted among the greatest that have ever been wrought for humanity. Dr. Bacon does not undertake in this volume to tell how the seed-corn, which was planted here, grew, and became the principle of political as well as of churchly life; how the America of to-day is the child of the Pilgrims: that book of Exodus he leaves to be written by another, while limiting himself to the Genesis of that as yet unfolding Scripture. Unitarian Congregationalists, especially, who hold with peculiar tenacity to the thorough independency of the earliest church polity, and who are the present guardians of a majority of the original churches of Massachusetts, including the two which alone on this side of the Atlantic Dr. Bacon's volume includes, the First Churches of Plymouth and of Salem, should be grateful to the author for the goodly narrative in which he vindicates the purity and wisdom of the fathers.

The preface modestly disclaims any pretension to research among original sources, and it is true that readers who are familiar with the documents already in print, in Dr. Young's two volumes of "Chronicles," in Bradford's history, in the annalists from Prince to Felt, and in Dr. Waddington's "Congregational History," will not find here new facts. But they will find the old facts fused into a noble story that kindles the imagination and the faith in man and God, by a mind thoroughly possessed with the greatness of the theme, and told with great literary power.

Dr. Bacon traces the beginnings of Congregationalism to the New Testament itself; and, after showing what the Reformation in the sixteenth century did for church polity, and how half-way was the Re-

form in England, traces the defects of the Puritan method, which sought to make over the National Church, as compared with the Separatist method, which held that there should be no national church at all. After a recent reading of the volume in which Dr. Waddington tells the heroic tale of the good confession of Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry, we are the more impressed by Dr. Bacon's treatment of the same stirring theme. The formation of the little church at Scrooby, its flight to Amsterdam, and its sojourn in Leyden, the saintly life of its pastor, John Robinson, and the final voyage in the "Mayflower" to the New World, culminate in the successful rooting of the great experiment at Plymouth, and the adopting of the principle of independency by the Puritans at Salem. Although Dr. Bacon runs partly parallel with a portion of Dr. Palfrey's noble history of New England, he does not "attempt a repetition" of that story, but describes the unfolding and growth of the idea which was its inspiring principle. He has given us a work which should be read by every one with Pilgrim or Puritan blood in his veins.

Strength and Beauty. Discussions for Young Men. By Mark Hopkins, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. Price $1.75. For sale by Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

No American teacher holds a more honored and honorable place in the respect of the community, as well as of his pupils, than President Hopkins. For more than thirty years, as the head of a New England college, he has impressed the stamp of his strong and penetrating mind, his lofty Christian earnestness, and his imposing personality, upon successive college generations; and now, although freed from the official burden of that position, he still retains a place of instruction in the institution with which his name has so long been connected.

In this "little volume, but great book" of "Discussions for Young Men," a part of the secret of his power is revealed to those who have been outside the circle of his influence. These nineteen discourses, which were evidently given in the first place from his college pulpit, and some of them on the occasion of the graduation of different classes, are striking examples of the "strength and beauty" of the most thoroughly trained American preaching, such as, we believe, is to be found nowhere else in the world, unless it be in the Scotch pulpit. Grappling always with great subjects of thought, and with the vital difficulties of our time, with a sinewy vigor which is well typified by the oak-leaf on the cover of the volume, the lily of the valley

which is also stamped on it typifies a not less striking characteristic of these discourses, the exquisite perfection of the illustrations which light up these pages of robust thought, and the aroma of deep religious sensibility which breathes through them.

Dr. Hopkins is a leader in the Orthodox Congregational Church, and it is evident in this volume that he holds the Puritan theology; but he holds it as one who belongs, in his own striking words, to "that great party that is now seeking, as by a divine instinct, *a higher unity in Christ.*" And in the gift of these discussions to the students who have heard them, and to the wider public, he offers a contribution which should do not a little to bring that unity nearer, by showing how a strong man can hold a positive belief strictly yet generously.

This volume of sermons for young men will stand not far from the noble volume of "Sermons" by President Walker, published thirteen years ago, as a model for careful study by those preachers who would furnish in their discourses not merely "milk for babes," but "meat for strong men."

Democracy and Monarchy in France, from the Inception of the Great Revolution to the Overthrow of the Second Empire. By Charles Kendall Adams, Professor of History in the University of Michigan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The fruits of a long study of modern French history, pursued on both sides of the ocean, are given to the public in this handsome volume. Prof. Adams is not a hasty or careless writer, and he publishes his conclusions only after patient and diligent investigation. His style is clear, forcible, and sufficiently picturesque to fasten the interest of the reader, without overlaying the thought with dazzling words or epithets. His summary of the causes and motives of the first revolution is fair and impartial, and will be acceptable even to those who have more faith in democracy. Prof. Adams has conservative tastes, and a constitutional dislike of forward theories, which have no solid basis of experience to rest upon. He does not believe that France is republican at heart, or is fit for republican institutions; yet he is not able to tell exactly what government is suited to a land which has been demoralized by so many revolutions and so many futile experiments, and where there is so much passion for political speculation. He looks at France and its fortunes very much as an intelligent Englishman might look at them, — a curious study, but undesirable for one who lives in a country where institutions are stable, and they have learned to bear with minor difficulties, to con-

sider the imperfections of human society, to prefer order to anarchy, and to hold fast what is good.

But Mr. Adams is not a Napoleonist, and has a strong aversion, which comes out even in his impartial pages, for the arbitrary Cæsarism of the imperial despots. He does not admire rulers elected by universal suffrage, who are false to their oaths, regardless of the rights of their subjects, and rule as tyrants under the pretense of tribunes of the people. If he has a preference among the multitude of governments which France has tried in the last hundred years, it is for the "shop-keeping" rule of Louis Philippe, which gave France peace, prosperity, and as much of liberty as it could use wisely. If he has favor for any one among French statesmen, it is for the grave, cold, cautious, sagacious Protestant Guizot; and in his admiration for this conservative politician, Mr. Adams expresses some facts of his history, in which the art of the intriguer cannot be mistaken. After reading the pages of this volume, which would give the idea that Guizot was a broad-minded philosopher, as well as honest minister, it is instructive to turn to the ardent invective of Athanase Coquerel, in his recent letter, which convicts the protestant statesman of cowardice, of bigotry, of intolerance, of mean arts, and of great wrong done to the church of which he claimed to be the patron and defender. This philosophic leader, after all, could be a Jesuit; and could use, without shame, the method of Jesuitism. Prof. Adams seems to honor Guizot for what, as we think, will be his lasting disgrace, and what may issue in the disruption and ruin of the Protestant Church of France.

We may trust that this valuable book is only the first of a series, and that Prof. Adams will follow it with more of the lectures which are so agreeable to hear in his class-room. If he should give his thoughts upon the English constitution and its history, we may find some serious questioning of what is taught as almost self-evident in our American republicanism. It cannot be denied that the sober reflection of college professors, as to universal suffrage and popular legislation, is not altogether sympathetic with the tone of Fourth of July orations or Thanksgiving sermons; and that many wise men will doubt if the most successful of republics is really the best of governments. The radicalism of Mr. Bradlaugh, earnest as it is, and based upon abuses and wrongs, which still are patent under the English system, is by no means the doctrine that the present American professors teach to their classes as the word of highest wisdom.

One excellence of this book on French Democracy is that we are

not vexed with a redundance of foot-notes, which are apt to weary and confuse the reader in books of this kind.

Some Aspects of Unitarianism.

We have received a pamphlet with the above title, containing two discourses preached at New Bedford by Rev. William J. Potter. In them he treats mainly of his own relations, and those of the New Bedford parish, with the Unitarian denomination. There are many points involved, and we have no desire to enter into the whole subject. But there are some statements in this pamphlet against which we feel inward protest, and one or two frequently recurring expressions which seem to us to indicate complete misunderstanding of some of the facts in the case. The statements we refer to are mainly inferences from the non-passage of certain resolutions by the National Conference at Saratoga, and the expressions are those which repeatedly charge upon that Conference a desire and purpose to exclude the New Bedford society from its fellowship, which desire and purpose we know had no existence in fact. The New Bedford society certainly ought to understand what it seems strange that its minister should not have been aware of, that those who declined to vote for the resolution endorsing the action of the officers of the Conference in inviting that church to be present in the usual form, did so upon the expressed conviction that the secretary deserved no special credit for doing his obvious duty. There was no more reason for its passage than for the passing of any one of three or four hundred similar resolutions. The Conference had not time for the latter, nor did it feel called upon to go out of its way to do the former.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Volume IV. [1817–1820.] Pp. 533. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. [The International Scientific Series, Volume XII.] 12mo, pp. xxii. 373. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Logic of Reason, Universal and Eternal. By Lawrence P. Hickok, D.D., LL.D., 8vo, pp. 192. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

The Secret of Christianity. By S. S. Hebbard. 12mo, pp. 210. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874.

For Better or Worse. A Book for some Men and all Women. By Jennie Cunningham Croly. [Jennie June.] 8vo, pp. 237. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Thoughts to Help and to Cheer. Sixth Thousand. Boston: Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

Das Verbrechen des Mordes, und die Todesstrafe. Franz von Holtzendorff. Pp. 368. Berlin. 1875.

Verhandlungen des achten deutschen Protestantentages, zu Wiesbaden, vom 28. bis 30. September, 1874. Leipsig. 1875.

A Series of Studies Designed and Engraved after Five Paintings by Raphael. With historical and critical notes composed by M. T. B. Emeric-David, member of the Institute of France. American Edition, Reproduced by the Heliotype process. James R. Osgood & Co. Price $10. [To be noticed.]

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Quarterly Journal of Speculative Philosophy, for October, 1874. St. Louis, Mo.

Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Eclectic, for January, 1875. Andover. Mass.

The New Englander, for January, 1875. New Haven.

The North American Review, for January, 1875.

The Penn Monthly, for January, 1875. Philadelphia.

The Sanitarian for January, 1875. No. 234 Broadway, New York.

Hall's Journal of Health, for January, 1875. No. 40 Broadway, New York.

Old and New, for February. Lee & Shepard, Nos. 41–45 Franklin Street, Boston.

The Atlantic Monthly, for February. H. O. Houghton & Co. No. 219 Washington Street.

Scribner's Monthly, and St. Nicholas, for February. From A. Williams & Co.

Popular Science Monthly for January. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Nos. 1593–94. Littell & Gay, No. 17 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers. 1874.

The Contemporary Review. Nov. 1874. Alex. Strahan, 12 Paternoster Row. Agent for America, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Vick's Floral Guide, for January, 1875. Published Quarterly, by Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Price, 25 cents a year.

Reform. Zeitstimmen aus der Schweizerischen Kirche, No. 24. Bern: J. Dalp'scher Buchhandlung J. K. Schimid.

Deutsches Protestantenblatt. Bremen, 28th November, 1874.

The Year-Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches, for 1875. American Unitarian Association, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1875. No. 3.

THE LATE PROF. TISCHENDORF.*

THE death of Prof. Tischendorf, at Leipzig, Dec. 7, 1874, after a lingering illness of a year and a half, from a stroke of paralysis, deserves more than a cursory notice. The loss to Biblical learning is in some respects irreparable; for he left unfinished important works, which can hardly be completed by any successor. The amount, however, of what he did accomplish is marvelous; and we can hardly be surprised that even an exceptionally strong physical constitution should have suddenly given way under the strain of such intense and unremitting activity. A brief sketch of his life, and an enumeration of his chief publications, will show how great are his claims to the gratitude of all Biblical scholars.

* Constantin Tischendorf in seiner fünfundzwanzigjährigen schriftstellerischen Wirksamkeit. Literar-historische Skizze von Dr. Joh. Ernst Volbeding. Leipzig: C. F. Fleischer. 1862. 8vo. pp. vi., 98.

Beilage zur Allgemeinen Evang.-Luth. Kirchenzeitung, Nr. 50. Leipzig, d. 11. Dec., 1874.

Lobegott (Latinized, Aenotheus) Friedrich Constantin Tischendorf was born at Lengenfeld, in Voigtland, a district of Saxony, Jan. 18, 1815. After five years of preparatory study at the Gymnasium in Plauen, he entered the University of Leipzig in 1834, devoting himself to the study of theology and philology. Here, in 1836, he won a prize for an essay entitled "Doctrina Pauli Apostoli de vi mortis Christi satisfactoria," which was printed in 1837. In 1838, he published a volume of poems called "Maiknospen," "May-buds." These buds do not seem to have blossomed, though one of the poems had the honor of being set to music by the great composer Mendelssohn. In 1838, he signalized the close of his University studies by another prize essay, "Disputatio de Christo pane vitae," an exegetical and doctrinal dissertation on John vi. 51–59, published at Leipzig in 1839. After receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University, he spent a year and a half in teaching, near Leipzig, and in this period, besides translating one or two small works from the French, tried his hand at a novel entitled "Der junge Mystiker," "The Young Mystic," published under the pseudonym of "Dr. Fritz." In October, 1839, he returned to Leipzig with the purpose of preparing a critical edition of the Greek Testament, and entered in earnest upon those labors to which the remainder of his life was devoted. Here he published, in 1840, an essay on Matt. xix. 16, the first fruits of his studies in textual criticism, and a dissertation on the so-called *recensions* of the text of the New Testament, with particular reference to Scholz's theory, which he effectually demolished. His first edition of the Greek Testament appeared at Leipzig with the date 1841, though the volume was printed before the end of the year 1840. It was a convenient manual, giving the various readings of the Received Text, Knapp, Scholz, and Lachmann, with the more important authorities, and showing on the whole good critical judgment. The essay on recensions, confuting Scholz's theory, was reprinted in the Prol egomena, and is the most valuable part of the book. The edition was favorably received as a work of promise, being warmly welcomed especially by the veteran critic David Schulz.

In preparing this edition Tischendorf was struck with the defectiveness of our knowledge of even the most important MSS.

of the New Testament, excepting the very few whose text had at that time been published. This deficiency he determined to do his best to supply, as the first essential condition of improvement in New Testament criticism. He proposed to visit the chief libraries of Europe for the purpose of making accurate copies or collations of all the uncial MSS. of the New Testament. But he was wholly destitute of the pecuniary resources required for such an enterprise. At last, through great exertions on the part of the theological faculty of Leipzig, represented by such men as Winer, Illgen, and Niedner, seconded by Von Falkenstein, the Minister of Public Instruction, he obtained from the government of Saxony a subsidy of one hundred thalers for two successive years; other necessary funds he could only raise by pledging a life-assurance policy for the repayment of a small loan; and when finally he set out for Paris, in October, 1840, he was so poor that, to use his own words, he was unable to pay for the cloak which he wore, — "tam pauper . . . ut pro paenula quam portabam solvere non possem" (N. T. 1859, Pars I. p. viii.).

At Paris, he made it his first object to copy with the greatest care, and prepare for publication, the celebrated Ephraem MS. of the fifth century, a palimpsest extremely difficult to decipher, and which had been but very imperfectly collated. The New Testament part of this MS. was published at Leipzig, in 1843, in a splendidly printed volume, with excellent Prolegomena; the Old Testament portion appeared in 1845. Tischendorf's edition of this MS. was a most important service to Biblical criticism, and gained for him, in 1843, the honorary degree of Doctor of Theology from the University of Breslau. While at Paris, besides collating thoroughly or copying other important MSS. of the New Testament, as K, L, M, of the Gospels and D ("Codex Claromontanus") of the Pauline Epistles, he prepared (in 1842), at the instance of the celebrated publisher Firmin Didot, two editions of the Greek Testament. One of these was designed particularly for the use of Catholics, the Greek text being conformed, as far as any MS. authority would allow, to the Latin Vulgate, with which it was printed in parallel columns, forming one of the volumes of Didot's Library of Greek Authors. By way of offset to this "Catholic edition," which was dedicated to Affre, Arch-

bishop of Paris, and the Greek text of which was also issued separately, he published another dedicated to Guizot, containing a text substantially the same as that of his Leipzig edition, but without the Prolegomena and critical authorities. By these publications, and by further aid from the government of Saxony and the liberality of private friends, he obtained the means of widely extending his travels for the collation and collection of MSS.

At this point it will be convenient to give a synopsis of the various journeys taken by Tischendorf for critical purposes, from first to last. More than eight years were spent in these travels. His chief objects were the collation or copying for publication of all the important uncial Greek MSS. of the New Testament and of the Septuagint that had not already been published; the collation of MSS. of the Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations, and of the *pseudepigrapha* of the Old Testament; and the collection of materials for a work on Greek palæography. He gave special attention, moreover, to important unpublished MSS. of the Old Latin version and the Vulgate, and collated for the use of Grossmann all the MSS. which he could find of the writings of Philo of Alexandria, a new critical edition of which is so much needed. For these purposes, in the years 1841–44, he not only spent a long time at the Royal Library in Paris, but visited the libraries of Utrecht in Holland, London, Oxford, and Cambridge in England, Basle in Switzerland, Carpentras in France, and Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, Modena, Verona, Milan, and Turin in Italy; and after his return from his first Eastern tour, at convenient seasons, explored the libraries at Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, and Wolfenbüttel in Germany, Zurich and St. Gall in Switzerland, and St. Petersburg and Moscow in Russia, — the last named city being visited by him in 1868. England he revisited for critical purposes in 1849, 1855, and 1865; Paris in 1849 and 1864; and Rome and Naples in 1866, — using for such excursions the vacations which relieved him from his labors at the University of Leipzig, where, in 1845, he was made Professor Extraordinary, in 1850 Honorary Professor, and in 1859 Ordinary Professor of Theology and Biblical Palæography, the latter professorship having been founded expressly for him.

Tischendorf's great acquisitions of *new* MS. treasures were made in his three journeys to the East, undertaken in 1844, 1853, and 1859, in which he visited Egypt, Sinai, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, bringing home most valuable collections of Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Arabic, Hebrew, Samaritan, and other Oriental MSS. His expenses in the first two journeys were largely defrayed by the government of Saxony, and the greater part of the MSS. collected were accordingly transferred to the Library of the University at Leipzig; though some were sold to the British Museum, others to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The third journey, memorable for the discovery of the world-renowned Sinaitic MS., was prosecuted under the auspices of the Russian government, and the rich manuscript collections obtained are deposited in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. The great prize secured in the first journey, in 1844, was the forty-three leaves of a MS. of the Septuagint, of the fourth century, which Tischendorf rescued from a waste-basket in the monastery of St. Catharine at Mount Sinai, and published in 1846, in lithographed *fac simile*, under the title "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," in honor of his royal patron, Frederick Augustus II. of Saxony. This proved afterwards to be a part of the famous "Codex Sinaiticus" discovered in 1859. Tischendorf published an interesting popular account of his first Oriental journey in two volumes (1845–46) entitled "Reise in den Orient," translated into English, London, 1847; and of the third, with the title "Aus dem heiligen Lande," in 1862. The latter has been translated into French and Swedish. The manuscript treasures secured in these journeys are described in his "Anecdota Sacra et Profana" (1855, second edition enlarged, 1861), and "Notitiae Codicis Sinaitici," &c. (1860). The whole story of the Sinaitic MS. is told in a very interesting pamphlet entitled "Die Sinaibibel. Ihre Entdeckung, Herausgabe, und Erwerbung," "The Sinai Bible; its Discovery, Publication, and Acquisition," Leipzig, 1871.

We will now take a view of the principal publications of Tischendorf, in which the fruits of these researches have been given to the world. They mostly fall into three classes, — first, Editions

of Manuscripts of the New Testament and the Septuagint; second, Editions of the Greek Testament and of the Septuagint; third, Editions of Apocryphal Christian Writings.

I. Of the first class we have already noticed the editions of the Ephraem MS., published in 1843–45, and the "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," 1846. Next comes the "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," 1846, a large quarto volume, containing the text of the important MS. L of the Gospels, and six others, F^a, N, W^a, Y, Θ^a of the Gospels, and B of the Apocalypse; then the "Evangelium Palatinum," 1847, being the remains of a MS. (fourth or fifth century) of the Old Latin version, with a remarkable text; the "Codex Bobbiensis," another important MS. of the Old Latin, of about the same date, published in the "Wiener Jahrbücher," 1847–49; the New Testament part of the "Codex Amiatinus," supposed to be the oldest MS. of the Latin Vulgate (1850, new edition 1854); the "Codex Claromontanus" (D), a very important Græco-Latin MS. of the Epistles of Paul, of the sixth century (1852); and finally the great Sinaitic MS., published at St. Petersburg, in magnificent style, in *fac-simile* type, in four folio volumes, in 1862, glorifying the millennial anniversary of the founding of the Russian Empire. Of this splendid work three hundred copies were printed, two hundred of which were distributed by the Russian government, as presents, to eminent personages or public libraries, while one hundred were given to Tischendorf for sale, the price being fixed at two hundred and thirty thalers. A smaller edition, containing the New Testament portion, with the Epistle of Barnabas and a part of the "Shepherd" of Hermas, in ordinary type, but representing the MS. line for line, and with improved Prolegomena, was published in quarto, at Leipzig, in 1863; and in 1865 appeared "Novum Testamentum Graece ex Sinaitico Codice," with the variations of the Received Text and of the celebrated Vatican MS. in the margin, to which was added a supplement of corrections in 1870. For critical purposes this last edition does not entirely take the place of that of 1863; but the Introduction is fuller, and it is a convenient and useful book. In 1867, Tischendorf published his "Novum Testamentum Vaticanum," giving the text of the New Testament part of the famous Vatican MS. (B) far more cor-

rectly than it had been published by Cardinal Mai. But he was not allowed to examine the MS. long enough to edit it in a perfectly satisfactory manner, though the forty-two hours spent upon it were turned to wonderfully good account. His "Appendix Novi Testamenti Vaticani," published in 1869, after the appearance of the splendid Roman edition, corrected the few errors which under the circumstances were inevitable, and also gave us for the first time a correct edition of the MS. B of the Apocalypse. A sharp pamphlet, entitled "Responsa ad Calumnias Romanas" (1870), may be regarded as another supplement to this edition. In 1867, Tischendorf also published "Appendix Codicum celeberrimorum Sinaitici Vaticani Alexandrini," containing a few fragments of the "Codex Sinaiticus" found in the *binding* of certain MSS., twenty select pages of the Vatican MS. printed line for line, and a careful edition from the Alexandrine MS. of the Epistles ascribed to Clement of Rome, which have been preserved in that MS. alone, and had before been inaccurately edited. The Prolegomena to this volume, and to the "Novum Testamentum Vaticanum," are valuable as giving the results of a special study of the palæographical characteristics of the Vatican MS. Tischendorf comes to the remarkable conclusion that one of the four scribes engaged on the Sinaitic MS., and who wrote six pages of the New Testament portion of it, was *identical* with the scribe who wrote the New Testament portion of the Vatican MS.

It remains for us to notice under this head the new collection of "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," which was to comprise nine large quarto volumes, seven only of which had appeared at the time of Tischendorf's death. Vol. I. (1855) contains many important palimpsest fragments of both the New Testament and the Old, and the remarkable *papyrus* MS. in the British Museum of a part of the Psalms (fourth century?); Vol. II. (1857), among other things, the Nitrian palimpsest R of the Gospel of Luke (sixth century), and the Cottonian fragments of Genesis (fifth century), "saved so as by fire;" Vol. III. (1860) gives us the MSS. Q (fifth century) and W^{o} of the Gospels, and one hundred and thirty-one leaves of the very important "Codex Sarravianus" of the Octateuch (fourth or fifth century); Vol. IV. (1869), the

beautiful Zurich Psalter (seventh century), written in letters of silver and gold on purple vellum, also the Book of Daniel from the "Codex Marchalianus" (seventh century); Vols. V. and VI. (1865 and 1869), the recently discovered palimpsest P of the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse, "Codex Porfirianus" (ninth century), — Vol. VI. also containing the Wolfenbüttel palimpsest P of the Gospels (sixth century); in Vol. IX. we have the Græco-Latin MS. E of the Acts "Codex Laudianus" (sixth century),* with additional portions of the Septuagint from "Codex Marchalianus." Vol. VII. was to have contained a Wolfenbüttel MS. of Chrysostom of the sixth century, and other uncial fragments of Chrysostom, giving many quotations from the New Testament and the Old; Vol. VIII., numerous fragments of the Septuagint and the New Testament from palimpsests and other very ancient MSS. It is probable that these volumes will still be published.

II. We come now to Tischendorf's editions of the Greek Testament and of the Septuagint. Besides the two (or three) Paris editions already mentioned, Tischendorf published the Greek Testament at Leipzig in *twenty-two* editions, the last, issued just before his death, bearing the date 1875. Of these, however, besides his youthful essay of 1841, only three possessed distinctive critical importance, — namely, the second Leipzig edition of 1849, in which were utilized the critical materials thus far collected; the "seventh larger critical edition," issued in thirteen parts from 1855 to 1858, making two thick volumes (dated 1859), with a greatly enlarged apparatus, and giving for the first time a clear statement of the evidence both *for* and *against* the principal readings; and, finally, the "eighth larger critical edition,"

* This MS. was published in 1715 by the celebrated antiquarian Thomas Hearne. The impression, however, being limited to one hundred and twenty copies, the book had long since become excessively rare. Though a small volume, published originally at ten shillings, a copy, at the sale of Dr. Gough's library, fetched at auction twenty pounds. It has occasionally sold for much less; but both on account of its extreme rarity, and because Hearne's edition was far from accurate (the same may be said of Hansell's publication of its text in 1864), Tischendorf has rendered an important service to Biblical criticism by this faithful edition. There is a copy of Hearne's edition, as well as of Tischendorf's, in the library of Harvard College.

issued in eleven parts, the first dated October, 1864, the last published in 1872, completing the *text* in two octavo volumes (1869–72). In richness of critical material this eighth edition far surpassed any that preceded it. Among the new sources drawn from may be mentioned the MSS. collected by Tischendorf in his third Eastern journey, including the Sinaitic; the accurate publication of the text of the great Vatican MS., and also B of the Apocalypse, which had been edited by Tischendorf in 1846 from a very hurried collation; the "Codex Porfirianus," already mentioned; Scrivener's careful editions of the "Codex Augiensis" and the "Codex Bezae," the former accompanied by a full collation of fifty cursive MSS.; Tregelles's edition of the "Codex Zacynthius;" and the publication of the Jerusalem Syriac version of the Gospels by the Count Miniscalchi-Erizzo. The quotations of the Christian Fathers are also given much more fully and accurately than before. Tischendorf must also have derived great advantage from the previous publication of the successive parts of Tregelles's elaborate edition; indeed, he seems to have deliberately delayed the issue of his own "Lieferungen" for the sake of this benefit.

In regard to the text of this last edition, as compared with its predecessors, it may be observed that the influence of the Sinaitic MS. is very marked, and that more weight is attached to a few of the most ancient authorities than was allowed them in previous editions, especially that of 1859. Less regard is paid — too little, perhaps, in some cases — to internal evidence. According to Dr. Scrivener's reckoning (Nov. Test. Cantabrigiae, 1873), the text of the eighth edition varies from that of the seventh in about three thousand three hundred and fifty-nine places. The true number is doubtless somewhat larger, as about a hundred variations are overlooked in Scrivener's collation. Most of these differences, however, are of little importance. A part of them may be ascribed to a modification of Tischendorf's critical principles since the publication of his seventh edition;* others to the new

* The fullest statement of the rules which he has followed will be found in the Prolegomena to the three manual editions published in 1873, described below. He admits that, "after long wavering," "nach län-

evidence brought to bear on cases where the authorities were before nearly balanced. In some instances a natural partiality for the Sinaitic MS. seems to have led its discoverer to defer too much to its authority; but, on the whole, this edition of Tischendorf may be regarded as presenting the best text which has yet been published. No editor has given clearer evidence of freedom from theological bias, though in his adoption of "kingdom of heaven" instead of "kingdom of God" in John iii. 5, it may be feared that the desire to nullify a weak argument of the Tübingen critics against a supposed reference to the passage by Justin Martyr has turned the scales of his critical balance in opposition to the real weight of evidence.*

Accompanying the seventh large critical edition (1859) there was issued a smaller, "Edito septima critica *minor*," in a single volume, the Prolegomena and critical apparatus being much abridged. The "Erste Hälfte" of a similar abridgment of the eighth critical edition was published in 1872; but I am not aware that it has been completed.

---

gerem Schwanken," he has adopted substantially the principles of Bentley and Lachmann. See his "Haben wir den ächten Schrifttext der Evang. und Apostel?" (1873), p. 17.

* As Tischendorf has published few corrections of the last *fasciculus* of this edition (pp. 801–1044), it may be a convenience to some to point out here certain errors in the *text* that might easily be passed over unobserved, — cases in which the *notes* show that a certain change was intended, which, through some oversight, was not actually made. A considerable number of such mistakes occurred in the earlier *fasciculi*, and five in this are corrected by Tischendorf himself in the brief temporary preface to Vol. II.; but others will be found as follows: Rev. ii. 10, for βαλεῖν read βάλλειν; iii. 4, for ὀλίγα ἔχεις read ἔχεις ὀλίγα; v. 8, for αἱ εἰσιν read ἃ εἰσιν; vii. 15, for τῷ θρόνῳ read τοῦ θρόνου; x. 11, omit ἐπὶ before ἔθνεσιν; xi. 11, omit τὰς before τρεῖς; 12, for φωνὴν μεγάλην . . . λέγουσαν read φωνῆς μεγάλης . . . λεγούσης; xiv. 14, for τὴν κεφαλὴν read τῆς κεφαλῆς; xvii. 1, omit τῶν both before and after ὑδάτων; xviii. 9, for κλαύσουσιν read κλαύσονται. A bad misprint, because not immediately obvious, is the substitution of ὑμῖν for ἡμῖν in Heb. vii. 26, repeated from the edition of 1859. Obvious misprints will be found in the text in Rev. xvii. 14, xviii. 12, xxi. 19. A long list might be given of errors in the notes to this edition; but in such a multiplicity of minute details oversights are unavoidable. It may be doubted whether any modern editor has, on the whole, surpassed Tischendorf in accuracy.

Of Tischendorf's minor editions we may notice first, as most important, the "Novum Testamentum triglottum," published in 1854; new edition, "cum triplici tabula terrae sanctae," 1865. This contains, in parallel columns, (1) the Greek text of his edition of 1849, slightly revised, with the variations of the Received Text and other noticeable readings in the margin; (2) the Latin Vulgate critically edited, chiefly from the Codices "Amiatinus" and "Fuldensis" (generally supposed to be the two oldest MSS.),* with the variations of the Clementine Vulgate in the margin; and (3) Luther's German translation, carefully printed from the edition of 1545, with occasional corrections from other editions published in Luther's life-time. The Greek text was also issued separately as an "editio academica," often reprinted,—in the seventh edition (1873), from the text of Tischendorf's last critical edition; it was also published, accompanied by the Latin or the German, as a diglott; and the Latin and German texts were also themselves issued separately. Each division has its appropriate Prolegomena, or introduction. The Latin part is specially valuable as the nearest approximation to a really *critical* edition of Jerome's version of the New Testament which has yet been published; and the German part is valuable, as the popular editions of Luther's version contain many unauthorized changes of his text, the famous passage, for example, of the three heavenly witnesses (1 John v. 7, 8) having been *interpolated* in his translation about thirty-six years after his death, and appearing in nearly all the editions issued in the three following centuries. Tischendorf in his Prolegomena denounces with just indignation this falsification of Luther's text.

After the issue of the critical edition of 1849, its text was reproduced, with slight modification, in a stereotyped manual edition of octavo size, published by Tauchnitz in 1850, the variations of the Received Text being given in the margin. A second edition, with enlarged Prolegomena, but essentially the same text,

* The date (A.D. 541) assigned to the Codex Amiatinus by Bandini and Tischendorf is questioned by K. L. F. Hamann in Hilgenfeld's Zeitschr. f. wiss. Theol., 1873, p. 596, on grounds which deserve attention. He refers it to the seventh century. There can be no doubt, however, of the excellence of its text.

was printed in 1862. In 1873, Tauchnitz published a new edition, "Editio tertia stereotypa. Ad editionem VIII. criticam maiorem conformata." This gives in the lower margin, together with the readings of the Received Text, the principal variations of the Sinaitic MS. from the text adopted by Tischendorf. In size and general appearance it corresponds to the series of Greek classical authors published in large octavo by Tauchnitz. It has twenty-six pages of Prolegomena, which are the more valuable as the Prolegomena to the large critical edition have not appeared, and it is greatly to be feared were never written out for publication. A somewhat later manual edition, though bearing the same date (1873) on the title-page, was published by Brockhaus, matching in size and type Tischendorf's edition of the Septuagint. This has some advantages over the Tauchnitz edition just described. It gives the principal variations of the famous Vatican MS., as well as the Sinaitic, and the Prolegomena, though essentially the same, have received some additions and corrections. The type, however, is smaller and less agreeable to the eye than that of the Tauchnitz edition.*

In connection with these editions of the Greek Testament we may mention Tischendorf's "Synopsis evangelica," a Greek Harmony of the Gospels on the tripaschal theory, with a critical apparatus giving briefly the evidence for the principal various readings. Of this convenient manual three editions were published, — in 1851 (new *impression*, 1854), 1864, and 1871. In the edition of 1864 an excessive regard for his newly discovered

---

* The errors in the text of the large critical edition which were pointed out above reappear in the text of the manual editions published in 1873 by Tauchnitz, Brockhaus, and Mendelssohn (*Ed. academica*), except the one in Rev. xviii. 9, which is corrected in them all, and that in Rev. xi. 11, corrected in the Brockhaus edition. The Tauchnitz edition has also errors of the text in Luke xxiv. 4, αὐτοῖς for αὐταῖς; John i. 19, ἐπέστειλαν for ἀπέστ.; Jude 15, αὐτῶν should be omitted after ἀσεβεῖς; Heb. vii. 26, for ὑμῖν read ἡμῖν; Tit. ii. 3, for μὴ οἴνῳ read μηδὲ οἴνῳ; Rev. xix. 17, insert ἐν after ἔκραξεν; 20, for τὴν καιομένην read τῇ καιομένῃ. Obvious misprints occur in John iv. 32, Acts xxiv. 20. The mistakes in Luke xxiv. 4, Jude 15, and Heb. vii. 26 are found also in the Brockhaus edition and the seventh "Editio academica." The Brockhaus edition has also incorrectly in James iii. 8, ἀνθρώπων δαμάσαι for δαμάσαι ἀνθρώπων.

Sinaitic MS. betrayed Tischendorf into the adoption of a considerable number of readings which a sober second thought afterwards led him to reject. Compare, for example, the editions of 1864 and 1871 in Luke xxiv. 13, 21, John i. 18.*

Of the Septuagint Tischendorf published four editions, in 1850, 1856, 1860, and 1869. He did not attempt a critical recension of the text, but reprinted the text of the Roman or Vatican edition of 1587 with the correction of typographical errors, noting in the margin the various readings of the Alexandrine and Ephraem MSS. The text was stereotyped in the first edition, but in the second and later editions was added the real Septuagint version of the Book of Daniel from the "Codex Chisianus," and the Prolegomena in successive editions were enlarged and improved. In the last edition a few pages of the text were reset from the stereotype plates, so that in 1 Sam. xii. 18–xiv. 9 (wanting in "Codex Alexandrinus") the variations of the Vatican MS. are given from the recent Roman edition, and in Ps. xlix. 19–lxxix. 11 (also wanting in "Codex Alexandrinus") the readings of the Sinaitic MS. are noted. In the preface to this edition (p. vii.), Tischendorf expressed his intention of undertaking, after the publication of his "Monumenta Sacra Inedita" should be completed, a new edition of the Septuagint, — "talem qualem litterae sacrae poscunt et per instrumenta critica perfici licebit," — in which the large mass of important materials now at our command should be critically *used*. This is a great desideratum; and now that Tischendorf's foreboding that he might not live to accomplish this has been unhappily verified, it is gratifying to know that an eminent English Biblical scholar proposes the same task.† Promising beginnings of work in this department have already been made in Germany by O. F. Fritzsche in his critical editions of the Greek text of Esther, Ruth, and Judges (Zurich, 1848, 1864, 1867), and especially his excellent edition of the Apocrypha ("Libri apocryphi Vet. Test. Graece," Lips. 1871),

* The following errata in the edition of 1871 might give trouble. *Prolegomena*, p. xxii., l. 20, for ante read an; p. lix., l. 13, for 1858 read 1868; p. 176, text, l. 11, for ἐμβλέποντες read βλέποντες.

† See the announcement in The Independent, Jan. 21, 1875, p. 11.

and by P. A. de Lagarde in his "Genesis Graece," &c. (Lips. 1868).*

III. The third important division of Tischendorf's publications includes his editions of Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations. His "Acta Apostolorum apocrypha" were published in 1851; "Evangelia apocrypha" in 1853; "Apocalypses apocryphae" in 1866. For these three volumes more than one hundred MSS. were used. Nineteen of the pieces contained in them had never been published before, while others were for the first time given in full. Ample Prolegomena are prefixed to the text, and the various readings of the MSS. are exhibited in the notes; but there is no attempt to supply that illustrative commentary which renders the unfinished edition by Thilo so valuable. However slight may be the intrinsic worth of the productions thus brought together, they have no little antiquarian interest, throw-

* Passing over the more obvious typographical errors in Tischendorf's last edition of the Septuagint, it may be well to point out some mistakes likely to cause trouble. — P. viii., l. 8, for 1 Macc. read 2 Macc.; p. xxxv., 2d par., l. 11, for 20 read 10; p. xli., 2d par., l. 3, dele the clause beginning 4, 39; p. lvi., 2d par., l. 2, for sedecim read septendecim. Here, as on pp. lvii. and cix., Tischendorf overlooks the fact that the famous Zurich Psalter was among the MSS. (namely, No. 262) used by Holmes and Parsons in their edition of the Septuagint. Page xcv., l. 6, before δανιηλ, insert ιεζεκιηλ; p. cix., l. 8, for sedecim read septendecim. Vol. I., Gen. xxv. 30, for ἐψήματος the Roman ed. reads ἐψέματος; Gen. xxviii. 11, note, read ἐπέθηκεν; xxxi. 48, note that Alex. reads μου for ἐμοῦ, and xliii. 17, ἄνθρωποι for ἄνδρες; Ex. xxix. 17, for παὶ read καὶ; 22, for ὑπ' αὐτῶν read ἐπ' αὐτῶν (one of the *pen* corrections in the Roman ed.); Num. xxvii. 18, for ὅστις read ὃς (another pen correction); Deut. xi. 10, dele ὑμεῖς (another pen correction); xxxii. 39, for ἀποκτενῶ read ἀποκτέννω (so Rom. ed. and the Vat. MS.); 49, for χῆν read γῆν; Josh. xvii. 10, for Ἐραὶμ read Ἐφραΐμ; 1 Esdras vi. 24, for ξυστῶ read ξυστῶν; ix. 27, note, for ζαχαριος read —ας; 28, note, for ζαρδαιος read —ας; Vol. II., Ps. xix. 9, for ἀνωρθώθημεν read ἀνορθ. (so both the Roman ed. and Sin.; B has ἀνωρθ. See Tischendorf's *Prolegom.*, p. xli., note 2; also Luke xiii. 13 in his N. T.); civ. 9, note, before κληρονομ. insert 11; 11, for ἡμῶν (misprint in Rom. ed.), read ὑμῶν, with Sin., Vat., Comp., Ald., &c.; cx. 1, for σου read σοι; cxiii. 23, ἡμεῖς (perhaps misprint in Rom. ed.), read ὑμεῖς, with Sin.; cxliii., inscription, for κατεδιώκει read καταδιώκει, with Sin., Vat.; Ezek. xv. 2, for ἐν read ἐκ; Hab. iii. 17, for γεννήματα read γενήματα (so Rom. ed., Sin., Vat.), and erase foot-note.

ing much light on the later superstitions and legends which became current in the church, and serving by their striking contrast to enhance our estimate of the value of the canonical writings of the New Testament.

In connection with these editions should be mentioned a dissertation published by Tischendorf in 1851 entitled "De Evangeliorum apocryphorum Origine et Usu," which received the prize offered by the Society at the Hague for the Defense of the Christian Religion. This has long been out of print; and the new and greatly enlarged edition, announced about two years ago as in preparation, we can never hope to see. A brief essay published by Tischendorf in 1855, "Pilati circa Christum Judicio quid Lucis afferatur ex Actis Pilati," is also out of print. A second edition of the "Evangelia apocrypha" was promised by Tischendorf in 1873; and in the preface to his "Apocalypses apocryphae," p. x., he speaks of various unpublished documents which he had reserved for a "Corpus Novi Testamenti apocryphum." He has also promised, among other things, an edition of the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs" from four MSS., including one discovered by him at Patmos in 1844, "ad tollendam imperfectissimam Grabii editionem." This would have been very welcome, as the book is one of the most curious remains of the early Christian literature, and, even after Mr. Sinker's praiseworthy labor, greatly needs a new critical edition. It is to be hoped that Tischendorf's materials may pass into the hands of some scholar qualified to carry out his plans.

IV. We may now mention some works of Tischendorf's not belonging to the three classes thus far noticed.

In 1865 he published a small volume, written in a popular style, entitled, "Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?" "When were our Gospels composed?" The reputation of the author gave it a wide and rapid circulation, a second edition being called for in two months; but it was savagely attacked by some of the principal representatives of the more skeptical school of critics, as Hilgenfeld and Volkmar. In the fourth edition of the work, published in 1866, Tischendorf entered into the discussion of the question at issue much more fully, reviewing his reviewers, and, it must also be confessed, repaying their abusive language in

the same coin with interest. In this enlarged edition the book is one of the most vigorous of the recent defenses of the genuineness of the Gospels. It has been published, in the longer or shorter form, in no less than fifteen editions in different laaguages, having been translated into English, French, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Russian, and Turkish. The fourth edition of the original was translated in this country by Rev. William L. Gage, and published by the American Tract Society in 1867 or 1868. In simple justice to Tischendorf it is necessary to say that this translation in many places sadly misrepresents the original, sometimes completely reversing the sense, more frequently making nonsense; and that important words, clauses, or even whole sentences are often omitted.*

---

* A few examples must be given. Translation, p. 115 (Germ. 65): "Is the accusation brought against Marcion . . . that he made arbitrary changes . . . *anything else than* empty inference?" For "anything else than" read "nothing but" (nichts als). The whole sentence is badly translated; and the first sentence on the preceding page (p. 114) does not afford even a glimpse of the true meaning. Trans. p. 243, note 50 (Germ. p. 34, n. 2): "That the translation of John found a place in some of our manuscripts of the Septuagint is *no less than* an evidence," &c. Read, "is *anything but* an evidence." The connection should have prevented such a misunderstanding of the idiomatic "nichts weniger als." The last part of the sentence to which this note refers (Trans. p. 70, Germ. 34) is rendered: "*Yet there is one* of the older versions . . . *which coincides*," &c. What Tischendorf says is, "*Nor does even a single one* of the old versions . . . *coincide*" (*noch auch stimmt eine einzige* . . . der alten Uebersetzungen . . . *mit*). Trans. p. 282, note 157 (Germ. 116, n. 2), *unbestritten*, "uncontested," is translated "a subject of dispute"! Trans. p. 204 (Germ. 121, 122) Tischendorf is made to speak of "Greek manuscripts written *in the first century*" (!) as among our sources of textual criticism, *Jahrtausend* being confounded with *Jahrhundert*. After describing Marcion's Gospel as an arbitrary mutilation of the Gospel of Luke, Tischendorf is represented as saying (Trans. p. 105, Germ. 58), "The correctness of this *mode of procedure, employed even by* the oldest fathers of the church, *was* confirmed in a striking manner in his dealing with the Pauline *Gospels*" [*sic*]. Read, "The correctness of this *view* of the matter, *which was that of* the oldest fathers of the church, *is* established beyond dispute by his treatment of the Pauline *Epistles*." Trans. p. 110 (Germ. 62), "die evangelische Predigt," "the gospel-preaching" in contrast with the written Gospels, is translated "the Sermon on the Mount"! Three lines further on, the essential

We may next take notice of the edition of the authorized English version of the New Testament, with an Introduction and various readings from the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrian manuscripts, published under the editorship of Tischendorf by B. Tauchnitz, at Leipzig, in 1869, as the *thousandth* volume of the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors. Of this it is said that forty-five thousand copies were sold in the first year; and it has undoubtedly done much to awaken a popular interest in the textual criticism of the New Testament, and to show the need of a revision of our translation which shall embody its well-established results. It is to be regretted, however, that the English text is disfigured by typographical errors, and that the notes respecting the various readings contain many mistakes, especially in reference to the readings of the Vatican MS. There are also some strange translations, as "before all *the world*," Jude 25, for *πρὸ παντὸς τοῦ αἰῶνος*. Whether these errors are attributable to Tischendorf, or to his coadjutor, Mr. B. Harris Cowper, may be a question. The Introduction by Tischendorf, as it appears in the earlier copies published, is a curiosity in point of style. In later impressions it was rewritten.*

---

words "they say" are omitted, and the whole sentence is very badly translated. The same may be said of the sentences immediately preceding and following. Pp. 64, 65 (Germ. 30), the translator makes Tischendorf stultify himself by saying that it is "the first half of the second century to which we trace the main origin of the diverse materials which enter into the canon, and more especially the Gospels." What Tischendorf is speaking of is the various readings of the *text*. The sentence on p. 69 (Germ. 34) beginning, "What a trick," is full of errors. On the same page (Germ. 33), the plurals "Lahme, Gichtbrüchige, und Blindgeborene" are translated "*one who was born* lame, palsied, and blind"! The notes to this sentence and the next are mistranslated, and the first and last sentences of the preceding note (Trans. p. 242, Germ. 33) are rendered into nonsense. The same is true of the first and fourth sentences of note 38 and the first of note 91 (Trans. pp. 235, 258, Germ. 26, 64). A multitude of similar mistakes might be pointed out; but these are enough to justify a protest against judging of Tischendorf's work by the representation of it which has been given to American readers.

* The first sentence reads as follows in the earlier copies: "A magnificent display of human intellect in the Literature of England and America was that which the noble originator of this collection aspired

In 1868, Tischendorf made a valuable contribution towards a new edition of Philo in his "Philonea, inedita altera, altera nunc demum ex vetere scriptura eruta." A considerable part of the treatise "De Septenario sive de Decem Festis" here appears for the first time; and the text of other important treatises, which had been edited before only in a very imperfect form by Mangey and Cardinal Mai, is restored from manuscripts in the libraries at Rome, Florence, and Munich. It is greatly to be lamented that Grossmann should have died without publishing more fully the results of his life-long study of Philo; but Tischendorf encourages us by stating in his preface, that a critical edition of this author has been long in preparation by J. C. W. Otto, whom he represents as well qualified for the task.

In 1873, Tischendorf published a second edition of the Epistles of Clement of Rome, already referred to in speaking of his "Appendix cel. Codicum," &c. This may probably be regarded as presenting the text in its most authentic form. In the same year he also completed the valuable edition of the Latin Vulgate version of the Old Testament begun by Theodor Heyse, in which the various readings of the best manuscript, the "Codex Amiatinus," are given throughout; and still later, in conjunction with S. Baer and Prof. F. Delitzsch, he published "Liber Psalmorum Hebraicus et Latinus ab Hieronymo ex Hebraeo conversus" (Lips. 1874).

Such, though very imperfectly described, are the principal literary labors of Tischendorf. We have already seen, under each of the three great classes into which his publications fall, that he had made preparation for other important works, several of which, had his health been spared, would ere this have been given to the world. Besides these, he had announced for speedy publication a translation of the New Testament into German from the text of

---

to accomplish, for the benefit of the educated world beyond the native countries of the Authors represented." In later impressions it reads: "To place the glorious works which adorn the literature of England and America within reach of the readers of other countries was the aim of the noble originator of the 'Tauchnitz Collection.'"

his Greek Testament; and "Reliquiae Graecarum Litterarum antiquissimae," containing, with other matter, fragments of Menander, Euripides, and Dion Cassius, from manuscripts of the fourth and fifth centuries. But what is most to be deplored is, first, the absence of the Prolegomena to his last critical edition of the Greek Testament, a want which no other hand can fully supply; and, in the second place, the loss of his promised work on Greek palæography, for which he had been making preparation for over thirty years, and which was to be accompanied with more than one hundred plates of the largest size, giving fac-similes of manuscripts. The best existing work on the subject, Montfaucon's "Palæographia Græca," was published in 1708; and though in respect to cursive manuscripts it will always be of great value, our materials, so far as the uncial manuscripts and early papyri are concerned, have been immensely enlarged since his time. As long ago as 1856, when Tischendorf's practised eye instantly detected the fraud in the Uranios palimpsest of Simonides which had imposed upon William Dindorf and Lepsius, and came near costing the Berlin Academy five thousand thalers, he had already critically examined, for palæographical purposes, about fifty Greek palimpsests and more than one hundred and twenty Greek uncial manuscripts.* His later researches, especially his third journey to the East, must have considerably increased his materials. Probably no scholar in Europe possessed qualifications to be compared with his for the execution of such a work.

The later portion of Tischendorf's life in its brilliant success presented a striking contrast with the arduous struggles of his earlier years. His enthusiasm was magnetic; his single-hearted devotion to the pursuit of his great objects, and the proof which he gave of ability as well as zeal, soon gained him a host of powerful and generous friends, so that after the first obstacles were surmounted, he seems never to have lacked the means for prosecuting his expensive undertakings. Honors were showered upon him from every quarter; orders of knighthood, crosses, and other in-

* See Lykurgos's "Enthüllungen über den Simonides-Dindorfschen Uranios," 2te Aufl., 1856, p. 76.

signia from many of the governments of Europe; honorary membership in learned societies too numerous to mention; the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge in England and that of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford; so that "his titles," to borrow the expression of an unfriendly critic, "fill half a page." The king of Saxony, always his friend, made him Privy Councillor; and finally, in 1869, an imperial ukase, "in recognition of his great scientific merits, and of his services to Russia especially," elevated him to the rank of an hereditary noble of the Russian Empire, an honor which was recognized by the government of his own country, so that in his later publications his name appears as "Constantin von Tischendorf." Freedom from vanity was not his most conspicuous virtue, and it may be that he valued somewhat too highly such titles and distinctions; but who shall say that he did not richly deserve them all?

It is to be feared that there is no German critic on whom the mantle of Tischendorf has fallen. But in recounting his achievements, we cannot fail to associate with him the name of at least one English scholar. The labors of Dr. Tregelles, in the department of Biblical criticism, are second in importance only to those of Tischendorf. But we have no space to characterize them here. The services also of Dr. Scrivener in accurately editing the "Codex Augiensis" and the "Codex Bezae," in publishing collations of about seventy cursive manuscripts, and in the preparation of other important works, particularly his "Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament" (second edition, 1874), deserve most grateful acknowledgment. And every scholar must look with great interest for the publication of the long-promised critical edition of the Greek Testament undertaken by Dr. Westcott and Mr. Hort, which has been in preparation for more than twenty years, and may be confidently expected to prove a contribution to Biblical literature of marked originality and value.

EZRA ABBOT.

WHAT IS DARWINISM? *

DR. HODGE'S book is very well described by its brief title. It aims more to show what Mr. Darwin teaches, than to discuss the sufficiency or reasonableness of his views. The statement is clear, well supported by citations from Mr. Darwin himself and from his followers, remarkably free from harshness in word and spirit, but very positive and unqualified in rejection of the whole scheme, not alone as modified by Darwin's special hypotheses, but as held by evolutionists in general. Without endorsing the views of the book in all respects, I shall give such a summary of the hypotheses of Mr. Darwin as in the main agrees with Dr. Hodge's book, but following that line of remark, and using such special illustrations as seem to me most suited to my purpose.

SUITABLENESS OT THE SUBJECT TO THIS MAGAZINE.

In Dante's picture of the terrestrial paradise, he sees the Lady Matilda busy in plucking the flowers that cover the lawn. When he asks her what she is doing, she tells him he will find the answer in the psalm, "Delectasti, Domine," "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through the work of thy hands." The critics have given various interpretations of the passage, among which I do not find that which assumes that Dante said just what he meant, — namely, that the Lady sets forth the joy and beauty of a pure soul, finding delight in the works of God. It is a meaning worthy of the poet. The increasing love of nature and interest in natural objects is one of the striking traits of the times. There is reason to believe that this tendency, in its several phases, æsthetic, sentimental, and scientific, is healthful, and productive of a simpler and happier faith than that which rested wholly on the moral sense and on doctrinal belief. We very properly welcome with gratitude any one who helps us to a closer acquaintance with nature, but

* What is Darwinism? By Charles Hodge, Princeton, N.J. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874. 12mo, pp. 178.

the same reason makes us challenge with jealous care any one who assumes radically to change the basis of our admiration and love of the works of nature.

Of the whole system of physical things, the plants and animals of the earth form the part most rich and varied in all that stimulates the mind, and calls into exercise its powers and sensibilities. Astronomy deals with greater facts, but also more remote. Geology has a peculiar impressiveness because of the vast durations of which it hints, and the immensity of the revolutions it records. But its chief fascination comes from its stories of past life, so that geology is rather an addition to, than a rival of, natural history.

Our life is hedged in by the organic creation. We live in it and by it and are ourselves a part of it. Its two general divisions, animal and vegetable, rival each other in their claims upon our regard. Both minister to our physical sustenance, and enjoyment; both appeal to our sentiments; both awaken our admiration. They both tax to the utmost our powers of observation and reasoning when we would generalize on their phenomena and bring into systematic form the facts of their existence. The most external view of them excites attention and interest by the symmetry, beauty, and complexity of vital relations and changes. And from the outside, which the casual observer sees, both lead the attentive student to more and more recondite investigations in which human learning has as yet found no limit to its advances.

It is not in one path alone we thus go from depth to depth. The poet never tells, the painter never depicts, the whole of the beauty; the economist never comes to the end of the uses; the physiologist never exhausts the mysteries of function; the anatomist never reaches the ultimate facts of organization. The vital operations of the commonest plants are still mysteries. Watts spoke in poetic hyperbole of the body as a harp of a thousand strings. Our own time has discovered in one little portion of one little organ what may be called almost literally a harp of two thousand strings. In many lines of research, the students of nature are daily entering into new realms of knowledge, new treasures of wonder.

Terms of number, difficulty, admiration might be exhausted,

and yet fail to express the richness, complexity, splendor of the organic furnishing of the earth. It makes a man one of the great ones of the world to be pre-eminent in any department of natural science. What a man should he be who claims to have found the key to the whole! what a marvel of reason must be that key!

The natural relation of ourselves and the living beings around us constitutes, in a great measure, our conscious experience. That plants and animals feed our bodies is the least of their ministries to our enjoyment. From the border of flowers in the yard to the solemn forest; from the earliest dandelion of spring, which the little child, for the first time getting acquainted with vernal glories, greets with a shout of glad surprise, to the Victoria Regia sleeping on the bosom of the tropical lagoon; from the canary bird in its cage, the cat purring by the fireside, the dog convulsed with the spasms which express his loyal emotion, to the giants of the ocean and the forest, — through a gamut of many tones, nature's dumb children minister to the sympathies, delights, and joys of our nature on its earthly side. That the same things appeal also to our higher powers and sentiments, as affording us the most numerous and obvious illustrations of the providence of God and of his creative wisdom, the sacred Scriptures and our own consciousness bear consenting testimony. Such study as we give to this system of things, more or less exact and scientific as it may be, is one of the most delightful forms of mental culture and sources of mental stimulus: never barren, since it exercises the perceptive and æsthetic powers, even if it results in no enlarged scientific acquirements. It is, therefore, to be expected that the efforts of men of science to enlarge our knowledge in this direction, to systematize the facts, to deduce the order of their succession, and to explain the methods of nature or of the Author of nature, should attract respectful and approving recognition. But we are not, therefore, to feel profound respect for hypotheses which interpret out of nature all her wonder, and turn the history of the organic creation into a medley of interminable, innumerable accidents.

So much it seemed proper to say to show that this subject is not simply scientific, but one that comes very near to our daily life as rational, æsthetic, and religious beings.

THE QUESTION IS NOT THEOLOGICAL.

Whether or not an anti-theistic bias lies at the root of Mr. Darwin's speculations and thought, Dr. Hodge clearly shows that the apparently atheistic tenor of them is the reason they have been so rapturously welcomed by some admirers. Mr. Darwin himself disavows an atheistic intent. That an Englishman and an honorable man speaks of the natural system as "the works of God," is enough to settle this point. Mr. Darwin does not claim that his theory explains life itself, or the beginnings of life. It extends only to the formation of the different kinds of plants and animals by the variation of previously existing forms. It begins this side of what may be regarded as answering to the words with which the Bible opens its account of creation. One may accept Mr. Darwin's theory in full, and retain his faith in God. This faith rests on intuitions which go before all deductions and inductions, covering wide regions which Mr. Darwin does not touch; on facts of consciousness, and the phases of human life and history. Darwin merely tears out the richest and most explicit pages in the theist's book of heavenly knowledge, changes what to the eye of faith is the clearest and most edifying scripture into a hotchpotch of semi-arabesque scrawls, presenting only delusory appearances of meaning, but in reality more unreadable than the cuneiform tablets of old Nineveh. They had a meaning once. From Mr. Darwin's point of view, the marvels of organic life never had.

EVOLUTION NOT THE ISSUE.

Darwinism is often spoken of as equivalent with the doctrine of evolution, as applied to organisms, — that is, the continuous physical propagation of the successive races of plants and animals, through gradually changing forms, beginning with the simplest and ending in the most complex. But evolution is almost as old as human speculation on the origin of things. It may be questioned whether in fact Mr. Darwin's theory is not rather an attack on evolution than one form of it. Evolution almost certainly carries with it the idea of plan, of foreseen and regulated procedure. It is unrolling, but it rolls out, evolves, only what was before involved. It is the gradual coming to size, shape, and func-

tion of that which was from the first involved in the nature of the thing. An acorn is evolved into an oak-tree, not by a happy succession of casualties, but because the nature of the oak was also that of the acorn. If it were by external causes the change was effected and determined, it would be construction, not evolution. The evolutionist is continually face to face with the thought that ordained and the will that executes. It is the most theistic and religious view possible. It means the indwelling and all-pervading God. Apparently Mr. Darwin seeks to avoid this exposure to the suggestions of faith by a hypothesis which, if it does not exclude, steadfastly ignores plan, fixed process and pre-determined result, any principle of symmetry, co-ordination, and final cause.

DARWIN'S FACTORS.

The working elements of Darwin's hypothesis are three. Continuity of species, or the law of inheritance. Discontinuity of species, or the habit of variation. Struggle for life. The result of the struggle for life is what Mr. Darwin calls natural selection; otherwise named the survival of the fittest. Sexual selection is one form of natural selection.

The continuity of species means that, as the general rule, living beings give birth to others like the parents in all respects in which the parents are like those which are grouped with them as forming a species. Variation means that the offspring are not exactly like the parents, or like each other, and that occasionally this difference may extend to one or more of the specific traits, and under certain conditions may become itself hereditary, and, by accumulation of many similar changes, form a new species. The variant offspring would be only an abnormal individual, but that the law of inheritance comes into play, and tends to make the offspring of the next generation repeat the variation. Yet this result is opposed by the secondary law of inheritance, or that of reversion, which renders it likely that the future offspring of the variant will be like the grand-parents rather than like the parents. Moreover as any variation affects but an individual, or at the most a few, the offspring of one parent, the great chance by far is that the variation will not be perpetuated, but either at once or gradually vanish in succeeding generations. There must be some way to increase

the chances that the variations will be perpetuated, and this Mr. Darwin finds in his doctrine of the struggle for life. In this struggle, the best will win. If, then, among the aberrations from the specific type some are changes for the better, some for the worse, and some indifferent, the worse will be quickly eliminated by the struggle for life; the indifferent will vanish through the law of inheritance tending to keep each species true to itself; but those that are for the better, that is, such as give the possessor a better chance of living a long life, will be likely to survive, because such animals will have the best chance to be parents, and their peculiarities will be likely to descend to their offspring, and become permanent as race traits. This is Mr. Darwin's key to the whole system of the organic creation. A late German writer exclaims, "The whole is in this. The struggle for life accounts for all." An unbiased mind would think that life itself must exist before there can be a struggle for life; that a negative term — for such struggle is, implying impediment, difficulty, and death — can hardly stand as one side of the grand equation of organic life. The fallacy is radical, and vitiates any attempt to account for the organic system on this scheme. It constructs the world of life out of the substractions and impediments that have beset its way.

These three topics require a fuller statement.

Continuity of species. In regard to this there is no controversy, except as to the absoluteness of the law. It is one of the most wonderful facts of organic life, and only fails to astonish because we are so familiar with it. The discoveries of geology have made it far greater than historic experience shows it to be. Many of the familiar species of flowering herbs and forest trees now extant in England, are found in fossil form under such a series of deposits as to bewilder the mind that tries to estimate the length of time during which the beech and oak, the buckbean and pond-lily, and other familiar plants of our times, have maintained their specific character unchanged. Some species of the lower animals span large reaches in the geological record, whether millions or tens of millions of years no one knows, nor does it much matter as regards the marvelousness of the fact. Our daily action is based on our assurance of the truth. No man, not even the most ardent believer in reversion to former types, fears that his own child will be

monkey, still less ascidian, or suspects himself of being an illustration of natural laws in that way. Mr. Darwin might have stated this law much more strongly than he does; and much less industry than he shows in gathering illustrations of what seem departures from it would have found such store of proofs of the very great regularity and obstinacy of this order as to have much interfered with his conclusions.

There is hardly less general assent to the second rule or fact, that of variation. It is the basis of individuality. Every recognition of an acquaintance by motion, feature, or tones of voice is an illustration of it. The remotest traditions fail to transmit the beginning of man's use of this law as a means of modifying his domesticated companions and helpers of the lower orders. In some cases, the traits so formed have become hereditary and semi-instinctive. In the pointer, setter, and retriever we have instances of animal adaptation of which we know the origin and final cause. Yet their fitness to the ends in view is no more clear and definite than that of many traits and organs in other animals not produced by any human agency. In the one class we know that a designing mind is the cause. On what rational ground can it be held illogical to refer the others to mind as cause? This law, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, is one of nature's methods to secure the greatest fullness of æsthetic and economic uses in the organic creation, as evident in its use as any of the more vital differences on which science bases its classification. Mr. Darwin piles up illustrations of this law, but with the slenderest connection possible between the facts so adduced and the inference he would have us draw. The rule of variation is, I do not say without exception, that the changes so occurring do not affect the specific character. It may happen that those features which are modified are those by which the species is familiarly recognized, and in the books described; because where there is general uniformity, any, even the most superficial, mark may serve to indicate the species. Thus among birds the species is often indicated by the plumage, but no naturalist supposes that this *constitutes* the species. That is something far more difficult to reach. To get at a precise and constant definition of species, in general and in particular, is one of the yet unaccomplished things in science. It

is quite possible it is an essence that does not admit of a physical statement, because it is not a physical thing. Think of dogs, or as we say, "the dog," the many varieties, so different in size, proportions, color, voice, texture of hair, habits, faculties, disposition, mental gifts; yet all so agree in that which constitutes dog nature that we have no doubt as to their specific unity, nor can we say that one is more dog than another. And they are of the same opinion themselves; for all, hound, bull-dog, mastiff, and terrier, pointer and setter, Esquimaux, Newfoundland, spaniel, cur, mongrel, poodle, meet in social interview with unqualified mutual recognition, interchange of civilities, and sympathetic convulsions of the spinal prolongation.

Mr. Darwin makes mere bond-slaves of pigeons in the service of his theory, and shows conclusively that for some reason these luckless innocents are peculiarly susceptible to the disturbing influence of man's interference with their mating instincts. But all the pouters and puffers and tumblers, ruffed-collars and fantails, and whatever else of abominable and abnormal man's depraved propensities have managed to substitute for nature's symmetry and grace, are only pigeons after all. If left alone, the most aristocratic and ridiculous swell of them all would mate if he could with the modest rock-pigeon in the dress and form nature gave; and they constantly strive to revert to the original form, showing immensely more wisdom and sense of the fitness of things than their human perverters. No such results can be got out of most species, by whatever careful nursing of their variations. It seems to be a kind of scrofulous diathesis in the pigeons which, under unnatural circumstances, runs to monstrous distortions. There is surely no basis in such exceptional facts of disorder under man's management for a theory of the myriad-fold harmony, fitness, and order of the organic system.

The processes of variation are in constant activity, multitudinous, and complex. They have been for thousands of years of which we have historic records. They have been aided and exaggerated by man, yet we have no instance of a new species so produced. If we go back of historic times to the geologic, the testimony is all in the same direction: what are called connecting links are apparently no more than species of intermediate charac-

ter. Much stress is laid on the imperfection of the geologic record, but these gaps may just as well be supposed to conceal evidence against, as for, the transmutation of species. It is not scientific to make our ignorance the basis of our doctrines: science deals only in facts. It studies things. It interrogates nature to find out the truth.

These remarks apply to the doctrine of transmutation as held generally by evolutionists. They show that it must be regarded as not proven. On the whole, the facts are not in its favor, but very much the other way. It is essentially a metaphysical, not a physical view, very plausible and attractive, but not yet established.

But Mr. Darwin's use of the fact of variation is peculiar. He indeed speaks of the law of variation, but he means only the facts. He recognizes no such law; no fixed, usual, regular course of variation; no scheme, so to speak, that is capable of an intelligible statement. Some naturalists have supposed the chief cause of variation to be in the influence of external circumstances, such as food, soil, climate. Mr. Darwin recognizes the physical surrounding as one cause, but is very positive that it is of subordinate importance; nor, as far as it goes, does he formulate it in any law or principle. With him variation is simply that and only that. Of the causes, and, therefore, of the methods, if any there be, he repeatedly affirms our profound ignorance. He very plainly rejects any hidden principle of design. To admit that would at once render nugatory the most labored reasonings of his book. They take all their significance from the assumed absence of creative control and direction in the progress of the organic world. It does not invalidate this assertion to show that Mr. Darwin very often uses language the most natural interpretation of which is one that ascribes the facts he is dealing with to a principle and power of adaptation. This, in fact, is one of the things which prevents the reader from feeling at once the extravagant improbabilities of his scheme. An undertone of plan and purpose runs through all. But Mr. Darwin has plainly told us that he uses such language only for convenience. Variation is simply change. The offspring is not exactly like the parent. The difference may be in organs, functions, shape, habits, color, hair, feathers, or it may be mental or moral. It may be

good, bad, or indifferent. In the vast majority of cases the change will be of no significance, and will not be repeated in a succeeding generation. But among the multitude of changes some may be such as to give the animal a better chance to survive and propagate than others of its kind; even then, in a majority of cases, the next generation will revert to the usual type of the species, but there may be some in which the variation will be repeated, and so have a chance to become established as an hereditary mark. No single change will be enough to constitute a new species. There must be a great number of changes, each slight, all improvements, and cumulative, and happening in the same hereditary line, before a new species is formed. On this slender thread, and to call it gossamer would be to absurdly overstate its substance, Mr. Darwin hangs the whole magnificent scheme of organic life. What can one say but that, granting all his facts, and all his suppositions, no such result could possibly come. There would be no tendency to such a result, but only to interminably varied and unsymmetric forms of life. Out of such elements can not be constructed one organ, one function, one symmetrical form, or collocation of parts.

The struggle for life. The assumptions on which Mr. Darwin rests his conception of the struggle for life seem obvious and accordant with the facts. Yet it is doubtful if this struggle exists, as a large fact, in any such form as to make it answer his purpose. It is not generally true that animals in a wild state are pushed for the means of subsistence. The supply is generally adequate. The checks to the too great multiplication of any one class are of various kinds, so as to exert a nearly equal average pressure on each race and each individual. The weaker and more timid follow the lead of their wants and instincts till the blow of the destroyer falls, in the great majority of instances a force against which individual differences are of little or no avail. The system is one of checks, but only in a small degree operating so as to make a struggle for existence a condition of life, — that is, so as to make the issue depend on the individual's efforts. To take one of Mr. Darwin's illustrations, the giraffe: with what reason can it be assumed that escaping from a scarcity of food occasioned by drought has been a perceptible element in determining the fate of these

animals, seeing that the fate of the great majority must be to perish by the attack of beasts of prey? Assuming the struggle, is it made plain that the superiority of the individual determines its survival? Superior courage and strength may triumph in the actual conflict of male with male; but these may also be the inducing motives to go into the fight, and lead to a habit of carelessness of danger, while the timid and the weak escape the risk by avoidance. The facts seem against this doctrine of the survival of the fittest, unless we fall into the *petitio principii* of saying that the survivors must have been the fittest, else they would not have survived. Why should the Dinornis, large as an elephant, wingless, and the Epiornis, equally large, and armed probably with the immense wings and powerful talons and beak of a bird of prey, perish from the earth, leaving the delicate birds of Paradise, and the fairy-like humming-birds, to adorn man's abode? Fittest these to survive for their beauty and innocence, but not, it would seem, for coming off victors in a struggle for life.

Except in a few general statements, referring to what may be called unconscious struggle for life, and especially applicable to the vegetable world, the terms and descriptions which Darwin uses in setting forth this assumed struggle imply a high organization already attained; organs of locomotion, a digestive apparatus, a nervous system, including the mental and physical energies of the developed animal, conscious desire for food, love of life, dread of pain and death, cognitions of the external world and its relations to the animal's life, the senses, sight, hearing, taste, volition, reason. In a word, almost the whole marvel of animal life is presupposed in every statement and illustration of the struggle for life and the resulting natural selection. In nearly all the reasonings of the treatise on the descent of man still more is assumed. That is, given living beings, with the nutritive functions, the nervous system, the power of voluntary action, of cognition of the external world, of discernment of qualities and differences, organs of special sense, affections and desires, divided into sexes with the impulses belonging to the more advanced forms of that distinction, Darwin thinks he has discovered the way in which these living beings have become divided into classes, orders, genera and species. Even for this conclusion he demands im-

mense faith, where proof is none. As I try to conceive how his plan would work, it seems that its only possible result would be endless differences of individuals, but no classes. But allowing all that is possible, it makes no approach towards accounting for the organic system which, in its fundamentals, antedates and is the condition of any such struggle for life as he depicts.

It is conceded by Mr. Darwin, and by most of those who agree in the main with him, that his theory does not account for the beginning of life. There can be no inheritance, no variation, no struggle, till life is, and has some form. But the same weakness besets his theory as a means of accounting for the beginning of each and every organ. Single cells can vary only by increase or decrease. In this change, there is no element of a nutritive process. Suppose nutrition to be established, no differentiation of that can begin a circulating system; no differentiation of this can begin respiration; and so on, through muscles, bones, to nerves, nerves of sensation, nerves of self-consciousness, nerves of vision, of hearing, of smell, of taste, of volition. It requires the utmost stretch of imagination to conceive how such variations as Darwin allows could end in any one of the thousands of distinct and discrete organs and functions of the body and the mind. Yet whatever extreme of improbability is implied in one such result by the law of chances is infinitely multiplied when ten thousand such lines of variation are supposed to unite at last in the wonderful structure of the mammal. I do not forget that Darwin hints at some occult law of co-ordinated variation. He only hints, for he doubtless thought that such a law itself would be one of the wonders for which he was bound to find a cause in that very law of variation which it is needed to help along its hobbling course.

The want of space forbids the adducing of lengthened illustrations of the difficult problems which present themselves in crowds to an advocate of Darwinism. Mr. Darwin himself is conscious of them, and tries to cope with a few of them. But his method is for the most part only a bare re-assertion of his belief that natural selection is enough. His frequent formula is, "I do not see any special difficulty in this," from which the only inference is one unfavorable to his powers of vision. Men who assail theology as a false science say that true science appeals only to facts. I

venture to say no two volumes have appeared in the realm of theological studies, in our age, in which so large a part of the reasoning is based on avowed suppositions as is true of Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man." In dealing with the subject of instinct especially, as seen in bees and ants, and the special difficulty that these instincts are most perfect in the neuters which have no offspring, and whose parents are destitute of the instincts, so that the neuter can neither receive nor transmit them by inheritance, Mr. Darwin sums up by saying, "I believe that natural selection, by acting on the fertile ants or parents, could form a species which should regularly produce neuters" of the desirable kind as to armature and instincts. And again, "I have now explained how, as I believe, the wonderful fact of two distinctly de fined castes of sterile workers, existing in the same nest, both widely different from each other and from their parents, has originated. . . . This case also, is very interesting as it proves," &c. The point is that nothing has been said in the least degree to explain how the facts came about, or to show that natural selection has anything to do with it, beyond Mr. Darwin's "I believe." But this is science, pure deference to fact and reality, which is to teach theologians how to escape from illusion and reach firm ground! Mr. Darwin himself seems to have an uneasy sense that his explanation will not remove all objections. In his summing up of his chapter on instincts, he says, "I do not pretend that the facts given in this chapter strengthen in any great degree my theory; but none of the cases of difficulty, to the best of my judgment, annihilate it." This is not the language of heartfelt and enthusiastic conviction.

Mr. Darwin's hypothesis will take its place soon among the exploded things, destroyed not by any man's assaults, but by its own utter inadequacy. Its working machinery includes the major part of the great mystery it seeks to solve. But with all these assumptions granted, the machinery will not work. It is hopelessly out of gear. We cannot accept as an explanation even of the later and more superficial differentiations of life, even such as the colors of flowers and of the plumage of birds, a theory which requires a perpetual conflict with difficulties, which stumbles at every step one would take with it as a guide among the curious and wonder-

ful facts of organic existence. Mr. Darwin will be honored as an observer of rare industry and acuteness, who has gathered an immense store of the interesting facts of plant and animal life; but that honor will be qualified by the conviction that as a theorizer he is more daring than clear-sighted or sound of judgment. Meanwhile we shall all feel at liberty to range in this field of delights as the Lady Matilda was doing, with a happy and reverent recognition of the working everywhere of the thought and will of God, content still to wait for an adequate interpreter of the divine method.

L. J. Livermore.

THEODORE PARKER AS AN EXAMPLE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

Mr. Lowe had intended himself to prepare a review of Mr. Frothingham's interesting "Life of Theodore Parker," but his declining health and other engagements prevented him from fulfilling his purpose. It is now too late for a review of a work already so widely known. And, besides, the present writer has already written two papers on the subject for "The Christian Register." He has no desire to repeat what he there said, and any brief summary or recapitulation would be wholly unsatisfactory. We only say, therefore, that we consider the book, in the main, both able and trustworthy; that, if it has some of the exaggerations which belong to a eulogistic biography, in its truthful statements of facts it usually furnishes the data by which to make the needed corrections. In one matter, however, — Mr. Parker's controversy with the Boston Association, — Mr. Frothingham has exceeded the bounds of excusable partiality, and has given what we regard as a very unwarrantable perversion of facts. Mr. Parker was a great reformer. In this character lies his especial claim to our grateful remembrance. He never has taken a place among the great original thinkers and profound and exact scholars of the world. His

books are nowhere accepted as authorities by those who alone have the right to adjudicate in such matters. But there were qualities in the man which command our admiration and respect; and it is in regard to some of these that we wish to speak of him now, and especially to commend his example to ministers and to young men just about to enter the Christian ministry.

In the first place, we would call their attention to his ideal of personal character. "There is no standing still," he says, "in religion. If you are not going forward, you are falling backward. Strive for greater eminence in religion. Labor to be more constant in prayer, more exact in self-watchfulness, more perfect in your outward conduct. But, above all, strive, watch, pray, to be more pure in heart. This is the one thing needful. So far as you fail of this, you fail of religion; you come short of the requirements of Christianity. . . . By religion I mean total obedience to the will of God in all things, the most trifling as well as the most important. This is the religion of the apostles, the religion of Christ. Its points are self-distrust, meekness, cheerfulness, joy, faith, love. If any man on earth has cause to be joyful, it is the Christian."

What he urged here he practiced in his own life. "His wealth of sympathetic emotion was as remarkable as his wealth of mind." "More than half the time," said one of his regular hearers, "in his prayer, I could see the tears run down his face before he was done. Two years, on attempting to read, on Easter Sunday, the story of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus, he could not get through, but, overcome by emotion, had to sit down, and give way to his tears." "Is it not sometimes a burden to the preacher to go through the devotional exercises of the Sunday?" asked one of his friends. "Never to me," was the reply. "The natural attitude of my mind has always been prayerful. A snatch of such feeling passes through me as I walk in the street, or engage in any work. The utterance of prayer is, at any time, as simple to me as breathing." "When I was a boy, I heard men pray great prayers and deep ones. To me it seemed as if an angel sung them out of the sky, and this man caught the sound, and copied it easily on his own string. I wondered all men prayed not so; that all could not. Before I was a man, I learned that such inspirings

come not thus, but of toil and pain, trial and sorrow, — here spread over many days, there condensed into a few."

This high ideal of life Mr. Parker carried into his views of the Christian ministry. "I do not ever think of deserting a ministry which would dignify angels, and has been honored by the Son of God himself. . . . Yet think I still there is no employment so noble on the earth as the faithful attempt to give a loftier action to humanity, to make men unfold the natures God has given them, and to lead them to be whole men. . . . One sole thing encourages me, — to wit, I know that one who keeps God's law of the spirit of life, and puts forth his life manfully in obedience thereto, be his might never so little, — be it less than mine even, — has for his friend and ally and co-worker the entire almightiness and perfect virtue of God." Many years later, when his feelings had been sobered, and his early enthusiastic impulses subdued into matured convictions, he said, "There is a deal of work to be done in the ministry, in the Unitarian ministry; there never was such a time for a real living man to do a manly work. . . . There never was a time when idleness in a minister was such a stigma and reproach."

With this high ideal of Christian living, Mr. Parker carried into his profession an equally high ideal of the studies which it is the duty of a Christian minister to carry on. No superficial, hand-to-mouth preparation for his work could satisfy him. On all great subjects, he went through the most laborious investigations, unwilling to preach upon them, even to a small country congregation, before he had strengthened and enriched his mind by familiarity with what the greatest masters of thought had said about them. Here is the reason why so many young men fail, and why so many men of fine powers, in the middle of life, fall away from the influence they ought to have, and cease to excite the interest they ought to excite by their preaching. They are not working with all their might to master thoroughly the subjects which belong to their calling, and to lay in, on a large scale, materials for thought. The consequence is that, instead of going deeper into the central principles, and seeing the topics of which they treat in new lights every time they take them up anew, they are content to repeat what they have once said, and go through the same round till

it becomes wearisome alike to themselves and those who hear them.

A nurse whom we know was asked if familiarity with suffering did not make her insensible to it. "If it were so," she said, "I should immediately change my occupation." So, whenever a man's profession becomes merely a routine, in which he takes no interest and is making no progress, and in which no new feelings are excited by new thoughts and experiences, it is time for him to leave it. His time of improvement in himself and of usefulness to others has gone by. Mr. Parker was as free as any man that we have ever known from danger of this kind. He had gone through the most extended and laborious studies. But what he had done was an incentive to new efforts rather than an excuse for idleness. He was always looking forward to new fields, or entering on new researches in old fields. And, if he had lived to be eighty years old, his thoughts would probably have been as fresh, and his interest in his work as warm, as in the first consecration of himself and all his powers to a profession which, more than any other, opens out in every direction, and takes all knowledge to be its province. His example here is worthy of all commendation. More ministers fail in mental and moral power, and die out in their influence, from the want of what he so eminently possessed, in this respect, than from any other one cause.

The same energetic and laborious habits which Mr. Parker carried into his studies went with him into his other ministerial duties and relations. He had a great endowment of practical shrewdness in the management of affairs in dealing with people. Most scholarly men, ministers especially, find a sense of physical inefficiency and lassitude coming over them after being absorbed in their studies, and there is a strong disposition to give way to the temptation, and neglect the more active duties of their calling. It was not so with Mr. Parker. He kept the run of his parish. He knew where a word in season or an act of kindness would tell, and seldom neglected the opportunity. Even when in Boston, with his great congregation which no man could know entirely, brought together as they were from all quarters, he had not only a general knowledge of his audience, but a wonderful insight into the character and wants of individuals. And this he gained by

going among them, by seeking out representative persons, and becoming very intimate with them, so as to be admitted entirely into their confidence. In this way, he knew the needs of his people, and was looked up to by them, not only as a great preacher, but as a personal friend. And his public services were all the more effective because of his private relations with them.

He knew how to make himself agreeable to young persons. He loved to frolic with children, and as they grew older he was still their associate. He had an eye for everything that was going on, especially in matters of education and morals. He usually, we suspect, had a personal friend in almost every class in Harvard College, so as to learn from him who were the promising young men there. And if he heard of a bright and promising student who was having a hard time on account of straitened circumstances, he would go to his room, make his acquaintance, invite him to his study, and offer to him such pecuniary assistance as he might need. In this way, he brought some of the ablest young men in college into intimate personal relations with himself, and with leading members of his society, and by means of them made himself and the views he represented felt through the different departments of the University, and especially in the Divinity School. He knew his men. He had rare powers of personal address. And no faculty that was in him was allowed to rust out from inaction. In this and a thousand ways, extending sometimes into unsuspected quarters, he reached other minds, and had a controlling influence over them.

How much he did in secret we cannot tell. From Mr. Frothingham's Life, and from our own personal knowledge of him, we infer that, while he did a vast deal for others, he was not one of the men whose left hand was wholly ignorant of what his right hand was doing. He loved to do good, and he loved to know that he was doing it, and to have those whom he assisted know it too. We do not mean that he had a trumpet sounded before him. Very far from it. But he knew where a knowledge of what he did would be an additional favor to the beneficiary, and increase his own influence for good. For example, he believed in prayer, and so, in his private devotions, prayed separately for each child of a friend and parishioner. This was well. Every faithful and

devout minister probably does the same thing sometimes. But Mr. Parker, in writing to the mother, tells her all about it. It might touch her heart, and do her and her children good, to know that this great and heavenly minded man thus remembered them in his secret devotions. But after that letter, the sacred veil of secrecy was removed, and something of the sanctity of the act was gone. Perhaps the telling was all right. We do not condemn it. But, unless for some peculiar reason, in some peculiar case, we could not do it. Nor do we commend it to others. But the prayer, the thoughtful personal interest which led to it, the habit of bearing upon his heart, in his private devotions, the members of his congregation in loving sympathy and supplication, — these things we do commend. They may be unfailing sources of comfort and strength to the minister, and a means of uniting him and his people together in his own affections and the all-embracing love of God.

Mr. Parker did not undervalue his own powers, and sometimes he looked down scornfully on men who, in the finest elements of mind and character, were in nowise his inferiors. But there was another side to him. The most touching passage in his Life, to us, may be found on the three hundred and forty-fourth page. Dr. Howe had told a friend that he did not often go to hear him, because he did not satisfy his religious nature. The remark was repeated to Mr. Parker, and wounded him deeply. "This is in reality," he wrote in his private journal, "the most painful criticism I ever heard made on my ministry. Several have gone away for various reasons. . . . This is the first that I know of who has gone elsewhere because the preaching was not *religious* enough. But who knows how many have been grieved away by the same thing? God help me to know myself, that I may see how frail I am! Dr. Howe said that other men went down into the deep places of his heart more than I, and gave him a glow of religion which I failed to produce. . . . I once loved pleasure; and religion kept me in. I loved money, even now have a passion for acquisition, . . . but religion forbade me to be rich while the poor needed food and the ignorant to go to college. I love ease; but I don't take it. Religion keeps me at this desk, and sends me to a thousand things which, even now, I like not to do. I love

fame, and for religion I took a path that I knew would lead me to infamy all my life; and if anything else ever comes of it, it will be when I am wholly oblivious to all such things. . . . I have borne sorrows that bow men together till they can in nowise lift up themselves. But my comfort has been the joy of religion; my delight is the infinite God; and that has sustained me. Yet I am glad of the criticism; and, true or not, I will profit by it."

The spirit of this is very beautiful. There are other traits and acts which we should be glad to bring forward, but shall confine ourselves to a single extract which we commend, not only to young ministers, but to all persons who enter the relation which is here mentioned: "Since, by the will of God, a wife is to be given me, it is becoming that I prescribe for myself rules and laws. Therefore, by God's help, I here resolve, promise, and bind myself steadfastly to observe the following regulations: 1. Never, except for the best causes, to oppose my wife's will. 2. To discharge all services for her sake freely. 3. Never to scold. 4. Never to look cross at her. 5. Never to weary her with commands. 6. To promote her piety. 7. To bear her burdens. 8. To overlook her foibles. 9. To love, cherish, and ever defend her. 10. To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers, — thus, God willing, we shall be blessed."

If all men and women who marry would come together with solemn resolutions like these, a vast weight of wretchedness would be lifted up from human hearts and homes, and joy and peace be multiplied throughout the world.

J. H. Morison.

THE RELATION OF CHURCH OBSERVANCES TO RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

It is a painful, but certainly very vital question, whether our forms of worship, our church attendance, in short, our whole scheme of religious observances, have any practical influence on our lives and conduct. It is truly a very lamentable state of things if this is not the case, — nor do I believe that it is not, — and yet a moment's reflection calls to mind scores of examples in which the alliance between a Christian life and our church services is altogether remote and intangible. Far more striking and important, in this view, is the popular conviction, founded on centuries of experience, and on that common-sense knowledge of the worth of things, which is the basis of all communication and confidence among men, that, in all practical matters of good faith, of fair dealing, of honorable life, and of the virtues that make humanity tolerable, the religious element is of so little consideration that it rarely enters into any secular calculation or affects any man's secular standing or character. What I mean, coming down to plain terms, is, that the village grocer won't give credit to a customer any quicker because he belongs to the church or goes to meeting on the Sabbath day; and that the neighbor of the deacon won't trust him with "anything that is his" sooner than he would the vagabond next on the other side who goes fishing Sundays. There are men who sit complacently in their pews year in and out, who talk in the Sunday school, who gather at the Lord's Supper, — who, none the less, overreach you in a bargain, cheat you in their work, of whom you wouldn't dare buy a family horse, and who, if you trust them with your money, may run away with it or misappropriate it to their own use. The criticisms and comments of the church porch, the tone of the sewing-circle, are not above the level of any other social assembly. The history of church societies is in partial measure a history of wrangles, rows about

* Read at the Plymouth and Bay Conference, at Pembroke, Oct. 29, 1874.

pews, fights with ministers, splits over some two-penny trifles, involving law-suits, bad blood, and prejudices handed down from generation to generation. Our law reports are full of such cases, and in them the lawyers have found their fattest fees. The element of humility never entered yet into a New England parish as such. Its fold has from time immemorial been the arena on which the pride and ambition of local aspirants have struggled for place, mastery, and power. Because a man worships in church, it is sad, but it is true, that that is regarded as small reason in the popular mind for having faith in him. You don't employ him any quicker for it; you don't seek him for that reason for your lawyer, your selectman, your school-committee, or your representative. You don't know to-day whether Abraham Lincoln was a believer or an infidel, and, indeed, so far as your confidence in him as a magistrate, in his honesty, his uprightness, his ability, is concerned, you don't ask which he was. When we talk in general terms about Christian excellence, we are apt to credit the church with the worth of its best representatives, just as we measure the meeting-house by the height of its spire. Channing stands, in our estimation, for the whole Unitarian body, and we forget that the rank and file are only rank and file, and are no more up to the standard of the loftiest religious attainment than the rabble of an army are to that of the loftiest patriotism. Of course, the old associations revive in us and help us to more or less of sacred demeanor and virtuous mental habit, when we sit in the sanctuary; the music touches us; the ancient hymns wake an approved frame of mind; we think of the mother's voice and knee, and the little village church of our boyhood; the preacher affects us more or less; and we receive from him possibly a flitting intellectual impulse, or a little moral titillation; but, as far as any active controlling energies flooding into our hearts to make us better men in practical life are concerned, a paper in "The Unitarian Review" or a poem of Whittier would often have roused us quite as much; and the current of our lives runs on, after the morning services, very much as it did when, an hour before, we entered the house of God, with no ripple raised on it to disturb its ordinary surface of worldliness. And there the Sabbath stops; the work of the minister and his congregation is closed; and, with the exception of

the Sunday school, which only the children attend, or the occasional parish tea-party, where we gossip and flirt, the religious work of the week is ended.

The same is true, not only of Christian professions in general, but in the matter of denominational divisions. We sever by denominational lines; we lift our banners inscribed with the motto of our special faith; we raise our battle cries, and wage war under the leadership of inspiring captains; we argue points of theology with Calvinist and Catholic, and are inflamed with the heat of the discussion; we wonder at the narrowness of this sect or the license of that; we rail at the backslider who deserts our ranks; anon, we shout our war-whoop when some straggler comes over to our side; we read this one out and that one in, according as he goes too far or keeps within the enclosure: but, practically, as living, breathing men of the world, intent on bread and butter, and alive to the social fabric of our homes and villages, we don't care a straw. When we come to the fall or spring election, when we buy our tea and coffee, when we select our school-masters and sweethearts, when we choose our friends, — whatever human relation we incur or duty impose, — our denominational ardor might as well have been expended on a game of croquet or over the chess-board.

It is this lack of alliance between church forms and denominations, on the one hand, and practical conduct, on the other, that is at the bottom of that vulgar sneer at the man who, as it is called, "professes religion." The revivalist exhorts his hearers not to be afraid to come out in the face of the world and enlist under the banner of Jesus. And we are all of us conscious that in the common mind there does exist a prejudice which makes such a step more or less hard to take. But is there not a subtle truth underlying this fact? Has it not its foundation in that great popular instinct which is never altogether wrong? The world never sneers at real merit. A man in your village cannot give a pair of boots to a barefooted boy, or a citizen who is in high place treat his neighbor graciously, but the fame of his conduct will reach everywhere, and the applause of the masses, the generous verdict of the town, follow him, unless unfortunately he be a candidate for public office. The fact is, people recognize that the profession of

religion in the cant revivalistic sense is only a profession, a selfish artifice, not to save other souls, but to avoid the risk of losing one's own, — a profession which will perhaps give a man a seat in the church, but not effect in the remotest degree his public spirit, his conduct, his fair dealing, his humanity. Who ever thinks of contemptuously applying the term "professor of religion" to a Gannett, or a May, or a Judson? and what community is so vicious, what individual so profane, that, recognizing the works of such men, ever sneers at them for assuming to be disciples of the Master? It is only because the world has been cheated so many times by a white cravat and a sanctimonious face and attitude, and has so often seen the assumption of the Christian insignia only a cover for hypocrisy and cant, that with justice it suspects the honesty of mere profession, and demands substantial Christian living, which, however, wherever it genuinely appears, is none the less sure to receive its full acknowledgment and reward.

The imperfect alliance to which I refer is not between true religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, in a word, genuine Christianity, and its influence on the world, but between the forms in which we have in these latter days chosen to express that religion, and their influence for good, or their lack of it, on the world. Nor do I mean to involve here the question whether religion and morality are the same thing. I take it they are not, though as much akin as the contents of the different globes with which the apothecary illuminates his window, varying from one another only in the nature of their coloring matter. Morality is goodness for its own sake; religion is goodness with a sense of our obligation to be good for the sake of the Eternal Father who implanted the capacity of goodness in our souls, as the conscience of a child finds an added incentive to right-doing in the enfolding and watchful love of a mother's heart. Commingle or distinguish the two, it matters little which, the question still remains, How far do our church services actually promote either, proportionately to the importance we give these services, the hard cash we expend on them, and the dignity, pomp, and pride with which we sustain them?

And, in this matter, I am not certain that something more might not be done with the present forms of church worship, if they were more vigorously employed by our ministers. There is

a natural tendency to fall into routine and lifelessness in all stated and regular work; and it may be that our pastors are too artificial and conventional in their ministrations to awaken the enthusiasm that is the life of the Christian Church, and which, when they serve on our school committees, they so vigorously demand of our teachers. Somebody, I don't remember who, nor do I know how reliable the information, told me that one of our most effective preachers said that, if he were going over his life again, he would preach straight at the emotions of men. Is there not a world of truth in that suggestion? Is it not true that in the Christian Church and pulpit we fail to use just those agencies which, in secular life, we adopt when we are strenuous to accomplish any Christian work? To carry a town-meeting, to effect a temperance reform, to develop a great political cause, to excite sympathy and raise aid for a city burned or a state deluged, we enlist the most fervid speakers; we drive with all the force that we can at the hearts, sympathies, and emotions of the masses, and always with practical success and overflowing returns: while in any ordinary pulpit sermon, say on charity, the conventional preacher constructs a didactic essay, analyzing his subject as coldly as an anatomist dissects a dead body, and if the contribution-box is passed around its bottom is grudgingly half covered with the meanest scrip and coin that can be juggled out of a man's pocket without his neighbor's seeing how small it is. If Rufus Choate asks a jury to acquit a criminal, his arms quiver with the intensity of his passion, his nostrils breathe fire, he snatches from the arms of the prisoner's wife her flaxen-haired child, and, holding it to his heart, pleads for it, for mother and wife, for life and home, till he literally melts the twelve men before him into tears and mercy. This may be extravagance, though it is the extravagance of genuis, learning, and profound knowledge of human nature; and why cannot young ministers learn, that, to accomplish anything either in practical results, or even to touch for a moment the souls before them, there must be some spark at least of the same fervor and enthusiasm. You cannot reach men otherwise. I know that you fear the coarse rapture and bathos of mere emotional preaching, but there is no reason why you should neglect the use of a powerful agent because it has been abused in its application by other hands. The

roaring blaze of a camp-fire only flares and dies out, but a keener wisdom employs the same element in the almost invisible and delicate, but thousand times more powerful, flame of the hydrogen jet, and melts the solid iron into permanent forms of use and service. So with this quality of fervor; it is not the whole thing; it is not the only agency: but it is one of the utmost importance; and at the divinity schools and in parish preaching it should be cultivated as almost the distinguishing element between success and failure, so far as results are desired; for, according as its measure is in the preacher, in matter and in manner, so is his effectiveness. It is what does Christian work in secular life; it raises millions for charity; it abolishes slavery; it restores the houses that are swept away by inundation from broken dams; and it may well be employed to weld religious observances with religious life. By emotion I do not mean that nonsense of rant or puddling of sentiment which makes women hysteric and enthusiasts shout, Amen; but that intellectual emotion, that spiritual emotion, that emotion of the heart, of thought, of soul, of character, of the whole man, that infusion of what some one has termed the divine sympathy, which lifts to the loftiest range of the reason, the conscience and the affections.

Our Sundays should be like hills in a journey, mounting which, now and then, we get enlarged views and are lifted to a wider range, on which we catch the divine sunrise, and whence we move on afresh, purer and braver for the kiss of the hem of the garment of God. Our church prayers should not begin with a barren statement of the attributes and intellectual status of the Creator, apologies for approaching him, and metaphysical explanations of the relation of his mind to our mind, but with the sympathic quick appeal to the Heavenly Father, which in a single word puts our souls in harmony and communion with his soul; which illumes us as a torch illumines the night, and from which we rise, not with a sense of weariness and criticism and impatience, but with the elevation, the warmth, the aspiration for better and nobler ideas, into something of which we are lifted when, in fervid moments, we are brought into intercourse with a human soul greater and better than our own. Our sermons should not be merely philosophical essays, not merely con-

ventional statements of faith, nor routines of commonplaces, but if these, or all or any of them, yet so fervidly urged, so warmed with human sympathy, so interwoven with human needs, so full of religious aspiration, and so vital in their immediate bearing on our spiritual and practical life, that we go away from them as a school-boy from contact with a magnetic teacher, ardent with zeal for improvement and winged for lofty flights. I know it is easier to point the way than to lead it; but something of all this we must have at the hands of our ministers. The sacred responsibilities of their profession impose on them the duty, hard as the word may seem, to inspire in us, no matter how irresponsive we are, the divine enthusiasm of Christian discipleship.

It is only justice, however, to say that the laity are very much in fault, and that no one is more conscious of this want of alliance between religious observances and the real life, more conscious of the lack of influence of church-services on the every-day character of the congregation, than the minister himself; and this it is that constitutes the peculiar delicacy, hardship, and embarrassment of his position. He starts in his work conscientiously, though perhaps with too great a leaning to the literary and dogmatic side of it; he has high notions of his calling; he counts on the support of his flock; he puts his brain into his sermons; he determines to preach nothing but the truth pure and eternal; he will lift the souls of his hearers always to exalted heights. Or he will breathe his heart into his exhortations; he will touch and kindle and warm. But, alas! some like him, some don't. Some think he would better turn his hand to the plow, and some suggest that he devote his genius to the stage. For all practical purposes, he, too often, reaches nobody. He has expended the labor of the week, he has exhausted himself to prepare an essay that is listened to between two hymns, discussed at the porch-door, and sooner forgotten than the editorial in yesterday's paper. The fault in all this matter is of course mutual. It is not confined to pulpit or to pews: each needs to feel constantly the vital importance of sustained earnestness and enthusiasm. It is not any part, it is the whole constituent Christian body that must keep itself alive and moving forward. And though spasmodic efforts are often deprecated, they are better than apathetic uniformity; and a stir-

ring impulse of the right sort, now and then, in the church as in any other good cause, moves the wheels along with great effect, and finds an example in the impulses of nature, in the buds of the spring-time.

It is also due to the minister to say that one reason, honorable to human progress and human nature, is found for his not more effectually inspiring and leading his congregation, in the fact of the increasing intelligence and self-reliance of the day. The minister no longer stands above the shoulders of his people. There are those in his parish who surpass him in reading, acquirements, and power. He competes with the newspaper, the book, the novel, the school, the stump, the platform, all of which are educators more powerful than himself; he finds it a sufficiently difficult task to keep abreast with his flock, much more to lead them; and it seems enough if he can aid, where once the occupants of his place led the way. Unless he adds to his pastoral offices the very worldly functions of book-maker, lecturer, or editor, his whole intellectual labor is expended on the one sermon, which nowadays constitutes the objective and almost only ceremonial of the church; and, narrowed to this, there is little opportunity left to connect ecclesiastical forms with religious life. In church and in religion, as in politics and society, the great democratic levelling up, which is the characteristic of the progress of the day, and which is the result of common education and of the spread of knowledge, has tended to weed out whatever in the minister, or in the observances of the sanctuary, is merely factitious and artificial. Our best expressions of Christianity long since began to be found, not only in convocations of ecclesiastics and Sabbath-day congregations, but also in the board of trade, the associations for aiding discharged convicts, the asylums for sick and poor, the hospital and school and college, in the union of merchant, mechanic, and scholar in whatever good work can be done, — in short, in the myriad forms of Christian activity, which are indeed the fruit of the church, that once embraced them all, but which now almost supplant and overtop the parent stem whence they sprang. The serious question begins to arise, which goes to the root of the whole system of churches, Sundays, and pulpits, whether Christianity itself, flowering out into its ripest perfection, will not by and by dispense with

the church, such as we have known it, as insufficient for a growth which should be wide as the universe and free as the air we breathe; whether Christianity shall not become practically, what it has always been in theory, co-extensive with humanity, and the church and the ministry be lost as distinctive things, become incorporated into the universal elevation of the race to a common level of Christian life and culture; and whether the distinction between secular and sacred things shall not pass away in the nobler appreciation of everything secular as being itself sacred, the true worshiper regarding no season too good, no hour too holy, no act too reverent, to be the every-day accompaniment of life, instead of setting apart any scheme of special ceremonies to be observed one day in seven, like the choice but not useful ware that a prudent housewife displays only on occasions.

Think of wrangling over a ritual or a gown, over a distinction between communicant and parishioner, in the light of this grander Christianity, which finds employment enough for all its genius and activity, if it can reach the spiritual and material needs of one of God's children, or help any sick and poor, or reform a single criminal, or elevate one human soul out of meanness and sin and sorrow! I do not mean the abrupt pulling out from the ecclesiastical fabric of the venerable columns on which it rests; but I suggest whether or not, in the future, the rising tide of general intelligence, of truer morals, of purer religion, of sweeter intercommunication, will not become so high and sustaining, that what we now regard as vital agencies will then seem like unnecessary props and helps, and a man be measured not, in any degree, by his adherence to the form, but solely by his manifestation of the spirit. True religion is certainly of very little value if it is not superior to all observances, days, forms, phrases, and arrangements; if all these, dear as they are to us by usage and association, are not the mere aids, which imperfect development of the religious and moral nature necessitates, but which will fall useless in the millennium, like the staging that is thrown away when the walls of an edifice are up. What God desires cannot be the imperfect adoration of his children, the creatures of his breath, though offered in words never so eloquent, and accompanied with ceremonies and forms never so imposing. What he desires can be noth-

ing less than the ripe fruit, — results in life and conduct, in word and thought and deed, — the culmination of purity and goodness and charity, that only genuinely grateful adoration which expresses itself in the closest emulation of the character and in the simplest obedience to the precepts of that Perfected Soul whom he sent to be our light and example. I have always felt that, when Christ stated the two great commandments of the law of God, he meant, when he said that the second was like unto or, in other words, the same as the first, to blend them into one, and to say, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, but the only way thou canst do it is by loving thy neighbor as thyself." I do not forget the vital and primal element of direct dependence upon God and relation to him, and of consecration to him as the Father, as the Eternal Verity, as the Absolute Truth, so that the consciousness of that awful and sacred relation and consecration shall be always a power holding us to the best exercise of our faculties and affections, as the governor of the engine keeps it always true to its best work; but it is nevertheless difficult for us, finite creatures, grateful to the infinite Creator, of whom we can form no conception, except through those human relations with which we are familiar, to imagine in what other way we can love him than by developing to their largest measure those humanities and virtues, in respect to which he has created us in his image and of which he has furnished us a living example in Jesus Christ. The best characteristics of love of God are summed up in the simple natural outburst of the mother's heart, when, parting with her darling, she asks him for nothing for herself, but with tears and kisses pleads, saying, "If you love me, be a good boy," uttering the same truth that Jesus uttered, which is, that the best evidence of our love to the Father is in the manifestation in our own lives of the largest goodness, the broadest humanity.

True worship must be something more than an indefinite aspiration towards the unknown. To be effectual and worthy of the Being to whom it is offered, it should be part and parcel of life itself. When Paul says, "Pray without ceasing," it is fair to infer, from the peculiarly practical tone of all his teaching, that praying with him meant that constant exaltation and fervor which

should blossom into living, every hour in the day, up to that perfect standard which he has himself set in the twelfth chapter of Romans. The whole scheme of church-paraphernalia, Sunday-services, preaching, praying, and parish organization is of no value, if their influence does not act directly on the life, — on mind, soul, heart, head, and hand.

The degree of this influence is the question for your consideration to-day, whether it shall be light and artificial, or something deep, powerful, controlling; whether it shall be of a worn-out sort, that should give place to something better, fresher, and more vigorous; or whether it yet retains in itself the elements of power and invigoration that render it still the best method of converting the world to truer religion, purer morals, and better lives. The great error with our friends, the Free Religionists, is not half so much their radicalism as the fact that they do little or nothing practically in the way of downright philanthrophy, — do not even support a sewing-circle to make woolen shirts for the Hottentots; but the same error would be found in our own denomination, if it were stripped, like a tree in winter, to the bare skeleton of its intellectual and theological dogmas.

It is just here that Christian church organization, which is a thing altogether subordinate to Christianity itself, just as all form is subordinate to the soul within it, has its real importance, — organization for work, for doing good, for saving souls and converting sinners. In our present circumstances we all admit that organization and forms are as necessary for the expression of Christian activity as are tools for the mechanic or agricultural implements for the farmer. But they must be regarded only as forms, as machinery, and not as results. Keeping this truth in mind, and following the idea already suggested of making the church co-extensive with humanity, we shall perhaps adopt even more forms than we now have, but they will be the same forms which the enterprise of man uses in other causes. Forms are of small value as an expression of devotion and worship; but they may be great helps in doing Christian work. And I see no reason why the church, in its healthiest state, may not utilize even the apparatus of corporations and legislatures, and have committees to look after and provide for various special objects of Christian charity and

growth, and even transform its ordinary Sunday service of sermon, prayer, and hymn into, now and then, a home conference like this, in whose discussions each pew shall be a participant, or adopt any other programme which shall stimulate thought, and by its variety keep alive enthusiasm. In this sense there is no limit to the value that might be found in the form, and all, too, without detriment to the spirit.

In considering this general subject, I see no source of alarm or sign of retrogression in the fact, that the immediate fruit of our ecclesiastical organizations seems so meagre in life and deed, and so disproportionate to the cost; or that so much of the world's growth seems to be outside instead of within the church. The reasons for all this are honorable to human nature, and have their foundations in its real worth and self-respect. In spite of all prating to the contrary, this same human nature in itself is pretty good material and, even left alone, always struggles upward. The great elements of character, the cardinal virtues, are common to the race, and have root beneath all distinctions of tribe, color, religion, or classification, and are older than older things than Christianity. The interlinking fibres of brotherhood and sympathy run through us all. Deep below all expressions in form, all worship in ceremony, all sacred observances, is the religious nature, which embodies all the virtues. Among the heathen of the isles, among the Indians of the new continent, the untaught priest dreams of the eternal verities, and in the breasts of his savage tribe glow, flaming now and then into splendor, sentiments of honor, faith, justice, and mercy. Add to all this the refinements of civilization, the polish of centuries of education, the attrition of man with man, and the uncounted influences that have aided the growth of the world, and out of that very growth have themselves been evolved again, and you have a human nature strong in itself and no longer dependent on artificial props of form; and as the child goes beyond the elementary instruction of the primary teacher, as the enlightened and emancipated monk of Wittenberg needs no more the confessional and the flagellation, so the consummate and fructified soul of to-day begins to burst the husks of external things, and clamor for the spirit and the essence, dissatisfied with the early aids to which it is none the less indebted for its original start and impulse.

Of course, there is danger in this growth. With it comes, perhaps, too much self-satisfaction, the disposition to substitute for the severe discipline and exactions of simple Christianity the amenities and optimism of what a brilliant essayist has termed modern civilized heathenism. But I cannot help thinking this same essayist is in error, when he undertakes to prove that the world has outgrown the precepts of Christianity; that a purely Christian life is absurd and impracticable; and that the common sense and gentlemanly behavior of good society are something better. The real fact is, not that the world has outgrown the simple but exalted precepts of Christ, but that it has never reached them in their height and breadth, though it has mocked them in the excesses of the ascetic and fanatic. We have yet scarce attained to the practice of the simplest Christian rule. To love those who hate us, to love our neighbor as ourselves, especially to be poor in spirit, are household phrases; but our practical comprehension of them is utterly inadequate, distorted, and dim: so that, lying far above the level of our lives, the Sermon on the Mount is to us like the pinnacle of the Alps to children in Swiss valleys, whose eyes are familiar with its shape, as something near at hand, but who never conceive of its inaccessible height, or of the everlasting purity into which it rises. The principles of Christianity are, I dare not say, eternal, for how do I know that? but are, I do know, so clear, so pure, so lofty, that nineteen centuries of civilization still fall below its perfect standard. The reason, the heart, the sober judgment all admit the surpassing excellence of the Christian test and principle; it is only the imperfection of human nature that cannot yet reach it in life and conduct. We have not outgrown the Christian measure, we have never reached it; and say what you will, the better impulse of the world, of the aspiring mind and soul of man, strives towards it still, though often in ways erratic and strange. All the isms of the day, wise or foolish, true or false, are efforts in the same direction. No community, no sect, no movement, no essay, whether in the matter of spiritualistic science, of radical theology, or of free-love, but starts with the aim and claim of something better and truer, and is good or bad as it reaches or falls below the severe criterion of Christianity, which in its simplicity of axiom

and precept still seems to embody whatever is true and final and good in them all. No one can measure the influence of Christianity on the history of the world, because for centuries it has been itself that history; it is imbedded in the very structure of civilization; and its influences have been woven into the texture of all progress and attainment. Those influences, too, have been exerted through these very forms and observances, the present worth of which I ask you now to criticize and discuss. Far from me, indeed, to deny the value there has been in the church. It has been the centre and spring of Christian invigoration and life. It has been the charged jar of religious inspiration, thrilling the souls of men and women and kindling the heart even of nations to a loftier glow of patriotism and virtue. To us its homely services are dear; warm with the memory of a mother's companionship; poetic with the thought of those who, year in and year out, have gathered in its fold, and sweet with the breath of fragrant summer perfumes at its open windows. Its white steeple in our villages is, like the beacon-light to the mariner, a signal of safety, of reliance, of hope, a very index of the worth, the wholesome sense, the pure morals, the religious life it typifies; and I can conceive no sweeter sight to the eyes of him, who returns from wandering in less Christian lands, than the meeting-house, nestling in trees, overlooking from its belfry the clustering hamlet beneath it, and with its chimes ringing in the pure, holy, comforting influences of a New England Sabbath morning. In these simple temples, too, have been lifted pious voices and holy prayers, whose influence I do not forget. As some one has said, there is indeed poor preaching enough, but it all tells for good. The modest pastor, conscious of his own weakness, rising above discouragements from without and from within, has led his flock as best he could, has said what tender and honest words he was able, and has left in the atmosphere that invisible element, which, like leaven in the loaf, has wrought the wholesomeness of New England, has founded its schools, given it political independence, and made its domestic relations pure and sacred.

But I do not dwell on all this, because the question is not what good has the church done or not done, but what and how much

more can it do of vital and inspiring work. Now and then, certainly, its machinery has fallen into hands of some inspired prophet, who from its desk has uttered words that have aroused whole communities. Channing and Parker gather mechanics, laborers, students, inquirers, men of ready and searching minds, and each by his single word sifts his preaching into the very fibre of their thought, if not of their daily conduct, making them literally another kind of men. And so, in greater or less degree, does or may every clergyman become a real, vital, transforming agency in his day and generation.

In short, as we all know, the sermon, the church organization, the regular services, do elevate, as everything that is good elevates; but possibly not so directly nor so much as they should. The question still remains, how shall the ordinary preacher, aside from any personal and exceptional qualities of success in himself, best connect preaching with practice, and get actual results of improvement and increase; what practically do to make his church a living, effective means for promoting religious growth, not in form and externals, but in life and spirit. It cannot be that his scope is, once a week, to furnish sermons, however eloquent or brilliant, for so many hundred dollars a year: but he must be, like Christ, like Paul, like all true disciples, a flowing source of vitalizing inspiration, making his church like the bubbling spring, that keeps the grass green and the pastures sweet all round itself, wherever its vapors breathe or the night bears its dews. He must overcome, how I know not, the difficulties that beset him, from the indifference, the annoyance, the stiff-necks of his flock; he must recognize the fact that the ordinary Sunday services grow ineffectual for good by routine and familiarity; and may it not come to this, that, returning to the simple methods of his great prototype, he shall dream no more of parsonage and slippers, or fat salary, or spanking team, of an income of forty thousand dollars, or a royal farm, but make his labors as homely as life itself, and, if need be, sit upon the wharf, or walk in the market, or go into the halls of the money-changers, or teach by the roadside; or, if I put all this too broadly, then, in better phrase, bring himself into closer relation with those whom he teaches, and infuse his religion into their very lives? One of the most useful ministers in our town is he

who adds to his routine of parish work the superintendence of the schools. The great preachers of the day edit newspapers and write books, and are, what is still better, foremost in all local growth, most potential as they most largely weave themselves into the web and woof of the world. But they are great preachers chiefly because they enlarge their work. The humblest clergyman may do as much in his sphere. It is not necessary that he be a giant in brain or voice; the coral builds more than the elephant. Let therefore the Protestant minister emulate the Catholic priest in the immediate assimilation of the gospel, through his own personal activity, into the tone, the character, the affairs of the community he lives in, so that it shall see and feel God's word as a live influence continually, and not as an echo sounding Sunday mornings over the tops of pews in response to the more attractive glories of the choir. Let him and his society, as a religious body, and in the capacity of a church, not resemble those corporations in which the dividends are all for the few favored stockholders, but become, as Christ undoubtedly intended his church to be, the most democratic of public institutions, organized and carried on with a vigorous purpose of promoting better morals, honester trade, sweeter society, and engaging in every good cause of local reform. If need be, let them go back to the Puritan meeting-house, as it once was in our own village of Hingham, with no pews but common benches, so that the masses shall feel free to fill them, not in set attendance upon a form of service, but like a town-meeting and as an integral matter of practical, living Christianity, which incorporates into itself the relations of men to men, of the week's work, of the town's affairs.

And to tell the whole truth, how many just such true Christian ministers there are, God bless them, in this and in many another conference! Cramped a little by slender means, and more by the sparse response in sympathy or in material aid from their people, their lives and labors are faithfully patterned upon the religion they profess. At the recent National Conference, at Saratoga, where, with the few usual exceptions which prove the rule, everybody was brilliant and fervid and kindling; where some denominational questions were argued with rare eloquence; where orators spoke, unsurpassed in graceful persuasiveness or magnificent

declamation; where elaborate thinkers searched the obscurest enigmas of theology and science, the audience groping to follow,— you who were there remember that, one evening, at a sort of missionary meeting, there came forward a young man, slender and tall, and as lank as Abraham Lincoln. His straight hair ran down behind his ears to the collar of his coat. He rambled in his speech, as if he were timid before that cultivated assembly, and stumbled over the minutes which at first he held in his hands. But his voice somehow was of that sympathetic human sort that you couldn't help listening to it; his eyes were so honest and soulful and saintly that you couldn't look away from them; and as he narrated in a homely way his labors among obscure men in obscure places, his preaching in barns and taverns and court-houses and school-rooms in that Egypt which is the Nazareth of his State, going about doing good, literally following in the steps of the Saviour, with scarce other compensation than his own sense of doing the Master's work, — so worn with his labors that he was almost too ill to be at Saratoga, — the heart of every man and woman in that audience went out to him and loved him, and more than one cheek was wet with tears. Human nature, which loves warm existences and generous deeds, and wearies of philosophy and talk, seemed to assert itself with a glad sense of relief; and this genuine Christian warrior and holy pilgrim became, from that hour, the very hero of that great conference, though himself all the time utterly simple, unaffected, and unconscious: and as I looked at his pale face, and listened to the sweet Methodistical appeal of his voice, which rose into the eloquence of truth, when he threw his notes aside and uttered his soul in the freedom of his own quaint, natural, exhortatory style, like a bird singing in its native forest; and as I thought of the Jim Bludsos, the rough natures, the hungry souls, whom no white choker or clerical pedant could have touched, but to whom he had brought a gleam of the higher light and life, and in whom he had implanted the springing seeds of Christian charity and culture, of the homes he had blessed and the hearts he had lightened, — then and there it was that walking on the plains of Judea, healing the sick, blessing little children, feeding the poor, and comforting the sinning and the sorrowing, I saw with

my own eyes, once more upon the earth, a living disciple of the blessed Jesus of Nazareth.

Such a spirit and such a life, adapting themselves of course to every variety of circumstance and society, are what, if there is any worth in Christianity, the Christian Unitarian body wants to-day; for such were the life and spirit of Jesus Christ, its founder. Say what you will of its intellectual predilections, its chill and reserve, its impatience of anything less than the purest reason, it has a heart; and the living men and women who compose it are crying to you, clergy and leaders, for warmth, for inspiration, for example, for deeds, not in the stead of ideas, but as the quick outgrowth of ideas,—for religion more than theology. If you meet that need, if you cultivate that heart, if you kindle that warmth, if you convert these slumbering congregations into life so that each soul you inspire shall become itself an inspiration throughout the whole range of its touch with other souls, then you make your church a flame of pure and living fire; if you do anything less, you are only generating thin vapors of speculation that will fade apace, and leave behind but a residuum of dead and soulless ashes.

JOHN D. LONG.

HYMNS.

On a bleak New England hill-side, though sweetly environed by mountain and lake, stands a time-honored parsonage, once hallowed by the presence of one endeared to his flock and to the scattered schools in that sequestered region as a sort of Oberlin. Since his day it would be memorable, if for nothing else, for the charming illustration which its morning worship has long afforded of one of the sweetest lines in a well known hymn of Doddridge.

One pastor came and went, but the glad voices of the group of children, joining with their parents in the punctual hymn, seem still to echo on the morning air. Another pastor is now there, but, by a sort of apostolic succession, this gift of song has descended upon this second company of parents and children. And so there are those to whom the staid old parsonage, when its windows come in sight, will always seem to sparkle with that jubilant outburst, —

> "And infant voices shall proclaim
> Their early blessings on his name."

Ah! would that all knew what a potent element in the religious training of the young is the hymn-book. Such a hymn-book we lately took into our hands. Fifty years nearly have passed since the child's name was printed in it, that he might better realize his right of possession. Some quaint associations connect themselves with it.

"Rest, eternal, sacred, sure," were titles transferred to an aged worshiper and her three daughters, whose pew came within the purview of the child's roving eyes. And now they have all entered into that rest!

Without any musical capacity, this child surely got hold of the best that any adult worshiper gets hold of, through attending church, by means of that well-thumbed hymn-book. On Sunday afternoons, in a sort of dreamy, mystical quietude ("whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell"), the religious sentiment was nurtured by that hymn-book, as the child followed minister and choir, better than in any other way. And even now,

how the blind organist re-appears, and sainted voices once more well forth the mellowed sweetness of old "Surrey" whenever he recalls those lines, —

> "No more fatigue, no more distress,
> Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
> No groans to mingle with the songs
> Which warble from immortal tongues."

As soon as your child is able to spell out any words, give him a hymn-book, and encourage him to follow this part of the service. Don't turn him off to the cold mercies of the Sunday-school, *instead*. Excellent as such a school may be, it will not do half its work for him if he have not first worshiped with his parents. Among all the twaddle that our wise modern times abound in, none is more absurd than the idea that the sermon and prayers and hymns, being chiefly for grown-up people, are all lost upon the child, and that he might as well be almost anywhere else as to be "in meeting." And so people would have us "come down" to the child. Well, carry the idea out. Does the child understand everything that is said *at home?* Suppose, then, when guests are with you, you choose your topics always with reference to the child, use words of one syllable, and be sure that he understands every sentence. It would be an edifying piece of work, would it not? You know that in social life your child is educated by these influences that he *reaches after* — by these thoughts that he cannot understand, but which put him upon *aspiring* to be worthy of such intellectual companionship some day. And why otherwise in church? Beginning with the hymn-book, and with the fascinating story of the parables and miracles of Jesus, as he hears them from the lips of a minister whom he has learned to love, he will go on, until, like one who begins to understand a foreign language, a sense seems to peep out here and there even from the very sermon — for which he has always cherished a due awe for the very reason that he saw that wiser and older people were understanding it.

Oh, the dear old family pew! What better earthly reflection of heaven than those hallowed forms, as we recall them, that sat down with us there! And then the communion service (take your children with you there), with its impressive emblems,

quickly understood by the child, and its simple hymn rising without aid of any instrument from the hearts of subdued and thoughtful worshipers!

How hymns, once read by certain persons, perpetually recall them! He who can remember R. W. Emerson, as he read these lines, will always carry their music in his soul: —

> "Man's wisdom is to seek
> His strength in God alone,
> And even *an angel* would be weak
> Who trusted in his own."

Who that recollects how James Walker read such a stanza as this, can ever see it without seeming to feel that rich, deep voice vibrating through it?

> "From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
> Our souls shall drink a full supply,
> While such as trust their native strength
> Shall melt away, and droop and die."

The drooping and dying became a fearful experience, as thus prophesied from such lips.

Indelibly associated with that lyric saint, Henry Ware, Jr., is a hymn which he often read in the old college chapel. His spiritual glow was divinely intense when he came to these stanzas: —

> "But let the creatures fall around, —
> Let death consign us to the ground, —
> Let the last general flame arise,
> And melt the arches of the skies.
>
> Calm as the Summer's ocean, we
> Can all the wreck of Nature see,
> While grace secures us an abode,
> Unshaken as the throne of God."

Or had you ever found yourself in the house of God, while beset with sharp solicitude about some dear, absent friend, would it much matter what else was said when the silence had been broken by some sweet, clear voice in these words of Cowper: —

> "Sometimes a light surprises
> The Christian while he sings;
> It is the Lord, who rises
> With healing in his wings.

"Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

"It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too."

We remember, nearly thirty years ago, hearing Dr. Furness attempt to describe the solemn hush which came over the audience as Channing, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, read the last line of the following stanza: —

"Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast,
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is, in Thy presence, lost."

We had a friend, of whom we might almost say that hymns were the very breath of her being. What though her own soul went to heaven from the delirium of fever, so long as we could remember the choking utterance with which, long years before, she had repeated these cherished lines of Doddridge: —

"When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

So, too, when a revered patriarch died, with his household around him, how these lines in Mr. Norton's hymn became transfigured, as they heard him say, "That hymn has been on my tongue innumerable times;" and as, almost with his latest breath, he recited the verse, —

"Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
The sun shines bright and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day,"—

repeating with pathetic emphasis at its close, "*Thine equal mercy.*"

Consider, too, how the music of the hymn soars above all the

narrow theological enclosures of systems and creeds! We remember, more than thirty years since, after worshiping one Sunday afternoon in York Minster, how the upborne voices from a Methodist chapel in the evening, floating into the contiguous inn, as they joined in the jubilant tune "Devizes," brought back to the young exile the New England fireside, as not all the pomp of the Cathedral ritual could do.

In Dr. Martineau's beautiful hymn-book (which demands a more extended notice when the edition, accompanied by tunes, shall appear), so hushed is the discord of jarring creeds in the poetic sentiment which finds utterance from lyrists of varying sects and climes and centuries, that we almost say, as we scan the book:* "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born," — the dear spiritual breath of our own experience?

Had Dr. Martineau's first edition of his hymn-book, published thirty-five years ago, been more widely known in our country, it might have saved, one would think, the compilation of several less valuable collections here. When we find Dr. Martineau leaving out of his latest edition some two hundred hymns that appeared in his former volume, we know that we must miss some of these, since a man of such chastened taste as he could at no time have given circulation to a worthless hymn.

Among the hymns which are left to sleep with the earlier edition are "The morning flowers display their sweets," by S. Wesley, where the exquisite transition appears, —

> "So blooms the human face divine,
> When youth its pride of beauty shows;
> Fairer than spring the colors shine,
> And sweeter than the virgin rose."

Then, too, we miss in the new volume that stirring drum-beat of Watts, so seldom found now in our collections, —

> "My God, my King, thy various praise
> Shall fill the remnant of my days."

---

* Hymns of Praise and Prayer. Collected and edited by James Martineau, LL.D. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer. 1874.

So, too, Newton's hymn, —

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,"

and Watts' hymn, —

"My dear Redeemer and my Lord,"

together with Montgomery's exquisite Communion Hymn, —

"According to thy gracious word,"

all fail to reappear in Dr. Martineau's second edition.

He has, however, inserted ten more of Montgomery's hymns in this edition than are contained in the former.

In fact, one hymn in every twelve in the new volume is from the pen of James Montgomery. We are glad to find that forty-nine hymns from Watts are retained in this edition. Perhaps Dr. Martineau might not think William C. Bryant extravagant in saying that, "On the whole, I really think, taking all that he has written together, none of our writers of hymns have equalled Watts in spontaneous poetic fervor."

But why is it that these lines of Watts, in the hymn-book of Drs. Frothingham and Lunt, are not often seen?

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

"I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face,
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

"When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

"And if no evening visit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!"

There are about three hundred and fifty hymns in Dr. Marti-

neau's new volume which the earlier edition did not contain. Among them are hymns by Faber, Bonar, Gill, Lyte, &c., and several of our American authors, most of which have been written since the compilation of 1840 appeared.

Dr. Martineau has also threaded the dim aisles of the seventeenth century in search of treasures for this latest volume, bringing to light hymns by Norris, Frank, and Baxter, and giving us eight hymns by the inimitable Henry Vaughan.

A careful examination revealed to us, a little while since, the fact that a vastly smaller proportion of hymns, which no minister ever uses, are contained in Dr. Martineau's new volume than in one of our cherished and long familiar American collections.

We consider that Dr. Martineau has succeeded in what most other persons might have shrunk from undertaking, the producing a volume which may well claim to displace his first edition.

One feature which we trace in comparing the two volumes is the growing disposition of the times to speak more cheerily of death. Witness this stanza from Faber: —

> "How pleasant are thy paths, O death!
> E'en children, after play,
> Lie down without the least alarm,
> And sleep in thy maternal arm
> Their little life away."

See, too, these lines, translated from Sachse: —

> "Here, in an inn, a stranger dwelt;
> Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
> Poor dwelling, now we close thy door, —
> The sojourner returns no more!
>
> "Now of a lasting home possessed,
> He goes to seek a deeper rest;
> Then open to us gates of peace,
> And let the pilgrim's journey cease!

But among all the hymns on whose melody a dying Christian might gladly breathe out his soul, we can scarce find one more comforting than by going back to the hymn, by Richard Baxter, first made known to us in the choice collection by Dr. Hedge and Bishop Huntington, but not found in Dr. Martineau's volume, the first and fourth stanzas of which we append: —

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

"My knowledge of that life is small, —
The eye of faith is dim, —
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him!"

This hymn of Baxter, as given in Roundell Palmer's collection, begins, —

"Now it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live!
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And that Thy grace must give.

"If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed, —
Thy life was in the root."

And so we leave our subject.

Hymns for the child when first he would know the alphabet of sacred things. Remembered hymns to cheer the busy man in his toil, and to sweeten the night-watches for the invalid! And hymns for the dying Christian, when his spiritual instinct yearns for those immortal fields in which he shall be a child again, having all a child's liberty, pervaded with the spiritual experience of the ripened saint!

W. O. White.

MORAL DISTINCTIONS NOT SUFFICIENTLY REGARDED IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

A SERMON.* BY REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." — PROVERBS xiii. 20.

THAT "a man may be known by the company he keeps," has passed into a proverb among all nations, — thus attesting what has been the universal experience. The fact would seem to be, that a man's associates either find him, or make him, like themselves. An acute but severe critic of manners, who was too often led by his disposition and circumstances to sink the philosopher in the satirist, has said, "Nothing is so contagious as example. Never was there any considerable good or ill action that hath not produced its like. We imitate good ones through emulation; and bad ones through that malignity in our nature which shame conceals and example sets at liberty."

This being the case, or anything like it, all, I think, must agree that moral distinctions are not sufficiently cared for in social intercourse. In forming our intimacies we are sometimes determined by the mere accident of being thrown together; sometimes by a view to connections and social position; sometimes by the fascination of what are called companionable qualities; seldom, I fear, by thoughtful and serious regard to the influence they are likely to have on character. We forget that other attractions, of whatsoever nature, instead of compensating for moral unfitness in a companion, only have the effect to make such unfitness the more to be dreaded.

Let me introduce what I have to say on the importance of pay-

* A few weeks before his death, Dr. Walker placed in the hands of a friend such of his sermons as he had not destroyed, and with some hesitation consented to allow a very few of them to be printed in our Review, provided that we, on reading them, should think them "above the average" of the sermons printed in our columns. We are very happy to give below one of these sermons, which treats of a grave and difficult subject. It was first preached in the College Chapel. — EDS.

ing more regard to moral distinctions, in the choice of friends, by a few remarks on what are called, by way of distinction, companionable qualities, and on the early manifestation of a free, sociable, confiding turn of mind. Most parents hail the latter, I believe, as the best of prognostics: and in some respects, perhaps, it is. It certainly makes the child more interesting as a child and more easily governed; it often passes for precocity of talent; at any rate, men are willing to construe it into evidence of the facility with which he will make his way in the world. The father is proud of such a son; the mother idolizes him. If from any cause he is brought into comparison with a reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy in the neighborhood, they are ready enough to felicitate themselves, and others are ready enough to congratulate them, on the difference. And yet I believe I keep within bounds when I say, that, of the two, there is more than an even chance that the reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy, as he grows up, will give his parents less occasion for anxiety and mortification, and become in the end the wiser and better man. The reason is, that if a child from natural facility of disposition is easily won over to good courses, he is also, from the same cause, liable at any time to be easily seduced from these good courses into bad ones. On the contrary, where a child, from rigor or stubbornness of temper, is peculiarly hard to subdue and manage, there is this hope for a compensation: if by early training, or the experience of life, or a wise foresight of consequences, he is once set right, he is almost sure to keep so.

It is not enough considered, that, in the present constitution of society, men are not in so much danger from want of good dispositions, as from want of firmness and steadiness of purpose. Hence it is that gentle and affectionate minds, more perhaps than any others, stand in need of solid principle, and fixed habits of virtue and piety, as a safeguard against the lures and fascinations of the world. A man of a cold, hard, and ungenial nature is comparatively safe so far as the temptations of society go: partly because of this very impracticableness of his nature; and partly because his companionship is not likely to be desired or sought even by the bad; he will be left to himself. The corrupters of innocence in social intercourse single out for their prey men of

companionable qualities. Through his companionable qualities the victim is approached; and by his companionable qualities he is betrayed.

Let me not be misunderstood. Companionable qualities are not objected to as such. When they spring from genuine goodness of heart, and are the ornament of an upright life, they are as respectable as they are amiable; and it would be well if Christians and all good men cultivated them more than they do. If we would make virtue and religion to be loved, we must make ourselves to be loved for our virtue and religion; which would be done if we were faithful to carry the gentleness and charity of the gospel into our manners as well as into our morals. Nevertheless, we insist that companionable qualities, when they have no better source than a sociable disposition, or worse still, an easy temper and loose principles, are full of danger to their possessor, and full of danger to the community; especially where, from any cause, but little regard is paid to moral distinctions in social intercourse. We also say, that in such a state of society the danger will be most imminent to those whom we should naturally be most anxious to save, — I mean persons of a loving and yielding turn of mind.

And this brings me back again to the position taken in the beginning of this discourse. The reason why companionable qualities are attended with so much danger is, that society itself is attended with so much danger; and the reason why society itself is attended with so much danger is, that social intercourse is not more under the control of moral principles, moral rules, and moral sanctions.

My argument does not make it necessary to exaggerate the evils and dangers of modern society. I am willing to suppose that there have been times when society was much less pure than it is now; and again, that there are places where it is much less pure than it is here: but it does not follow that there are no evils or dangers now and here. On the contrary, it is easy to see that there may be stages in the progressive improvement of society where the improvement itself will have the effect, not to lessen, but to increase the danger, so far as good men are concerned. In a community where vice abounds, where the public manners are notoriously and grossly corrupt, good men are put on their guard.

Good men will not be injured by such society, for they will have nothing to do with it. A broad line of demarkation is drawn between what is expected from good men, and what is expected from bad men; so that the example of the latter has no effect on the former except to admonish and to warn. But let the work of refinement and reform go on in general society until vice itself is constrained to wear a decent exterior, until an air of decorum and respectability is thrown over all public meetings and amusements, and one consequence will be, that the distinction between Christians and the world will not be so clearly seen, or so carefully observed, as before. The standard of the world, from the very fact that it is brought nearer to the standard of the gospel, will be more frequently confounded with it; Christians will feel at liberty to do whatever the world does, and the danger is, that they will come at length to do it from the same principles.

Besides, are we sure that we have not formed too favorable an opinion of the moral condition of general society, — of that general society in the midst of which we are now living, and to the influence of which we are daily and hourly exposed? We should remember that, in pronouncing on the character of public opinion and public sentiment, we are very likely to be affected and determined ourselves, not a little, by the fact that we share in that very public opinion and public sentiment which we are called upon to judge. I have no doubt that virtue, in general, is esteemed even by the world, or that, other things being equal, a man of integrity will be preferred on account of his integrity. But this is not enough. It shows that the multitude see, and are willing to acknowledge, the dignity and worth of an upright course; but it does not prove them to have that abhorrence for sin which it is the purpose and the tendency of the gospel to plant in all minds. If they had this settled and rooted abhorrence for sin which marks the Christian, and without which a man cannot be a Christian, they would not only prefer virtue to vice, "other things being equal," but they would do so whether other things were equal or not; they would knowingly keep no terms with vice however recommended or glossed over by interest or worldly favor, or refined and elegant manners.

Now I ask whether general society, even as it exists amongst

us, will bear this test. Is it not incontestable that very unscrupulous and very dangerous men, if they happen to be men of talents, or men of fashion, or men of peculiarly engaging manners, find but little difficulty in insinuating themselves into what is called good society, — nay, are often among those who are most courted and caressed? Some vices, I know, are understood to put one under the social ban; but it is because they offend, not merely against morality and religion, but against taste, against good-breeding, against certain conventions of the world. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to observe that the same, or even a much larger amount of acknowledged criminality, manifested under other forms, is not found to be attended with the same result. The mischiefs of this state of things are felt by all; but especially by those who are growing up in what are generally accounted the most favored walks of life. On entering into society they see men of known profligacy mingling in the best circles, and with the best people; if not indeed on terms of entire sympathy and confidence, at least on those of the utmost possible outward respect and courtesy. They see all this, and they see it every day; and it is by such flagrant inconsistencies in those they look up to for guidance, more perhaps than by any other one cause, that their own principles and their own faith are undermined. And besides, being thus encouraged and countenanced in associating with dissipated and profligate men in what is called good society, they will be apt to construe it into liberty to associate with them anywhere. At any rate the intimacy is begun. As society is constituted at present, corrupting intimacies are not unfrequently begun amidst all the decencies of life, and, it may be, in the presence and under the countenance and sanction of parents and virtuous friends, which are afterwards renewed and consummated, and this, too, by an easy, natural, and almost necessary gradation, amidst scenes of excess, — perhaps in the haunts of ignominy and crime.

If one should propose a reform in this respect, I am aware of the difficulties and objections that would stand in his way.

Some would affirm it to be impracticable in the nature of things. They would reason thus: "The circle in which a man visits and moves is made for him, and not by him; at any rate, it is not, and

cannot be, determined by moral considerations alone. Something depends on education; something on family connections or mere vicinity; something on similarity in tastes and pursuits; something also on equality or approximation in wealth and standing. A poor man, or a man having a bare competency, if he is as virtuous and industrious, is just as respectable as a rich man; but it is plain that he cannot afford to pitch his style of living, or his style of hospitality, on the same scale of expense. It is better for both, therefore, that they should visit in different circles." Perhaps it is; but what then? I am not recommending an amalgamation of the different classes in society. I suppose that such an amalgamation would neither be practicable nor desirable in the existing state of things. All I contend for is, that in every class open and gross immorality of any kind should exclude a man from reputable company. Will any one say that this is impracticable? Let a man, through untoward events, but not by any fault or neglect of his own, be reduced in his circumstances; let a man become generally odious, not in consequence of any immorality, but because, perhaps, he has embraced the unpopular side in politics or religion; let a man omit some trifling formality which is construed into a vulgarity, or a personal affront, — and people do not appear to find much difficulty in dropping the acquaintance. If, then, it is so easy a thing to drop a man's acquaintance for other reasons, and for no reason, — from mere prejudice, from mere caprice, — will it still be pretended that it cannot be done at the command of duty and religion?

Again, it may be objected, that, if you banish a man from general society for his immoralities, you will drive him to despair, and so destroy the only remaining hope of his reformation. What! are you going to keep society corrupt in the vain expectation that a corrupt state of society will help to reform its corrupt members? Besides, I grant that we should have compassion on the guilty; but I also hold that we should have compassion on the innocent too. Would you, therefore, allow a bad man to continue in good society, when the chances are a thousand to one that he will make others as bad as himself, and not more than one to a thousand that he himself will be reclaimed? Moreover, this reasoning is fallacious throughout. By expelling a dissipated and

profligate man from good society, instead of destroying all hope of his recovery, you do in fact resort to the only remaining means of reforming one, over whom a fear of God, and a sense of character, and the upbraidings of conscience have lost their power. What cares he for principle, or God, or an hereafter? Nothing, therefore, is so likely to encourage and embolden him to go on in his guilty course, as the belief that he will be allowed to do so without the forfeiture of the only thing he does care for, his reputable standing in the world. On the other hand, nothing is so likely to arrest him in these courses, and bring him to serious reflection, as the stern and determined threat of absolute exclusion from good society, if he persists.

Another objection will also be made which has stronger claims on our sympathy and respect. We shall be told that the innocent as well as the guilty will suffer, — the guilty man's friends and connections, who will probably feel the indignity more than he does himself. God forbid that we should needlessly add to the pain of those who are thus connected. But we must remember that the highest form of friendship does not consist in blindly falling in with the feelings of those whom we would serve, but in consulting what will be for their real and permanent good. If, therefore, the course here recommended has been shown to be not only indispensable to public morals, but more likely than any other to reclaim the offender, it is clearly not more a dictate of justice to the community, than of Christian charity to the parties more immediately concerned. Consider, also, how much is asked, when a good man is called upon to open his doors to persons without virtue and without principle. Unless the social circle is presided over by a spirit which will rebuke and frown away immorality, whatever fashionable names and disguises it may wear, unless your sons and daughters can meet together without being in danger of having their faith disturbed by the jeers of the infidel, or their purity sullied by the breath of the libertine, neither they nor you are safe in the most innocent enjoyments and recreations. Parents at least should take a deep interest in this subject, if they do not wish to see the virtue, which they have reared under the best domestic discipline, blighted and corrupted before their eyes by the temptations to which their children are almost necessarily

exposed in general society, — a society which they cannot escape except by going out of the world, and which they cannot partake of without endangering the loss of what is of more value than a thousand worlds.

I have failed altogether in my purpose in this discourse if I have not done something to increase your distrust of mere companionable qualities, when not under the control of moral and religious principle ; and also of the moral character and moral influence of general society, as at present constituted. Still you may ask, " If I associate with persons worse than myself, how can it be made out to be more probable that they will drag me down to their level, than that I shall lift them up to mine ? " The answer to this question, I hardly need say, depends, in no small measure, on the reason or motive which induces the association. If you mix with the world, not for purposes of pleasure or self-advantage, if you resort to society, not for society as an end, but as a means to a higher end, the improvement of society itself, you do but take up the heavenly mission which Christ began. For not being able to make this distinction, through the hollowness and corruption of their own hearts, the Pharisees thought it to be a just ground of accusation against our Lord, that he was willing to be accounted the friend of publicans and sinners. Let the same mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus, and we cannot doubt that the spirit which inspires you will preserve you wherever you may go. It is of such persons that our Lord has said, " Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means harm you." Very far am I, therefore, from denying that we may do good in society, as well as incur danger and evil. Even in common friendships frequent occasions will present themselves for mutual service, for mutual counsel and admonition. Let me impress upon you this duty. Perhaps there is not one among you all who has not at this moment companions on whom he can confer an infinite blessing. If there is a weak place in their characters, if to your knowledge they are contemplating a guilty purpose, if they are on the brink of entering into dangerous connections, by a timely, affectionate, and earnest remonstrance you

may save them from ruin. Remember, we shall all be held responsible, not only for the evil which we do ourselves, but for the evil which we might prevent others from doing: it is not enough that we stand; we must endeavor to hold up our friend.

Very different from this, however, is the ordinary commerce of society; and hence its danger. If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords, we shall be likely to be among the first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us; but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls; the ocean itself remains unchanged. In the words of an old writer, "Though the well-disposed will remain some good space without corruption, yet time, I know not how, worketh a wound in him. Which weakness of ours considered, and easiness of nature, apt to be deceived, looked into, they do best provide for themselves that separate themselves, as far as they can from the bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as by any possibility they can attain to." "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

DR. WALKER AS A PREACHER.

THE tributes to the memory of Dr. Walker which have come to our notice coincide in a remarkable degree in their statement of the leading elements of his character. Some degree of divergence in estimating these qualities may, of course, be observed, and perhaps some difference of judgment indicated as to the relative rank of one or two of his characteristic virtues; but his nature was too transparent and too strong to leave any room for doubt as to what his mental and moral characteristics were. His personality was so consistent and so large as to make essentially the same impression upon all who came in contact with it. All who have written of his character have been under the same necessity to speak of his practical wisdom, and his unaffected simplicity; of the keenness of his discrimination, and the gentle kindliness of his spirit; of the caution and conservatism of his temperament, and the generous liberality of his sympathies; of the boldness and freedom of his thought, and the childlike devoutness of his religious trust. All speak of his humility, his geniality, his strong sense, his "all-sideness," his balanced judgment, his aptness in counsel. When we are told that his last years were occupied in considering the question, "What things in religion will always abide?" we can not help feeling that nothing could be so interesting concerning him as what he has left on record as the results of these investigations.

We have before us several discourses concerning Dr. Walker, which have not been, save in small part, published in any of our denominational journals. The facts of his life have been already sufficiently dwelt on in this review, and, for the reason stated above, it would hardly be profitable to quote here from these discourses passages, however admirable, in further illustration of his general character. It would be but to repeat in other forms what has been already said. But there is one particular in which it seems worth while to add further testimony. We have been much

impressed in reading the various memorials of Dr. Walker by the portrayal of him as the preacher. It is plain that he left upon all a very distinct and positive impression of power in the pulpit, which each is interested to describe and analyze. There is so much that is impressive and valuable in these descriptions, that, at the risk of some repetition, we are tempted to reproduce a few of them, choosing such, for the most part, as can hardly have met the eye of the larger part of our readers. The young minister cannot easily find a more valuable study in preaching.

In the Harvard Church, Charlestown, Rev. Dr. Newell conducted a memorial service, and letters were read from Rev. Dr. G. E. Ellis, who succeeded Dr. Walker as minister of that parish, and Rev. Dr. Osgood, who grew up under him in it. The following is from Dr. Newell's sermon: —

"It will always be one of the distinctions of this society, and one of its happiest reminiscences, that, for twenty-one years, James Walker was its beloved and admired pastor, drawing to his ministrations a continually increasing congregation of earnest men and women, inspired by his impressive and powerful preaching and zealous in the cause which he so eloquently vindicated and enforced. His name was one of the names that were oftenest on the lips of men of the liberal faith. He shared with Dr. Channing and Henry Ware the admiration and respect of the Unitarian community. His career began at the commencement of the religious controversy which shook our congregations fifty or sixty years ago, and he took part in it with characteristic energy; and both in the pulpit and through the press, as the strong preacher — the Boanerges, as we sometimes called him — of Charlestown, and as editor of the leading periodical of our denomination, he did faithful and highly appreciated service to the great truths which he held dear."

"And here I may remark, that the light in which he appeared at the outset of his career, at least to the public eye, was different from that in which his after life has shown him. As those of us who were outside of his parish first knew him, he seemed to be the stern, defiant, sharp-spoken, uncompromising assailant of error, striving to crush with sledge-hammer blows the old orthodoxy. A man, he was thought — and his personal appearance and manner in the pulpit confirmed the idea — of stalwart strength and nerve, who would feel and would show no tenderness to false opinions or their defenders: a bold champion, who would ride out to the front and singly challenge the embattled host.

"But with the gradual subsidence of the Trinitarian controversy, and afterwards 'in the still atmosphere' of college duties and studies, and of academic life, away from the gusts of sectarian strife, Dr. Walker passed

into a position best suited to his disposition and tastes. In the greater part of his parish ministry, and through the whole of his career at Cambridge, abstaining from controversial themes, he gave his strength to the fundamental truths, the great ethical principles, the great spiritual realities of the Christian faith, shining through all sects and creeds. What he aimed at was the heart and the life."

"As a college professor and officer in the college government, and as President of the University, his services were held in the highest estimation, and his popularity and his influence never waned. It was as one of the *preachers* of the University, however, that he was most widely known and honored. It is no injustice to others to say, that no one who has ever filled that most difficult office to an audience so peculiarly constituted, and requiring a special kind of treatment and address, has surpassed, if equaled, Dr. Walker in the impression which he produced on his hearers. He indulged in no flowers of rhetoric, in no flights of fancy or poetical images and diction, like his friend and classmate, Greenwood; these, however pleasing and admirable they may be in their place, and in those who know how to use them best, were not in his vein, and not suited to his purposes. He was the Demosthenes, and not the Cicero, among our pulpit orators. He addressed himself directly to the reason and the conscience with a vigor of thought and terseness and force of expression that carried all before it. His gifts of voice, manner, and look, his commanding person, his classic features, his aspect of mingled dignity and repose, gave double force to his lucid and telling words. He spoke as one having authority. We listened as to one who had a right to command our assent; and having been already convinced by the force of his logic, and the eminent wisdom, good sense, and judicial moderation and discrimination which characterized all that he said, we were borne away captive by the deep earnestness, solemnity, and pathos with which he closed his pulpit appeals. And what always adds so much weight to the utterance of a public speaker, was the impression which he gave, not only of mental and moral strength, but of *reserved power;* so that it seemed to them that what he said was but a part of what he knew and might have said, if he had thought it worth while: that he had only half expended his force, — like the checked speed of a locomotive that could run forty miles an hour as well as well as twenty; or rather like the lordly elephant, with mild, sagacious eye, and slow, majestic step, who could strike you down to the earth and trample you under foot, if he chose to exert his strength. The college chapel was always crowded when it came to his turn to officiate, and many who were often remiss in their church attendance would never fail to hear him. His volume of printed sermons, choice as they are, can convey but an inadequate idea of what he was as a preacher, with the living voice and look, to those who saw and heard him, as he spoke from his pulpit throne."

With the society at King's Chapel, and its minister, Dr. Walker was on terms especially affectionate and intimate. It is not strange, therefore, that Mr. Foote's sermon, which has been printed by request of the congregation, should be pervaded by peculiar warmth of personal attachment and veneration, nor that it should be richer than any other in biographical incident, and fuller in its recital of what was characteristic in Dr. Walker's last days of peace. A large portion of this discourse has already appeared in "The Christian Register," but our readers will be glad also to see this fine portraiture of the preacher at his work: —

"He 'magnified his office' as a preacher, knowing that it was nothing less than the opportunity to grapple, mind to mind, with strong men, and soul to soul with the great problems of destiny and duty as they lie before us all, as children of the Infinite Father, mysterious and insoluble save by the gospel of Jesus Christ. 'What he advanced as truth disputed, he left as truth demonstrated.' Do I need to recall to you what a sight it was when he 'went up into the sanctuary, making the garment of holiness honorable'? The first thing that you noticed was the character of the assembly whenever it was known that he was going to preach, — thinking men and women, ranging all the way from the purely logical intellects to the purely spiritual intelligences. Then one rose in the pulpit, so simple in manner that he seemed only transparent to the thought behind, — so full of an awful reverence, that the church straightway became indeed the temple of the living God.

"The words of prayer were plain as a child pleading with his father, and close enough to human need and to heavenly help to draw the two into vital connection. The deep gravity with which the Scripture was read made every word weighty with Divine truth, and was the best exposition of their meaning. The preacher began by announcing a text which stated some paradoxical or startling truth, and then proceeded to state the objections so fairly and fully as to almost persuade you that they were unanswerable. But, no! As he proceeds you begin to find that the very statement has refuted them. And now, having cleared the ground, he begins the constructive part of his work, again with simple, undisputed axioms of truth. But step by step you are led on and up till you find yourself breathing on those very heights of faith which looked at first so impossibly above you. His very manner, which was simply grave, nay, almost a dry demonstration, is changed. This is no summer noon. His voice pierces your heart. It thunders and lightens 'on the mount' 'hard by the oracles of God,' and you feel that the secrets of your inmost heart have been read by this seer, and that the eternal law is judging you through him; and then, having laid you bare to yourself,

the strain changes to one of encouragement and peace; he bids you stand on the heights beside him and be strong. I have heard great orators, most of those who have been counted chief in my time, but never one who so shook the deepest soul of his hearers, nor one whose presence so rose to the dignity of his message; nor do I believe that any one in our time, except Mr. Webster alone, would be so truly a type of grandeur of mien and power of reasoning eloquence, as he in his most aroused moments."

"No printed page can give that noble and serious presence of one who 'bore his great commission in his look,' or those tones which stirred the hearts of his hearers. . . . A compact chain of argument, through whose iron links, as the orator hammered them out, there flashed the electric glow of his conviction of their truth; phrases as sententious as proverbs; words weighed as if they were gold, and stamped with the coinage of a master of thought, — all bear evidence that here was one whose ideas had to struggle for the form of expression, and therefore gave it, when found, his unmistakable and unique mark. Always finding an opportunity to controvert some false mode of thought, he did so by proving principles which were incompatible with it, and in accordance with his own rule, 'The work of refuting an erroneous system consists not so much in denying as in discriminating.' One secret of his power was in the fact that he uniformly dealt with great themes and in a great way. He was not merely the theologian discussing theology, nor merely the philosopher making philosophical distinctions, but both in one, and something more than both; for his roused moral nature threw the resistless weight of a great personality into his most abstract discussions.

"The substance of his teaching harmonized singularly with that of the apostle whose name he bore; but yet more did his character express the qualities which, as I said in the beginning, are ascribed by tradition to St. James. The 'dry light of reason' was blended in him with 'the dim religious light of genial wisdom and apostolic faith and evangelical charity.' That which Coleridge said of Channing was quite as eminently true of him: 'He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love.'"

"In his preaching he was not solicitous so much to announce religious novelties as to enforce religious verities; but he made his truth newer than other men's fancies by the glow of great convictions. His theory of preaching was stated by him in the charge which he gave in this church on one of his last appearances in public. 'The dignity and authority of the pulpit,' he said, 'depend on its being understood to speak in that name which is above every name. God, the soul, immortality, — these are the great themes on which you will be continually addressing your people; yet they are themes on which neither your speculations nor mine are worth much. We expect our hearers to stand in awe of the truths we utter, because we stand in awe of them ourselves, as being part of Christ's Holy Gospel. . . . Bring before your

people, not what you are seeking, but what you have found. In our private studies we are often like men groping in the dark: but it is neither necessary nor wise to make a public exhibition of our gropings.'"

It was Dr. Walker's habit to eliminate from his theme all doubtful elements, to put aside all merely speculative aspects of it, and to mass the forces of his argument and appeal on a practical point with regard to which there could be no dispute. Thus he made every man's conscience and reason his allies in accomplishing his end. We have heard that when he had once preached in a Western city, — it was during his one journey to the West, — a noted skeptic came out of church greatly disturbed, exclaiming, "I wouldn't go to hear that man again for a thousand dollars." "Why not," one asked him. "Because he would make me believe, and I won't believe." Dr. Walker's happy statement of his subject sometimes contained its complete argument and enforcement.

From the sermon which Dr. Peabody preached in the church which Dr. Walker attended through his last years, we are glad to be permitted to make the following extracts in connection with our theme: —

"His preaching was for the most part practical, not, however, in the sense in which that much abused word is frequently employed, to denote the exhibition of feeble commonplaces and stale sentimentalities, — the serving up of Poor Richard's Almanac with a slight seasoning of Christianity. With him, practice was inseparable from belief and conviction, and practical preaching was that which drew its precepts and sanctions from the very bosom of God, from the absolute, immutable, and eternal right, and which addressed itself to the infallible conscience which is the God in man. He thus probed the hearts of his hearers, instead of propounding maxims implanted principles, and laid the foundation for Christian morality in Christian piety. Trite truths were thus made by him intensely impressive, because his hearers had never before traced them to their source and followed them to their issues. It was his wont, not infrequently, to select for his subject some principle so obvious as to be doubted by no one, and yet so familiar as to seem hardly worthy of serious thought, to state it in a paradoxical form so as to attract attention as to what had never been heard before, to vitalize it with all the energy of his profound thought and earnest feeling, and to deposit it as a moral force, thenceforth constant and active, in the heart and life of his receptive hearer. Ethical preaching like his has been heard from no one else in his generation. Very many there are who have owed to him the sover-

eignty of law and right over their whole lives; and many have been his single discourses which have been rehearsed years and years afterward as having created epochs in the moral history of their listeners. This pre-eminence he attained at a very early period of his ministry, and it remained his to its close. I well remember him, when, in my boyhood, he often exchanged pulpits with the minister of my native parish. There was then the simplicity of statement, the closely compacted argument, the profound solemnity of appeal, the forceful majesty of utterance, the air of one who forgets not for a moment that he is an ambassador from God to man, — which all have so deeply felt who have listened to him in later years. In all the relations of his pastoral life, how strong a hold he had on the hearts of his congregation is evinced by the reverential affection of its surviving members, transmitted to their children and their children's children, and as fresh and strong when many of them gathered here for the last offices of love as on the day when he left them."

In another article in this review an instance is given of Dr. Walker's effectiveness as a reader of hymns. Former parishioners of his remember how the epistles of Paul gained new meaning as he read them, — his tones and manner suggesting the true significance and connection even in the most difficult passages, rendering comment superfluous. Some will recall, too, a stanza from another hymn which he read most impressively: —

"We ask for *wisdom;* Lord, impart
The knowledge how to *live;*
A wise and understanding *heart,*
To all before thee give."

We cannot forbear quoting in conclusion the last paragraph of Dr. Peabody's sermon: —

"We are wont to pray that such sore bereavements may be of profit to the living. But how? Is it not an unmingled calamity when the faithful fail and the godly cease? No; but a blessing, if we will make it so. Death is the ripener of the living. When the old trees are cut down, the young have room to grow. While those to whom we have looked up with implicit deference, 'after whose word we spake not again,' remain with us, who can ever think of filling their places? Yet when they fall, others rise to meet the stress of need. Those who had themselves till now sought support become strong pillars in church and state. 'Instead of the fathers are the children,' who lose not the child's consciousness while the fathers stay; and into the children pass the hearts of the fathers, whose works do not all follow them, whose examples live, and

who thus, though dead, still speak, and often with a stress of influence to which death alone can give full emphasis. God grant it be thus with us in this heavy bereavement — our loss which we cannot overestimate. A large place, nobly filled, is vacant. It is incumbent on us that it remain not vacant. . . . Let the sincerity and thoroughness of our life-work be our tribute to the memories which we must ever hold precious, and our title to a happy reunion with those from whom to part is an enduring grief, — with whom to dwell again shall be an everlasting joy."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

No party has ever done a greater work for the country than the Republican party. It grew up at a most discouraging and appalling period in our national history. Neither of the old parties seemed to comprehend the tremendous issues involved in the controversies which had come up five and twenty years ago. Principles reaching to the very heart of society, and threatening to change the whole industrial policy of one or the other half of the nation, were regarded as only a temporary and superficial irritation, to be allayed by some outside application. But every external remedy, like the Fugitive Slave Law and the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, served only to drive the disease inward with renewed violence, and to aggravate all the symptoms, till, in the last and most terrible of all arbitraments, the great question which had divided and agitated the nation for half a century was settled by the abolition of slavery.

A great work had been done. No war had ever more effectually accomplished its purpose. But what the war could not do was left to be carried out and secured by wise and efficient legislation. And this is what the Republican party have been endeavoring to effect during the last ten years.

It is easy to see faults, and to declaim in general terms against the selfishness, the dishonesty, or the incompetency of our rulers. But three or four things must always be remembered in any judgment that we may pass upon those who have had the control of our government for the last fourteen years. In the first place, every great war, and especially every great civil war, leaves a nation in an excitable, depressed, disordered, and demoralized condition. New and heretofore unknown factors have entered into almost every measure that has been acted upon. In the

second place, legislation must of necessity, at such times, reach down into the fundamental laws and conditions of society, and therefore be of a very searching and radical character. In the third place, our legislators have been called upon to make laws for hostile communities, and on subjects which have been at the root of all our difficulties, and which had already created a revolution in the industrial and, to a great extent, in the political and social habits of a high-spirited and still angry people. It is hardly possible to conceive of greater difficulties in the way of wise and successful legislation. And yet, in the fourth place, it must be remembered that, in spite of these difficulties, the rights of four millions of slaves to liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their own way have been, as far as is ever possible in such cases, secured by the executive and legislative branches of our government. It may take many years to heal the sore. Perfect unanimity and good feeling can come only with a new generation.

So much has been done, under the greatest embarrassments, by the Republican party. And it is an immense step onward in our national advancement. But everything has not been right. No financial genius able to cope with that most important subject has risen to enlighten and guide public opinion in any department of our government, and the nation is still groping and staggering in the dark for some satisfactory financial policy.

But the worst aspects of the case go deeper than the failure of any specific measure. Every great war leaves the country demoralized. The immense fortunes that were made during the war and at its close by sharpers and gamblers, who took advantage of the necessities of the country to promote their private ends, deranged the entire business of the nation, and created a feverish and impatient desire to grow suddenly rich. The old habits of honest industry and enterprise, and of secure and moderate profits, were broken in upon, and there was a general scramble for what could be got. This passion for sudden accumulation extended to men of all classes and conditions, as if money-making were to be the one end and purpose of life. It influenced clerks in banks and insurance companies. It turned lawyers away from their legitimate pursuits through the hope of finding some short

and easy path to wealth. It had private interviews with the conductors of religious papers, and kindled strange fires in the hearts of those who ministered at the altars of Christian worship. It is not strange, therefore, that it entered our halls of legislation with its seductive promises, and, in many cases, had a vicious and misleading influence there. We cannot expect our representatives in Congress to be very much better than the men whom they represent.

In addition to this, every party which has been in power long attracts to itself more than its share of unprincipled adventurers, — the bold, bad men who have no moral scruples, who care nothing for their country, and who, indeed, care nothing for their party except so far as it may help them on in their personal ends. It has been the misfortune of the Republican party recently, as it was of the Democratic party twenty years ago, to be cursed by the officious prominence of these able and unscrupulous managers. It is the common opinion that a great general must be a good judge of men, that he will be bold and independent in the choice of his advisers, and that he more than another will have a nice sense of honor in regard to the character of those whom he admits to his confidence, whether in public or private. In this respect, perhaps, more than in any other, the nation has been disappointed in its chief magistrate. At first we were ready to allow something to the partiality for old army associates. When the highest offices in the gift of the President were taken from men of ability and perfect integrity and bestowed on men without principle, or any other fitness for the place, we at first supposed that he had been deceived, and that the mistake would be rectified. But when such offences were repeated so as to become the rule rather than the exception, when Motley was removed to make place for Schenck, when Gov. Cox and Judge Hoar, upright and able men, were sent from the cabinet because they had decided convictions of official duty, when Williams and Cushing were successively nominated for the highest judicial office in the nation, and Butler and Morton were supposed to be most powerful as private advisers, and the high-minded general of our armies was obliged to flee from Washington and take up his headquarters in a Western city, we were slowly and reluctantly constrained to feel that there must be something

at the head of the government which needed to be corrected. We have a right to demand better appointments.

As we write these lines, the Forty-third Congress is just approaching its last week. It has done many good things. It has made some useful and effective investigations, laying bare sources of corruption which cannot be too soon or too effectively removed. It has enrolled among its names able, upright, and disinterested statesmen. But to those who have visited the Capitol during its sessions the sight has not been an edifying one, or one fitted to impress them with a sense of the dignity and public spirit of our rulers and law-makers. Those who have watched them from a distance with a single eye to the public good have been pained and disappointed at the intense devotion to personal interests, and the apparent indifference to matters of the greatest public importance. The nation is not sorry to have this chapter in its history closed. The war, with its grand and heroic acts, will forever furnish incidents of patriotic courage and self-devotion to awaken corresponding emotions in the minds of coming generations. The martyrs to the cause, from President Lincoln down to the humblest private who willingly died in the service of his country, deserve to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance. The act by which four millions of slaves were made free is one of the noblest events in the history of the world, and the changes in the organic laws of the nation to secure their rights to an enfranchised race are worthy to be associated with that great act. But it is humiliating to think of other acts performed by the same legislators under the influence of corrupt leaders, or from personal and interested motives. When Charles Sumner was deposed by the Senate to make room for Simon Cameron, and Carl Schurz, the most brilliant statesman there, was driven out of the party, because he would not stoop to be a partizan, there was inaugurated a policy which has already called down upon its supporters the stern and indignant rebuke of the nation.

Is it too late for the party to learn to repudiate the acts and the men that have brought such dishonor upon it? May it not even yet free itself, as it already has to some extent, from these fatal incumbrances, and, selecting only its wisest and best men, insist on a pure administration in all its offices, and a policy which looks,

not to personal or party success, but to the public good? If some such course can be adopted, it is not yet too late to retrieve what it has lost. But with such leaders and such a policy as seem to have shaped its counsels during the last three years, its doom is fixed. For a little while, perhaps, the old Democratic party, which was once the author of all our troubles, may regain the ascendancy. But unless it is thoroughly regenerated, it is not prepared to carry us on in the work of national honor and greatness to which the present hour is calling us. A new party, with high motives and men of honorable lives from all parties for its leaders, must succeed to the government. What the people demand in public places is men of honor and ability who are willing to give their time and strength to the discharge of their duties. Such men we have now, — enough for a nucleus around which a new organization may be formed. But our hope is, that the Republican party will profit by its partial loss of power, and so understand the weighty obligations now laid upon it, and so purify itself for new efforts, that it may have a great and honorable career still before it.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

We have received a very interesting and valuable pamphlet, being "The First Annual Report of the Free Training Schools of the Women's Educational and Industrial Society," No. 47 East Tenth Street, New York. This benevolent institution has quietly worked its way into a permanent existence, without noise or clamor; and, from small beginnings, has enlarged its work, until great numbers of despairing women have found, during the last year, opportunities for usefulness and happiness under its wise and kindly instruction.

The report speaks for the work better than we can, being modest and calm in its demands, and clear and judicious in its state ments. The plan was started by a few wise women in New York, who resolved to open a school where women could be taught to support themselves by various branches of industrial labor. A sewing-room was fitted up, first, with machines lent by various companies. At first, the women only practiced as learners, but they soon became skillful, and were paid for their work. As soon

as a girl became a good sewer, a place was found for her in a family or in a manufactory. There has always been a greater demand than the society could supply of trained work-women. Classes in short-hand writing, book-keeping, and writing, were next formed, and an opportunity for musical practice was given to young ladies who were fitting to be governesses. The applications for admission to the school became so numerous that more room was required, and the society accepted the generous offer of large and handsome rooms, in a building on Broadway, from the Wheeler and Wilson Company, and the use of sixty sewing machines.

The next attempt of the society was to teach domestic occupations. They rented a furnished house, No. 47 East Tenth Street, and opened a laundry, kitchen, and dining-room, which were at once filled with eager learners. The report enlarges upon the dignity and importance of household avocations, and especially the necessity of teaching women how to purchase wisely articles of food, to combine them, and produce wholesome compounds for the table. We think the daughters of our wealthy citizens might attend such a school advantageously. In the early history of our country, every respectable mother, rich or poor, superintended and even worked in her kitchen a part of every day; and her daughters were brought up to a knowledge of housekeeping. But in these days, young people are waited on by servants, the mother often leaves everything to their management, and the whole household is at their mercy. This society is now organizing a series of lectures on the subject of domestic economy, and a reading-room is thrown open one evening in the week, where there is a fine grand piano, presented by the Steinways. A class in proof-reading is also organized, and has proved very successful. During a season of distress in New York, six thousand meals were given to hungry women and children in about six weeks. When spring advanced these means of relief were discontinued, as no longer needed. The statistics give the number of women admitted for instruction the last year as three thousand, and the number of seamstresses placed as two thousand three hundred. Money has been subscribed liberally, by the good people of New York, but faith and energy, on the part of the lady managers, are the

powers which have commanded it. The State of Maine has just organized an industrial school, through private endowment, which bids fair to do a good work in the world.

In reading the accounts of many noble institutions in this country, we must not forget that, after all, the most potent, and yet most delicate, magnetic influence in the world for good, comes from individuals, from our own personalities acting upon the susceptible natures of our fellow-men. If we all did our duty to the persons in our reach, there would be no need of this machinery, of philanthropy, which loses its power the larger it grows, and the further removed it is in the course of time from the glowing hearts which first set it in motion. Our love for doing things on a large scale in this country, for sound rather than substance, is well set off in "The Independent." The article on "Reaching the Masses" is so pointed that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of it: —

"For, to begin with, those persons who suppose themselves to be referred to by this phrase may very fairly object to it. 'Why do you call us masses?' some outsider may demand. 'I, for one, do not consider myself a mass, and do not like to be called one. You talk about us as if we were piles of muck or carcasses of beef. Pray remember that we are men, women, and children; try to think of us as individuals, and not as heaps or herds; and remember that, as persons of intelligence and free will, we are not likely to be "reached" by any wholesale methods.' The objection may sound like a cavil, but those who will stop to think about it will discover that there is a measure of reason in it.

"The spirit of the age has crept into the church and affected its habits of thought and its methods of work. In trade, every man wants to do an enormous business; no man in these days is satisfied with steady enterprise and moderate gains. Indeed, it is freely alleged that no man can hope to suceeed unless he is able to organize and conduct his affairs on a large scale. There is no chance for small traders, men say. The big fish eat up the little ones. The choice is not between a larger and a smaller scale of business, but between big business and no business at all. Such talk as this you may often hear in the counting-rooms, and the spirit of it may be traced in the administration of our churches. A good many of the managers seem to think that it is useless to attempt anything less than a magnificent popular success, and that the right way to secure this is to build a great church, buy a great organ, hire a great

reprobate to play it, and four great 'artists' to sing in front of it, put a great preacher into the pulpit, and draw in the 'masses.' The very bigness of the thing will, it is supposed, favorably affect the popular mind. If by judicious blowing the church can be filled the first Sunday, it is likely to be filled the next, and so on interminably, no matter what the merit of the performance may be; because experience shows that there is nothing that an American likes so well as to be in a crowd.

"Begin, then, by creating within your own church such an atmosphere of kindliness and good-will that everybody who comes into it will want to stay. Let the type of Christianity which you preach and practice be one that commends itself to the consciences and the sympathies of all your neighbors.

"Then, if you go abroad to carry the invitation, as you must and will do if you are true disciples of Christ, stop talking of 'the masses,' and begin to think of the men and women whom you happen to know or can easily get accquainted with who do not come to church. There is Brown, the new neighbor, who stays at home Sundays. Call on him, and tell him that there is a vacant place in your pew. There is young Jones, the clerk who boards over the way. Just mention to him, as you meet him in the street-car, that your Sunday school needs him as assistant librarian. There is Robinson, the gardener's family; poor people, but Protesants, and always church-goers in their old home in England. Can you not contrive in some way to convince them that they would be perfectly welcome and at home, even in their plain garments, if they would come to your church on Sunday?"

The Rev. Mr. Gunnison in a fine address before the Universalist Convention at Auburn, N.Y., gave utterance to the same sentiment in the following passage: —

"One of the primary ideas of Christianity is, that all progress begins with the individual, not with the state. It deals with persons, not nations. It seeks no reform of nations by revolution, but it takes hold of the individual, and changes and molds him. It aims at a perfect republic, where every man shall be a law unto himself, and righteousness shall dwell. But it does not make such a commonwealth, furnish with laws, then go out and compel men to come in; but it commences with the individual, instills into him the principles of justice and love, and then with him it changes and molds another, and so another, until all the world will be changed. It teaches self-respect. The man who respects himself respects his neighbor, and so the great idea of human brotherhood is fostered, and man writes upon his heart that great principle of all mutual achievement, 'Honor all men.' When once we have learned that our fellow-men are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, tempted as we are, yet desirous as we are desirous of bringing in the better times,

we have learned to work, without fretting at our work. We see, that, though we often fail, yet we sometimes conquer; that, though we stumble, yet our steps are, on the whole, forward; and by our own failures we learn patience with our fellows, by our own successes we are content to wait upon and trust our fellows. We see that there is a ripening of the forces of God's moral kingdom, as there is a ripening of vegetable life. We feel, in the silence of our waitings, that there is a movement beneath our feet; and, while we wait, we see that it is not alone by the feebleness of our arms that God is to bring the victory, but unseen and hidden forces are at work in league with us. There is a progress in history which only those who wait can see. There are footprints of God upon the sands of time which only those who muse upon the beach can see, and patience in thinking, patience in working, patience in waiting, is life's best guarantee of true success."

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

Our English Unitarian brethren have of late been discussing the subject of the Lord's Supper. It has called out a great variety of opinion, but in most cases it is pleasant to see that the writers, although they have each their own individual ideas of the way in which this service should be administered, are generally attached to its observance, and anxious that the churches should do all in their power to make it a true feast of love and joy. The fact that a large number of good people in every congregation withdraw from the Lord's table, is no evidence that those who remain do not enjoy it, and the tenacity with which our churches cling to this rite, in spite of the criticism which is lavished upon it, indicates its great power, even as the incessant discussion of the character and mission of Christ among all parties in the world shows that men, although they will have their say, cannot let him go from their thoughts or hearts.

"The Unitarian Herald," we think, prepared the way for this discussion by an editorial article of a most devout and yet liberal tone. If we ever had fears that our English brethren were wandering away from the "faith once delivered to the saints," from the time-hallowed associations and memories which keep alive the divine gospel of joy in our hearts, our fears were dispelled as we read that paper, so calm and assured in its convictions, and yet so broad and free. Some of the letters which it has

called out are interesting, and profitable; for, although we may not always be impressed with the wisdom of the changes proposed in the observance of the Master's Supper, we certainly ought to grasp at any suggestion which may, in its practical working, help our poor humanity to throw off its inertia, its sluggish or wandering thought, its coldness and restraint, and rise into that sweet and yet natural frame which shall enable us to see our divine Brother just as he is now, not merely as he was eighteen hundred years ago; to see him ministering with human affection and sympathy to our beloved ones in the spirit world, and longing to draw us all together, earth and heaven, into one great fellowship of work and love. Some of the letters are purely critical, taking away without seeming to supply. This tone only serves to call out the lovers of a cherished thing, and does a good work in forcing them to defend it. One writer suggests that the rite should be observed only once a year, and be made a sort of confirmation service, when the young people from the Sunday schools should be brought forward and welcomed to the work of the church. This writer sends to "The Herald" a report of a paper read at the Essex Conference, by one of our own ministers in this country. Another, who has come recently into the Unitarian ranks, brings some very tender reminiscences of customs which, although he would not perhaps wish literally to repeat with us, are rich in hints which might be serviceable in our atmosphere of thought. He mentions one Presbyterian church in Scotland, where they have no altar, and no communion tables, but once in every six months the pews in the centre of the church are removed, a temporary table is placed there, the congregation sit down with the minister, extempore prayers are made, with singing, and the bread and wine are passed around. He speaks of a service among the so-called Plymouth brethren in England, where they all assist around a common table, every Sunday morning, without any ordained minister. He says he "shall never forget the sweet simplicity and earnest devotion of one of these communions in an upper room." He thinks there is altogether too much dependence upon the minister to conduct this service, and that laymen should be willing and glad to relieve their pastor whenever, from inclination or fatigue, he desires to be released. He speaks

also of a sect of Pedobaptists in England, whose "communion service is the life and soul of the people."

This reminds us of an article that has recently appeared in "The Independent," written by a Baptist professor, which, although it may not come under the heading of foreign news, is appropriate to the theme we are discussing. The professor starts with the declaration that there is "no Baptist crisis" on this question of the communion. It is, to use his terms, "purely factitious." He says that there have always been persons in their ranks who are influenced by their religious sensibilities rather than by the traditions of the denomination. The sect is large and generous enough "to bear with these warm-hearted brethren, to love and honor them, to give them room in their tabernacle," although it cannot aid them to propagate their views on the subject of open communion. This is, in fact, a great concession for our Baptist friends, and we must be satisfied to let them move slowly, content that the days of persecution and self-righteousness are ended. The professor says the whole question of open communion is to a great extent a matter of temperament. It is feeling stronger than reason. Granted, we say. But if there is any place where feeling ought to reign supreme over logic, we should say it was at the table of our Master, where he desires that we all may be one. The writer says that sentimentalists are not in the majority among Baptists. We think he mistakes the great heart of his denomination. As human nature is constituted, with the limited intellectual development of the masses of men, and the universal power to feel, we cannot believe that so large a sect of people as our Baptist brethern have a greater number of persons who reason out their faith and square it exactly to old traditions, than of those who follow the dictates of early association, and live in their religious affections and fellowship. The writer is one of those persons whose heart is larger than his theory. He reviews the ancient usages of his church, and cannot bear to let them be violated, even though his affectional nature has got far beyond them. He quotes a passage from a sermon preached in Cleveland by the Rev. Dr. Behrends, a "foremost man among the younger ministers of the Baptist denomination." We give it here: —

"If a Presbyterian or a Methodist came within these walls on the day of communion, and should feel his heart so moved by the services as to have, at the close, a deep yearning to remain and complete the hour's worship by showing forth his Lord's death in the use of this loaf and cup, I maintain that no courtesy of an invitation is needed. The requirements of his spiritual nature are supreme. He possesses an inalienable RIGHT in the silence of the ordinance to proclaim and ratify his love. . . . And if in the providence of God, I should be cast, as so many men frequently are, where I shall find myself in a church not of my own faith, and the same inward yearning should come to my heart, I should assuredly use my personal liberty, denying most emphatically the authority of any body of men to call me to account."

He questions the propriety of the use of the term "right" here, declaring that the whole question is a matter of feeling rather than of right. His heart, however, is liberal towards the doctor, and he says, "These aberrations would seldom, however, be made matter for very serious ecclesiastical inquiry, much less of severe vindicatory discipline. The important point of difference is, that "these infractions of usage will never be commended by representative Baptist ministers as matters of inalienable right, nor accepted as such by representative Baptist churches." The truth is, the professor is in the same condition with all the rest of us in the churches everywhere in America and Europe, and it does not become us to censure him for it. In all Christian churches we are kept together, in a certain external unity, by forms of belief which are necessary, and may or may not be called a creed. Our human affections, however, being emancipated from past superstitions, leap beyond these creeds, and no Christian in this age of the world need be ashamed to be called illogical, if he feels that he is helping to promote the fellowship of the Spirit in the world.

We have been interested in reading the accounts of the New French Church of L'Etoile at Paris, under the pastorate of the distinguished Protestant preacher, M. Bersier. We had the pleasure of hearing him preach two years ago, and were impressed with the grace of his manner and the fervor of his eloquence. We regret that his movements are somewhat reactionary. He is engrafting a liturgy on to the simple Protestant service, and the music of trained choirs. This perhaps is well, especially in a

metropolitan church. But in regard to the communion, he states it is their intention to make the service something more than "mere commemoration," to regard it as a kind of sacrifice, thus returning to the mystic elements which we think have done so much harm to Christ's little ones. We believe in the high mysticism of faith which lifts our hearts for a time above these dull realities to the immortal company on high. We believe in the sacrament of love, which unites us in fellowship to Jesus, and as he said, when he "was lifted up, would draw all men unto him," but we are sorry that the priestly and sacrificial elements of the Romish Church should mar the sweet simplicity of the Old Huguenot faith.

METHODISM IN CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

Not many months ago, according to an interesting paper we have read in "Zion's Herald," there died in England a man named Billy Bray, who would have been accounted singular by some people, and crazy perhaps by others, but whom we cannot help looking upon as a favored being, inasmuch as he found that perfect joy in religion which seems to us the one point to which we all need to arrive. The simplicity and purity of this man's character won confidence wherever he went on his preaching tours, and his quaint manners and dry humor gained a great many listeners whose minds were led afterwards to more serious thoughts.

Billy had formerly lived what he called "a hard life" in the coal pits of Cornwall. He was intemperate, wild, reckless, and profane, but all these outbursts of an intense nature, when turned into another and better channel, made his religious life one long day of exultation and joy. He had several hair-breadth escapes. Once, he says, he was working underground, and he heard a noise overhead; he ran out, and forty tons fell down immediately where he was a moment before. His conscience seems always to have been sensitive. He says, "I never got drunk without being condemned for it, and I used to dread to go to sleep for fear of waking up in hell." He found a copy of Bunyan's visions of "Heaven and Hell." Bunyan gives a picture of two lost souls cursing each other for being the author of each other's misery. The poor miner could not read these terrible visions, like the sensuous Italian of

old, who revelled in the fearful splendors of Dante's imagery of the other world, and went on his way of love and crime with his stiletto hidden at his breast. Not so the rude Cornwall miner. He trembled, and said, "Shall Coad and I, who like each other so much, hate each other in hell?" After that time he began to reform, and finally received what seemed to him assurance of salvation. Nothing could equal his joy. He filled the dark places of the earth with his songs. We can understand the powerfulness of his nature, and the amount of his past suffering when not at peace with his God, by the intensity of his joy when converted from his evil ways. Sometimes he would gather his comrades together before they went down into the mine, and say, "Now, if you will hearken to me, I will pray for you before we go to work; for if I did not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault." When he ended, the tears would roll down their faces. He says he "could leap and dance underground for joy." His comrades used to tell him that was not much of a religion, "dancing and making such an ado." Poor fellows, it seemed, we suppose, too good a religion to be true, according to the old notion, which theologians have helped to keep up, that religion and happiness are at sword's points with each other. They said "there was no need to make such a noise, for the Lord was not deaf." But he answered, that "the Devil was not deaf either," and "he would rather see us doubting than hear us shouting." He would quote the story of David dancing his praises to the Lord, and sometimes he would say to his dull, heavy, though religious brethren, "You be the parson and I'll be the clerk. You say, 'Praise the Lord,' and I'll say, 'Amen.' Or I'll be the parson and you shall be the clerk: I'll say 'Praise the Lord,' and you shall say, 'Amen.'" If he could not rouse them, he would declare them all *dead*, and go on his way rejoicing, not allowing the buoyancy of his own nature to be dampened by the others' apathy. This shows the healthy condition of a nature far removed from what is called insanity, which condition tends to extremes of joy or sorrow. It approaches the ideal state. We all know how, in hours of temporary bodily health and exhilaration of soul, we seem centred in ourselves, or rather in God. No troubles afflict us, no evils in the world depress us, although our

sympathies are alive and we are sensitive to all outward impressions. Such, perhaps, is the state of the blessed immortal spirit, which can enter into all the sorrows of this world and the other with divinest sympathy, and yet "pursue its bright and endless way." So poor Billy, or happy Billy we should say, when he could get nobody to praise with him, as he went along the street, would say, "I lift up one foot, and it seems to say, 'Glory,' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say, 'Amen,' and so they keep on like that all the time I am walking." Some one asked him if it was not possible for a man to get into the habit of praising the Lord too much, without knowing what he was saying. He said "he did'nt think the Lord was much troubled with that class of persons." When his wife Joey died, who was in perfect sympathy with him in his religion, and devoted in her affection, he was overpowered with emotion of joy, in spite of his grief, at the thought of her being in "glory with the shining angels," and free from pain. Sometimes, when he came to a crowded chapel, with the door-way thronged, he would say, "Bless the Lord, little Billy Bray is come," and the crowd would part at once, and let him pass in to the pulpit. When he was long out of work, and some one pitied him, he said, "Why, the Lord will as soon starve the archangel Michael as starve Billy." Once a circuit preacher told him he had seen his mother, and that she was in a blessed frame of mind, and, although blind, had actually danced about the room. "Danced?" said he, "dear old soul! I am glad to hear that. I dance too. Why shouldn't I as well as David? I am a King's son as well as he. Sometimes I am so happy that the glory comes streaming down upon my soul."

Some may laugh at this as childishness, or turn away from it perhaps with pity or contempt; but happiness is happiness, and it is the thing we all covet. When so many get only a partial hold on it, and obtain that by low and inferior agencies, how can we but look with pleasure upon a simple nature that finds not only affectionate but physical enjoyment in adoration of its Maker?

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. The latest contribution to the question of the origin of the Pentateuch, and the bringing together of the fragmentary manuscripts, Elohistic and Jehovistic, is the work of August Kayser (das vovexilische Buch der Urgeschichte Israels). It is a calm, methodical, and careful examination of the documents, their facts and their words. Kayser's conclusion is that the Jehovist traditions are older than the Elohist, and that they were interwoven in one book at some time between the age of Ezra and the age of the later Chronicles, — that is, between the year 450 B.C. and the year 300 B.C. This conclusion will be disputed by some of the new school, who find that the whole Pentateuch took its present form at the time of Ezra, and that he had it as we now have it. The best opinion, moreover, sets the Elohist legend before the Jehovist, the generic God of the story before the specific God. Kayser is a follower of Reuss in the style of his writing and reasoning, as in the substance of his opinion. His book has many points of resemblance to the book of Colenso, but has much less stress upon incidental questions.

2. Dr. K. Kluge, in his small work on the germ of the decay in Israel (der Keim zu Israels Verfall), almost makes the special people of God to have been still-born. The ruin begins before the nation had any real nationality, when they were barbarians under the ferocious Judges, even when Jacob went down to Egypt. It was partly in their dualism, and partly in their materialism. They learned dualism from the land of Mizraim, which is cut into two parts by the dividing Nile! They became material as they were slaves and toilers in that land of darkness. The children of Shem were cursed by their association with the children of Ham. Dr. Kluge's genesis of Hebrew ruin is too fanciful to find general favor, and his derivation of the parallelism of Jewish poetry will not be accepted more than his verdict that this striking beauty is a literary blemish. The sojourn of Israel in Egypt, so far from injuring the race, prepared it to be a nation, to receive the wisdom which should be preserved of a land which itself was doomed to ruin. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son," is a legend of honor and not of disgrace.

3. "And still they come!" The orthodox Christian Ernest Luthardt sends out, as a pilot-balloon to his second edition of commentary on John's Gospel, a new discussion of the question of authorship and genuineness (der Johanneische Ursprung des viertes Evangeliums). Of course he vindicates the traditional opinion, but he does this without passion or vituperation, giving full weight to the critical reasons for denying the work as the work of the Apostle. The weakest position that he takes is that the same hand wrote the Apocalypse and the Gospel. Even orthodox prejudice has given up, in Germany, that attempt to reconcile opposites, to mix oil and water, and to make the evangelist of love identical with the frantic and wrathful hater of the pagan world. The most valuable part of Luthardt's book is his appendix, in which he means to give a full catalogue of all the volumes and essays which have argued this vexed question. Even this is not quite complete, and he has omitted to mention at least a dozen essays in the German periodicals which have appeared in the last half-century, not to speak of those in other tongues.

4. Prof. A. Hausrath has at last finished his great work on the New Testament age (neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte), and is receiving the congratulations of his brethren. The third part, just published, reviews the history of Christianity under the several Flavian emperors from Vespasian to Hadrian, the fate of the martyrs, and the work of the first successors of the apostles. The literary questions are discussed of the origin and authorship of the later New Testament books, and there is no want of freedom in the discussion. Hausrath is not a destructive critic, but he does not refuse to heed the conclusions of the liberal scholars, and he gives special attention to the questions of the Fourth Gospel, of the Epistle to the Hebrews and its relations to Judaism, of the acquaintance of Luke with the work of Josephus, and the relation of the Johannine letters to the appendix of the Johannine Gospel. He makes a wise use of the legendary documents, the so-called Apocrypha of the New Testament. The end crowns the work, and worthily finishes the account of the work of Jesus and his apostles.

5. In these last years, demonstrations of the falsehood of the Romish claim that Peter was the first Bishop of Rome have been numerous and ingenious. But none that we have read are at once so concise, so clear, so strong, and so eloquent as the pamphlet of Prof. J. Froschammer, of the Catholic University in Munich (der Fels Petri in Rom). There is a manly ring in his sentences which is very refreshing. He proves that Peter was never in Rome, certainly not

bishop there: first, by the absence of any statement of that fact in the New Testament, either in the Gospels or the Epistles; and, second, by the absence of any trustworthy evidence in the writings of the Fathers of the first two centuries. Jesus never told Peter to go to Rome; Paul does not speak of meeting him there; and Peter does not write from Rome, but from Babylon, which Froschammer takes to be the Chaldean Babylon. The myth grew out of Ebionite antagonism to Paul and his doctrine, and rests wholly upon fantastic tradition. The closing passages of the treatise rise into a lofty moral indignation at the cheat which has been so long palmed upon the Christian world as an article of faith, and now weighs like an incubus upon rational criticism. Froschammer is not a Papist.

6. How the old Teutonic sagas still keep their place in the German mind, and influence its religious thought, every antiquarian of Christian history knows. Herr Adolf Holtzmann, a diligent student, has given the key to this influence in his solid volume of lectures (deutsche Mythologie), which appears as a posthumous work. In Germany opinions differ as to the value of the book. Some welcome it as timely, and as an important illustration of the ancient German faith. Others think, on the contrary, that the book ought to have been left to oblivion, that it adds nothing to what Grimm has said, that its etymologies are blundering, that its scholarship is inadequate, that the Indian *excursus* is a signal evidence of the danger of venturing beyond one's sphere. If these lectures had been properly revised, they might have been creditable to the author; in their present form they can only injure him. But they were repeatedly delivered in the class-room, and if the author had any additions or changes to make, he had ample time to make these after he ceased to use them and before his death. Holtzmann's assertion that the Icelandic Eddas are very ancient, and are relics of the Druidism which Cæsar describes, will not pass unquestioned.

7. Very convenient and unique of its kind will be the grand octavo of more than fifteen hundred pages which Naumann, of Leipsic, publishes, prepared by Carl Julius Boettcher (Germania Sacra). This is a very complete guide-book to German church history, not merely in records, but in relics, localities, convents, cathedrals, iconography, famous sites, — all that a good guide-book usually tells. All Germany comes into the survey, north and south, Catholic and Protestant, liberal and superstitious, on the mountain and on the plain, all kinds of worship, the homes of famous men and their graves, the universities and the schools, so far as the church has to do with them.

The doctors are noticed, the legislators and the fanatics, too. A work of this kind is difficult to judge; and it is easy to find omissions and mistakes. The prejudices of the editor will work themselves into his paragraphs. Making allowance for these, it may be safely affirmed that nowhere else can so much of this kind of useful information be found within the covers of one or two volumes. It is at once a guide-book, a hand-book, and a cyclopedia, and it is sold at the reasonable price of three and one-half Prussian thalers.

Le Buddhisme, Les Origines. Le Nirvana. Accord de la Morale avec le Nirvana. Par Charles Schoebel. Paris: Maisonneuve et Cie. 1874.

A German who writes in French will not probably be vivacious or sparkling; and the sentences of this work of Herr Schoebel are long, involved, and anything but Parisian, — very unlike those of Renan or Saint Hilaire. The matter of Schoebel's essay is better than its style. He answers very decidedly, with close reasoning and ample learning, the four interesting questions about the Buddhist religion. He asserts that it was not original with Sakkyamouni, but was reproduced from a much more ancient philosophy of life, — that the Indian reformer and the Chinese Laotse, his contemporary, both drew their doctrine from earlier sources. He demonstrates the fact that Buddhism is a form of atheism, that it has no personal God, no creating or superintending Deity, that it is a religion of constant evolutions, in which forms grow out of other forms. There is no place for God in the system, and no need of him. Nirvana, as Schoebel describes it, is the loss of all personality, of all conscious existence, individual annihilation, but not the destruction of atoms of matter. He utterly rejects the fancy of Bunsen, and some of Bunsen's followers in England and America, that Nirvana must be a higher state of existence, a heaven of souls; and he agrees with nearly all the competent scholars who have studied the subject, German, French, Russian, and Danish, and with the doctrine, too, of the accepted Buddhist Scriptures. Individual, conscious annihilation is the only real teaching of the Buddhist system, the only doctrine which can be drawn from the proper authorities. We have no right to say that Nirvana is what we think it ought to be.

The most perplexing dilemma in the study of Buddhism is its doctrine of virtue as necessary to this fatal Nirvana. It seems inconsistent and absurd to demand moral purity as a preliminary to the blessing of personal nonentity. Why should men wish to be pure if they

would destroy their intellectual being? Is not morality rather a force for preserving than a force for destroying? Schoebel argues, nevertheless, that asceticism helps to remove the flesh, which is the source of human consciousness and life, and that it is not only possible, but natural, to mortify the flesh for the sake of getting rid of immortal life. He affirms that the intrinsic idea of immortality is mean, that a desire for personal perpetuation is selfish, and that a noble character may be formed without any wish to live after death, or any religious faith or feeling. The Japanese, the Esquimaux, a tribe of the Abyssinians, have morality without religion. A doctrine of this kind is suited to the genius of the Mongolian race much more than the Aryan Brahminism which finally drove it from India.

As to the question of the actual life of the reformer Sakkyamouni, — whether he was a man or a myth, — Schoebel is inclined to accept the legend of his human history, that he was the son of a king, and journeyed and preached and fasted, as the story tells. Many of the additions to the legend are improbable, but its basis is true. The portraits of the man all show the protuberance on his skull, and his long arms and ears are not to be interpreted as merely symbolic. Even the webbed fingers and toes are not unlikely, on Darwinian grounds, to come where so much of life is passed in wet or marshy regions. There are men in western lands who have this physical formation. The humanity of the Buddha is as well attested as that of other heroes of history. Schoebel, however, avoids any comparison of Buddha with Christ, so tempting to most who have written about the Dravidian prince.

One singular and suggestive remark of Schoebel is that the modern scientific theory of the "correlation of forces," of mechanical equivalents, is contained in the Institutes of Buddhism, and that the last word of science is really one of the very ancient words of what piety so confidently characterizes as superstition. The essay was written for the meeting of the French Philological Society, and is extracted from their volume of Acts.

A Series of Studies, Designed and Engraved after five paintings of Raphael, with Historical and Critical Notes by M. S. B. Emeric-David. Reproduced by the Heliotype process. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Price, $10.

This handsome work affords a good instance of the benefit which the heliotype process is to confer upon art, by its wonderful accuracy in reproducing all the precision of line and delicacy of shading of the finest engravings.

Art, like every other phase of human life, must conform to the demands of the nineteenth century, and become popularized, but we must require also that it be not lost in the process, but maintain its excellence in essential points. Original works of great masters must always be rare, but the essential qualities of those works may be so reproduced as to lead the masses of the people to real insight into the thought and feeling of the artist.

Raphael is emphatically the artist for popular love. His composition is so simple and effective that it is never wholly lost in the rudest imitation, and the grace of his lines and the tenderness of his sentiment always impress the eye and the heart of the simplest lover of beauty. The pictures in this book are among his most justly celebrated works, the Madonna of the Pearl and the Madonna of the Fish being familiar to all. The Visitation is a very simple and charming representation of this touching incident in the Gospel narrative; and the head of Elizabeth, in its earnest strength and womanliness, calls to mind the noble types of women given us by Michael Angelo.

These paintings while in France were copied and engraved by permission of the government. The engravings are in the elaborate French style, in which something of the *naivete* of the original is inevitably lost, but such as they are they are most admirably reproduced by the heliotype, which seems to have preserved the most delicate demi-tints of the engraving, although much reduced in size.

The letter-press translated from the French gives a full history of the pictures, and an explanation of the grouping and meaning of the figures, offering a somewhat new interpretation of Tobias and the fish, which has been a puzzle to the critics. According to our author, Raphael wished to suggest the controversy in the churches in regard to the authority of the Apocryphal writings, and to indicate that Jesus accepts the homage of young Tobias as a prophecy of his future sovereignty.

It may be so, for little as we connect the idea of theological disputes with the young and gay Raphael, he breathed the air of the Vatican, and may have followed out an ecclesiastical suggestion, which in his hands could not fail to become a creation of beauty. Certainly we are greatly indebted to it for the charming group of Tobias and the angel, which is unsurpassed by anything in his work for grace and beauty. It marks the progress of our artistic culture that a popular publishing house should give us a book so choice and elegant. E. D. G.

Our New Crusade. A Temperance Story. By Edward E. Hale, 16mo., pp. 287. Roberts Brothers. 1875.

We make no confession of faith in the practicability of all Mr. Hale's philanthropic schemes, but we never read one of his tales without conviction. We do not know whether anybody has said before, that his Harry Wadsworth mottoes are the Christian graces in secular garb, and that his New Sybaris is the New Jerusalem translated into Greek and the nineteenth century. His lightest stories convey a sermon, or something better,— usually an applied section of the Sermon on the Mount. There is grace in his being gay; and, as with Mrs. Browning's Geraldine, in his utmost lightness truth. None can read his "Ten times One are Ten," or this "New Crusade," without seeing the kingdom coming.

We hasten to say that these remarks are not needed in the defense of this excellent temperance story. With all Mr. Hale's characteristic vividness and dash, its tone is yet serious and business-like enough to satisfy the most exacting critic. It is a "Crusade" carried on, without a suspicion of fanaticism, to accomplish results entirely possible and practicable. The only thing unusual is the rare blending in those young men and women in Bromwich of earnest enthusiasm and strong good sense; unless, indeed, it be the rare good sense in their elders which cherished instead of quenching that enthusiasm. The saying, that any reform which the best people of a community together will to accomplish, can be accomplished, is a statement that will stand. The best thing about the plan here illustrated is that in substance it has been many times realized. "People's Clubs" and "Christian Unions" are coming more and more successfully to embody the wholesome and saving influences which succeed to the debasing allurements of the drinking-saloon. Instances, also, are on record where a community has successfully contributed money to second the demand of its awakened moral sentiment that the bars of its hotels should be closed, — building a bridge of gold, as Mr. Sumner suggested in regard to slavery, for the retreating fiend. We lived for several years in a country town, where thirty years before, in the new zeal of the Washingtonian movement, the best men and women in the community joined their forces to reimburse the hotel-keeper and principal liquor-seller of the town for a portion of his loss in giving up the traffic. This attempt had culminated in an annual festival which became the principal and most enjoyable anniversary of the year in that village; and it had been successful in preventing any unauthorized sale of intoxicating drinks there for a generation; and

if any have been sold in that community to this day it has been so secretly as to be generally unknown. We assure the skeptical that that country tavern has borne an excellent name notwithstanding, — on that very account, we should rather say. We need not say that it is in one of the most thriving and prosperous farming communities of New England.

In large towns, such methods would be attended with greater difficulty, though we believe an account was given in one of the early numbers of this review of a similar course being adopted in one of our suburban towns, which proved effective so long as it had the united support of the best people of the town. When these unite, and are in earnest, no evil can long withstand them. But let no company of half-earnest men or women expect to succeed by the tactics of the "Bromwich Temperance Union" and the "Deritend Club." As tactics, they are perfect. They suggest at once the hardest, the justest, and the most effective means to restrain the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The one thing which it nor any other method can furnish is the dead-in-earnest purpose which alone, — call it the Wadsworth Club or the Christian Church, — is effective to overcome evil and uplift society. The one thing which is the real power, all methods, as such, must take for granted; and it is the merit of Mr. Hale's book that it lets us see this power at work, and draws us so strongly to join heart and hand for the results towards which its working tends.

Ezra Stiles Gannett. Unitarian Minister in Boston, 1824–71. A Memoir. By his son, William C. Gannett. 8vo, pp. 572. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price, $3.00.

We have only space to welcome this long-expected book, and to express our satisfaction in having a memoir of Dr. Gannett so wholly adequate and worthy. The biographical portion is admirably executed, portraying the devoted, laborious life, the intense self-depreciating, heroic nature, the painstaking, unwearied work of its subject with much clearness and power, yet with great discrimination and fairness, — the filial reverence of the son being conscientiously restrained from all tendency to exaggerate or idealize the father's virtues. The two chapters on the Unitarian controversy and the rise of Transcendentalism, together with considerable portions of other chapters, form a connected history of the origin and progress of liberal theology in New England, in connection with which Dr. Gannett labored, and of whose history his labors form so essential and honorable a part. These portions of the work show a great deal

of research and careful sifting of evidence, and a spirit of great candor and most conscientious impartiality.

The last hundred pages of the book are occupied by selections from Dr. Gannett's sermons and addresses, which could not be spared unless a separate volume of sermons might be anticipated. The book is elegantly printed and adorned with an excellent portrait and appropriate chapter-vignettes. We shall publish a more adequate notice of it hereafter.

Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith; being selections of the Hymns and other Sacred Poems of the Liberal Church in America, with Biographical Sketches of the Writers, and with Historical and Illustrative Notes. By Alfred P. Putnam. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Any library in the land would be enriched by this substantial and carefully prepared volume. It contains not a few of the best religious lyrics ever written. In elevation of spirit, in purity of sentiment, in the fervent uplifting power of Christian feeling, in strength and loftiness of religious faith and purpose, it is excelled by no collection of poems with which we are acquainted. We might perhaps say that too much space has been given to poems of secondary rank, were it not for the historical character of the book, aiming as it does to give specimens from all classes of sacred songs and singers. We should also regret some important omissions, were it not that another volume is in the course of preparation, and it would not do to put all the best things into the first. Great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the work. A pure and catholic taste has presided over the selections. And we are sure that we only follow or anticipate the feelings of thousands when we express our sincere and hearty thanks to the author for this labor of love, which must have occupied his mind and hands for years. We trust that the reception given to this volume will hasten the preparation of that which is to succeed.

Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachusetts. 1744–75. By his son, Josiah Quincy. Second edition. Boston: Press of John Wilson & Son.

We have always regarded this as the very best of all the valuable books of the class to which it belongs. To our mind, a singular charm has always connected itself with the life and character of Josiah Quincy, Jr. No purer or nobler example of youthful patriotism could be found in any catalogue of the true and noble men who have given themselves to the service of their country. The memoir

is prepared with great fidelity and skill; and this second edition is enriched by short and instructive notes inserted by President Quincy's daughter, Miss E. S. Quincy. The additions and alterations are so skilfully and so modestly made, that it is only by very careful attention that we can see how greatly the book is improved and enriched by them. For many years we have sought in vain to procure a copy of the original edition, — the only one, we believe, of Mr. Quincy's larger works which it was not our privilege to have. We trust that young Americans who wish to know their country's history will improve the opportunity now given to possess this book. It will help to throw around them the clear and bracing atmosphere which animated the souls of our best and ablest men in the times immediately preceding the Revolution. No young man who comes to it in the right frame of mind can fail to be benefited by it.

A Foregone Conclusion. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. Price, $2.00.

To our mind, this story is Mr. Howells' most perfect piece of work thus far. In saying this, we are not unmindful of the delicious humor and exquisite descriptions of "A Chance Acquaintance," of Kitty's breezy freshness and Mr. Arbuton's typical Bostonism. But Mr. Howells has lived in Venice till the melancholy beauty of its decay has so taken possession of him that he can describe all phases of its life more perfectly than any other English pen that we know; and against a background of palaces and canals he creates a picture of the drama of love, ever old, yet ever new, which causes a soul to dwell among the shadows of that great past. The American mother and daughter wandering forlorn in foreign lands, in quest of the health for the elder which never is found, the artist consul, the priest wearily going through the round of offices which are a lie to him, and dreaming over his inventions, till he wakes to find himself in love with the young girl whom he has taught Italian, the group of lesser characters, from gondolier to *canonico*, briefly drawn, but instinct with life, are delineated with the same subtle skill of portraiture, keen irony, and delicious pen, which makes a new book of Mr. Howells' a literary event. The atmosphere of the "Queen of the Sea" hangs over all. Those who know Venice inhale its unique beauty again from these pages, and those who have never floated on those still waters, away from the common world, can see its very spirit reflected here, as the outlines of its buildings and the hues of its skies are imaged in the canals below them.

The Emigrant's Story, and other Poems. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Mr. Trowbridge is best known to the public by his prose writings, but he has done well to bind together this sheaf of song out of the poems which he has published in a scattered form. There is, perhaps, nothing here quite so perfect as his exquisite lines "At Sea" (not given in this volume), which draw the spiritual lesson from the light always pointing its steady flame heavenward, however the ship may sway; but the volume has lovely things in it, full of a keen love of nature, and of a religious sense not less real because loosed from rite and form. Such poems as "Trouting" and "The Streamlet" are fresh with the solitude of the woods and musical with the flow of a country brook. Others have caught with felicitous touch the very flavor of some of the strongest New England characteristics. "Dorothy in the Garret" and "Old Simon Dole" are admirable specimens in this kind. The poem entitled "Communion" sets forth with beauty the view of the rite which "scorns not, seeks not, the bread and the wine," but finds external nature a sufficient means of this grace. Without quarrelling with the poem, we yet fail to see why the one should dispense with the other. There is a state of mind better than that which neither scorns nor seeks. The symbolism of the Lord's Supper and that of the natural world appeal to different sides of the religious nature, but the appeal of the first is equally founded in the needs of the soul with that of the last; and many of the most intense worshipers through natural beauty, like Wordsworth, for instance, have found the deepest refreshment in the Christian rite.

Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The poet of New England finds an ever-fresh welcome for the flowers of song which he brings in this, his latest volume; and though he gives them an autumnal name, they retain the fragrance of a perpetual spring, in that unfailing breath of trust and love, that spiritual apprehension and deep intuition of things divine, by which he has ministered to the religious life of his generation. Some of Mr. Whittier's best poetry is here, — notably, his exquisite poems entitled "The Prayer of Agassiz," and "The Friend's Burial." The first and longest in the book, that on "Sumner," which was written for the day of funeral eulogy celebrated by the State authorities of Massachusetts, is striking, and has grand passages, and is a memorable trib-

ute to his friend, yet hardly touches the highest level of the poet's genius.

It was a tender and fitting thought which has united in this volume with his own poems those of the poet's sister, Miss Elizabeth H. Whittier. His own readers long ago learned to know something of her through the allusions in some of his poetry, and they gratefully welcome this admission to the confidence of a kindred soul.

Swallow-Flights. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874. Price, $1.25.

A collection of short poems, partly of nature, partly religious, with an interlude between them of two poems from the war-time, paying tribute to the heroism of woman and to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Miss Kimball has written better verses than any of those gathered up in this collection; but these also breathe the same love of natural beauty and earnest religious feeling.

Songs of Many Seasons. 1862–1874. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

After an interval too long, the poet has gathered up another sheaf, containing his songs in times of peace and of war, of welcome and farewell, memorial verses, rhymes of an hour, and his yearly poems at the meetings of the class of '29, which have done so much to emblazon the renown of that distinguished Cambridge class. If the volume had given us only "Dorothy Q" and "The Organ-blower," it would bear the unmistakable autograph of the singer whose genius and wit seem a part of our American life; but it flashes throughout with brightness or glows with passion or is dimmed with tears. The history of a stormy time comes back when we read some of these lines, the remembrance of great men worthily welcomed or commemorated; and some of Dr. Holmes' tenderest verses of memory are here. If, as the poet hints in one of these poems, even those whose poetry has the gift of perpetual youth are "Nearing the Snow-line," it is his to show that the rarest Alpine flowers bloom on those heights.

Antony Brade. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This story, "lovingly written" for all "who have been boys or are boys or like boys," is wholesome, hearty, human. It gives pictures of life at a boy's school under Episcopal influences in a New England country town, and of society in that little gossiping world. The pivot

of interest round which the story revolves is the mystery concerning the history of Antony Brade, who is a charming yet thoroughly boy-like figure, and whose companions are described to the life in their studies, their mischief, their play. Mr. Parmenter, the fussy, meddlesome trustee of the school, whose wealth, acquired in the sale of perfumery, gives him the airs of a lord of the manor, is drawn with special felicity. Mr. Lowell's "New Priest of Conception Bay" proved that he had rare power of giving genuine pictures out of fresh and unwonted scenes for men and women; his present book is successful in making picturesque phases of life which are familiar to us, and without formally inculcating any "morals," is leavened with high principles and Christian spirit.

The Story of Boon. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

This Oriental story of love's utter self-abnegation and loyalty under most cruel tortures to heroic death, has haunted many besides the poet who has here graphically reproduced it in verse from Mrs. Leonowen's book on "Life at the Siamese Court." The story is so painful, in some parts so terrible, that it would be a mercy to be permitted to forget it; but it could not be more simply, sweetly, and thrillingly told.

An Examination of the Alleged Discrepancies of the Bible. By John W. Haley, M.A. With an Introduction by Alvah Hovey, D.D., Professor in the Newton Theological Institution. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1874. Price, $2.25.

This contribution to the literature of Christian apologetics is prepared with great labor, and with careful examination of English commentaries and of some German critics. The author's method is, under the divisions of doctrinal, ethical, and historical discrepancies, to give in parallel columns the passages in the Old and New Testaments which apparently are not in agreement, following them by an explanation in each case, with full quotations from authorities. The writer proceeds from the stand-point of moderate orthodoxy, whence some of the gravest difficulties arise which he combats. A theory of inspiration which discriminated more sharply between the Bible as *containing*, and the Bible as *being*, the revelation of God, would resolve many of the questions which arise in the minds of those who find it impossible to reconcile the stricter theory of its infallibility in every part with the facts of the book as they read it. A great part of this mass of materials is, however, of equal value to any school among those

who accept the Bible in any sense as from God. It will be a serviceable companion for readers who have not leisure to consult dictionaries and commentaries, or who lack access to them. The clearness, directness, and compactness of the author's statement of his interpretations and conclusions is an excellent feature of the work.

Speaking Likenesses. By Christina Rossetti. With pictures thereof by Arthur Hughes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

A charming little book (much enhanced by the pictures), holding the mirror up to nature, and leaving the little hearers or readers to make the application for themselves.

Capt. William Kidd, and Others of the Pirates or Buccaneers who Ravaged the Seas, the Islands, and the Continents of America two hundred years ago. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874.

This dramatic recital of one of the blackest chapters of horrors that has ever stained the annals of humanity, finds its place in a series of "American Pioneers and Patriots" as giving, we suppose, an account of the prototypes in another form of the class of men represented in our day by James Fisk, Jr., and his compeers. Those to whom the book can do no harm will not wish to read its bloody tales; and those to whom it might do harm, should not.

Children's Aid Society in New York.

We have just been reading the twenty-second annual report of this admirable society, which is every year enlarging and improving its means of usefulness in caring for the poor and exposed children. During the last year it has expended $174,821 in carrying on its usual works, and $50,000 more on buildings of a permanent character, while it has provided homes for 3,875 children. Many of the suggestions of the Treasurer, Mr. J. Earle Williams, deserve the thoughtful attention of the able men who are endeavoring to advance the cause of social science. Few persons, we think, can read the report through with dry eyes, or without thankfulness and joy that such societies are doing faithfully and successfully the work which God is giving them to do.

Traveling Salesmen: Their Opportunities and their Dangers.

This is the tittle of an excellent address by William H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. We rejoice to learn that several thousand copies have been distributed. Bet-

ter advice could not be given to the thousands of young men who are preparing for or just entering upon a business life. The different topics treated — Over Anxiety to Effect Sales, Promptness, Expenses, Cigars, Laws of Health, Social Drinks, Gambling, Social Evil, Observance of the Sabbath — may give some idea of the ground which is covered by the suggestions of this little pamphlet.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. By Sir Samuel Baker, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 8vo, pp. 542. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1875. [For Sale by A. Williams & Co.]

A Passionate Pilgrim, and other Tales. By Henry James, Jr. Pp. 496. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Social Pressure. By Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., Author of "Friends in Council," &c. Pp. 412. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Character Sketches. By Norman Macleod, D.D. Pp. 370. New York: Dodd & Mead, publishers, 762 Broadway.

The Starling. By Norman Macleod, D. D. Pp. 92. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Childhood Songs. By Lucy Larcom. Illustrated. Pp. 202. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875. Price, $2.25.

The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws. An Essay by William B. Weeden. Pp. 223. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

Young Folks' History of the United States. By Thomas Wentworh Higginson. 16mo. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard. 1875. $1.50.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Natural Sources of Theology. By Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. Five Articles reprinted from "The Bibliotheca Sacra."

Christianity Notwithstanding. An Essay read before the Norfolk Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches. By Rev. Minot J. Savage. Published by request.

La Libre Recherche. Publiée sous la direction de D. Charruaud. Première Année. [August to January.] Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher, 33 Rue de Seine. 1874.

Jahrbücher fur Protestantische Theologie. Unter mitwirkung von mitgliedern der theologischen facultäten zu Bonn, Giessen, Heidelberg, Kiel, Leiden, Strassburg, Wien, und Zurich, u.s.w. Herausgegeben von den mitgliedern der theologischen facultät zu Jena, D. Hase, D. Lipsius, D. Pfleiderer, D. Schrader. Jahrgang 1875. Erstes Heft. Leipsic, 1875.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1875. No. 4.

A COMPREHENSIVE CHURCH.*

IF you ask for a theme, we will give you, "Yourself and your Work." I quote the words from your kind invitation to speak to you. They have led me to recall the ideals of my professional life, the objects which I have had most at heart, and which, when the hands shall hang down, and the knees shall grow weak, I shall most earnestly commend to those who are to come after me. If we who are decreasing can speak of one of these ideals to you who are increasing, we may speak not wholly without useful results. Let me say, then, that one of the things which I have had most at heart as a student of divinity and as a minister, for some thirty-six years, has been a comprehensive church, a church for all who profess, or who may be induced to profess, and call themselves Christians, and who seek for unity without asking for uniformity, — a church for the learned and the unlearned, for the rich and the poor, for the devotional and the ethical, for the contemplative

* An Address to the students of Andover Theological School, Jan. 25, 1875.

and the practical, for the believing and the doubtful. And when I say a comprehensive church, I mean something more than is usually meant by a broad church; for the broad churchman has in view, I suppose, for the most part, breadth in doctrinal statement, a recognition of the varieties of religious experience, and hospitality in the way of ritual: but more than these would be needed in a church which should aim to provide for all sorts and conditions of men. And when I use the word "ideal," I would not be understood to imply that the rudiments of all that we are seeking are not already ours in the society which Jesus gathered, and over which he presides. What we want is to see that these rudiments are fostered into healthy growths, or, to change the figure, that the house is builded according to the Divine Plan, that the Church of God is what it was meant to be. Indeed, what we call construction is also largely reconstruction, restoration, a recovery of what seemed to have been lost, but comes back revived and renewed and refashioned. A resident in the country for many years, I have had before me all my ministerial life a picture of a large village church, a church for the whole town, large enough to hold comfortably, we will say, fifteen hundred men, women, and children. I have always built it of stone. I have never tolerated the suggestion of rooms in a basement half under ground. There is room enough on the surface of the earth for the living, and, as I hope, also, spite of cremation projects, beneath the surface of the earth for the dead; and I would have by the side of the large house a spacious chapel, sunny and warm, and provided for all varieties of church work and informal church assemblings. I would ask the town, in town meeting assembled, if it were only out of regard to the beauty of the building and its symbolic value, to exempt my house of worship from taxation, and I would ask all citizens seriously and devoutly disposed to contribute to the support of public worship within its walls, without asking any return in the ownership or use of any particular pews. I have made my house beautiful, but not with a beauty which is easily defaced: the beauty of wood and stone rather than of paint and upholstery. I invite all to come. To all who choose to have it so, every service shall be without cost. Each worshiper shall give as he is disposed in his heart, not otherwise; and what the whole commun-

ity cannot levy as a tax a portion of the community will account it a privilege to bestow.

So much for my house of prayer and its appointments and its treasury. I want it as the working place of a comprehensive Christianity, a Christianity which we may reasonably hope will unite Protestant Christians in church ministrations, worship, and work.

And permit me to say that, in my humble fashion, I have tried to find for myself and to provide for others such a Christianity, — that I have had this in mind, both in my doings and my abstainings as a preacher and a pastor, that this endeavor to be comprehensive has more than anything else determined my relation to the various sects, my own and others, into which, happily or unhappily, our Protestant world is divided. I have tried to come to some clear understanding of the *rationale* of "comprehension," to hold it as something more than a vague good feeling, or a mush of concession, or that moderation which is simply one of the decencies of society, and only another name for indifference, which rouses no conscience, quickens no life of charity, and organizes no mission. And as I read the signs of our religious times, I find reasons for a growing confidence in the possibility of so holding our religion, in all its purity, and yet in all its peaceableness; as days go on, it becomes, as it seems to me, less and less necessary to go about from sect to sect in a Christian household which is becoming more and more at one.

I please myself, first, with the question, What would you say and do, with your free ways of thinking, as pastor of a large village church of accredited orthodoxy, — a church which, except in being Protestant, had not broken with historical Christianity? Some man would answer, perhaps, Ask for your dismission, and insist upon having it. But I am inclined to the opinion, that, unorthodox as I am according to recognized standards, I should stay, and that in all good conscience, and in all fidelity to this ideal of comprehensiveness. It is not, understand me, a position which I would seek, because I regard my own position as a better one; but, being in it, I think it could be turned to excellent account.

My aim would be first to present the great facts and seminal truths of Christianity so strongly and clearly that my hearers

would come together in the experience and the use of them, and not go apart in the doctrinal discussion to which they might lead. There is room for a very broad line between the affirmations of the gospel and the inferences which the mind of the church, with more or less unanimity, has drawn from them, and bound up with them. With the help of the affirmations, I should hope to keep together a body of working, growing Christians, and not allow my Christian congregation to be divided into a number of small theological debating societies, each with a so-called minister for its presiding officer. For example, as a Christian teacher I should affirm that God, the Everlasting One, so hidden from us, and often so hard to find, has revealed himself in human history and in the life of a man as Son, the brightness of his glory, the image of his perfections and of his very person; that in this Son we see the Father and come to the Father, and that by this Son we rise into the grace of the Holy Spirit, God in us, the Mind of our minds, the Heart of our hearts. As village pastor, I should not think it incumbent upon me to discuss the philosophy or the metaphysics of this great Word. This seems to me to be out of place in a religion which is preached to the people: especially out of place in the language of devotion, as, for example, in the sentence of the Litany, "O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, Three Persons and One God," — a definition where we ought to have only an invocation, the fencing out of a supposed error where we ought to have the confession of an allowed truth.

Again, as a witness for a comprehensive Christianity, I should press the fact of atonement, the reconciling spirit in the heart and life of Christ, and in the hearts and lives of all his disciples. I should point to the cross of Christ, the mystery of dying love, the death in the likeness of which we are to be planted, the power and the victory which we can all confess and illustrate, though we may all of us be unable to interpret their secret, the wise perhaps equally with the ignorant.

And, as with the fact of atonement, so would be the dealing of the preacher with the consciousness of sin: he would present it always as a reality, and that the most fearful, its mystery unfathomable, its wages death, not good in the making, but evil, a reality in the sight of God as truly as to our thought and feeling, the evil

of conscious disobedience to the known Will of Heaven. In this confession the multitude would come together, and together they would cry, in the words of St. Paul, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

II. Again, by the preacher of a comprehensive Christianity the Bible would be reverently cherished as a religious text-book for the people; for peasants and scholars alike: a sovereign remedy for dissensions, divisions, and antagonisms, and not the author of confusion. And here there is room to express our wonder that a book to which all sects so confidently appeal should not be more used to take away the sting of sect. It is one of the marvels and merits of the Bible that all the denominations can preach from it. It is brought against the book, as an offense, that anything can be proved out of its pages. Well, that is one of its grand advantages, that is what makes it catholic, all things to all men, — not, if we are wise, to confuse and confound, but to save them. The book does not press, each to its consequence, all its seemingly conflicting truths, but allows them to stand together and interpret and qualify each other, until all Scripture's discord is seen to be all Scripture's peace. Well worth pondering is the little paragraph appended to the seventeenth of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, — the article which contains the propositions upon election and predestination. To my mind it greatly relieves what goes before, and what else would be intolerable. It reads, "Furthermore, we must receive God's promises in such wise as they be generally set forth to us in Holy Scripture, and in our doings that Will of God is to be followed which we have expressly declared unto us in the Word of God." The Bible is a popular text-book; not a college class-book. It is for men, women, and children; not for scholastics, still less for pedants. How it meets this man's condition with the words of Jesus according to St. John, and that man's condition with the words of Jesus according to St. Matthew, and in the depths of religious thought and experience the two are found to be at one. Now it speaks by the lips of Paul, and now by the lips of James. You can marshal the texts in hostile companies, if you will, and make them mutually destructive, and save the unbeliever from all need to destroy the book for you; you can select some passages to be

read in this conventicle, and others to be read in that; but better aim at the ideal of which I am trying to speak, and open the Bible in the village church and let the people have it all, and learn how impossible it is to confine its teachings within any given formulas, and how often, where the words of Jesus would unite, the comments of the reporter, precious as they are, have divided his disciples, and be sure to interpret Paul and the rest by Jesus, and not Jesus by Paul. From the failure of the past to maintain from the Bible the cause of any sect as against any other sect, I derive an argument of hope for a Christianity which shall so magnify its great elemental truths and facts that the sects will exist in the church only as survivals, no longer active and pronounced and characteristic, but rudimentary and vanishing. In the hands of jot and tittle theologians, the Bible yields a distracted Protestantism, marked, unless its spirit can be changed, as the prey of Romanism; in the hands of the people, it is many-voiced and many-sided truth, presenting no antagonism between faith and reason or even faith and knowledge, but only the old antithesis of faith and sense, — what the Spirit of God in us believes, and what the eyes see, the ears hear, and the hands handle. When the poet Sterling, after all his doubts and questionings, not of the heart, but of the intellect, lay upon the bed of death, and they asked what they should read to him, "Read to me," said he, "from the Bible from which I read to my poor parishioners in Hurstmonceaux," where he labored as the curate of Julius Charles Hare. So divinely sweet and helpful had he found the old book in the days of his ministering.

III. And now I must try to meet an objection to this ideal of a people's church as an amiable but aimless and inefficient moderatism, holding forth on the one hand no clear prospect of glory, honor, and immortality to attract, and on the other hand failing to proclaim to the guilty and reckless the wrath to come. This were indeed a fatal fault, and much experience, especially in national and multitudinous churches, might seem to point to lukewarmness as one of the perils of comprehension. I am satisfied, however, that it belongs rather to one of those transitional periods in the life of the church when the truth which quickens and sanctifies is for the time rather unclothed than clothed upon, and for this rea-

son is less a power than it ought to be and will be. The new form will come in due time, and it will be found, for example, that the consciousness of sin and the sense of its infinite peril are quite independent of any doctrine of its origin; we shall recognize, sooner or later, that no terrors of hell can be more fearful than the possibility of an utter loss of Divine Life, the death of the soul, which, if a man loses, what has he to give that he may have it again? Moreover, what has been held as comprehension, and been known as moderatism, has been for the most part as narrow and one-sided as any other form of sectarianism; and especially has it sought to leave out of its ministry all that was strong and positive. Because the strong have been mutually destructive it will rule out strength. The fellow servants have been beating each other instead of banding against the common foe, and so the weapons shall be taken from their hands, and they shall do neither good nor harm; as if a painter should put no rich, deep colors upon his canvas for fear that they would not fitly blend. Brethren will lie together quietly enough when they are sleeping or dead: what we want is harmony amongst the wakeful and the living, with their strong convictions and affections seemingly in antagonism, but really capable of union and co-operation. In the long run, a congregation will welcome and even run after strength, even in the presentation of unwelcome truth, provided each side is allowed to have its turn, and the same set of nerves is not forever rasped. You may easily succeed in offending nobody; but you will at the same time succeed in interesting nobody.

IV. I have thus far endeavored to provide for the ministry and acceptance of my comprehensive church only amongst those who are positively and pronouncedly Christian, according to some of the more or less widely recognized Christian traditions and symbols. But what of those who are without, little impressed, it may be, by what are called "the evidences" of our religion, scarcely sharing all their lives in its peculiar experiences, always, if the truth must be told, more intent upon this world than upon any other, and yet truth-loving and true, living in all good conscience, and not without a revering sense of sacred things? Shall the parish church be no religious home for such persons? Shall it be administered so absolutely in the interests of the ini-

tiated that all others shall come as it were by constraint or under protest, at best only in a state of expectancy? I answer that, not failing upon every fit occasion to show a more excellent way to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear, there is still room in the comprehensive church for ministrations so thoroughly in the spirit of Christ, and so earnestly engaged to promote Christian ends as to be fairly entitled to be called Christian, and yet so distinctively ethical, and, as it is said, "practical," as to interest and profit many of whom we can only say at the best that they are not far from the kingdom of God. Fifty-two Sundays in the year, each with its double services, and an occasional lecture day in the course of the week, not only admit of, but demand a great variety of topics. It is one thing to be mastered and pervaded by your creed, in sermon or lecture, whether distinctively religious or ethical, — that is but loyalty to Supreme Truth: it is another thing to be continually preaching your creed and nothing else. It is no less wholesome for the pronounced Christians, than attractive to those who make neither profession nor confession, to illustrate the great principles of Christian morality by the life of the passing day. See how the blessed Lord brings Christians and non-Christians together in his picture of the great assize! See how wide is the word of the apostle, "This is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments," or that other word in which the mystery of the new birth is presented as the mystery of an awakening love for our brother man. Edward Irving was, as you know, a thoroughly evangelical preacher; but he was willing to get the ear of an uninterested shoe-maker by telling what he knew, and most likely all he knew, about leather. Now, there are many most profitable topics of discourse all the way between the call to repent and believe and the mystery of shoe-making. I would not be supposed to commend the method of those German rationalists who in the pauses or the decays of their faith enlarged to the rustics upon the crops and the weather. But I have been told that congregations, that are largely composed of persons who, as the phrase is, make no professions, are greatly reconciled to very positive and pronounced Christian preaching by an occasional sermon which makes it evident that the preacher has been cheated by somebody, and has some relations to the nineteenth century as

well as to the ninth. Christianity is completing itself by gathering up material from the life of the passing day. Show men how to be better neighbors, citizens, householders; never allow them to suppose that God is not the God of the Gentile as well as of the Christian; bear in mind always the significant threefold statement of Paul, In Jesus Christ "neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love," or "but the new creature," or still more widely "but keeping the commandments of God.". What is the use of the leaven if it is not put into the lump? What is the use of the seed if it is not sown in that field which is the world?

V. Once more, a deeply spiritual Christianity, rich in those faiths, hopes, and charities which abide, will not be content short of a comprehensiveness which would include amongst interested hearers and worshipers many who are far gone in the questionings and even denials of our religious times. Our Master and Lord comes asking faith, speaking from faith to faith, speaking the truth because he is the truth, and assuming that all true men will listen to him; his word to the doubter is, "Obey what you know to be good, and you will in the end find that your doubts are resolved." He even says to the skeptical Thomas, in the very act of relieving his misgivings by the evidence of sense, "It is better to believe than to see:" he does not make the allowance of the proof of more importance than the allowance of the thing to-be proved. Such a Master and Lord has not lost his audience in our day. The preacher's faith, his own heritage as a Christian, and the gift of him whose messenger he is, will interest and inspire the hearers, even though the proofs by which he sustains his word may be unsatisfactory to many questioning minds. There is a faith which is quite other than an assent to the testimony by which miracles are accredited. Only where Jesus found a measure of this faith was he moved to work miracles; and where we labor and pray for an increase of faith we have in mind what is moral rather than what is intellectual, what is more in the heart and conscience and life than in the head. It does not help us to fix the date of a sacred writing, much less does it supplement a lame argument; it does answer to the appeal of a Divine Life, it does second the urgency of a Divine Spirit, it does echo out of the deep within us the voices

of God from above and around. The ministrations of a Christianity which seeks to be all things to all men may be preparing men to be believers in the largest sense by deepening their religious and moral faith, and creating wants which only the gospel can satisfy, — so bringing them within the sweep of the beatitude, "Blessed are ye poor!" It is exceedingly interesting, and one may add encouraging, when John Stuart Mill admits that, even now, "it would not be easy for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue, from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life," and "that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion are well worth preserving." Upon this hint let a reconciling church speak to those who are without, trusting in the abiding wonder of the Lord's life, and in the abundance and frequency of the ever-present Spirit.

I have spoken of my comprehensive church as an ideal institution, and yet perhaps we have something like it in reality, if not in name. Very often the points which divide Christians drop out of hearing in the prominence which is given to the great facts and affirmations of the gospel. You are compelled to ask, What is this preacher's denomination? He preaches rather what his creed means or tries to express than what it actually does express. But, whether near or far, the minister who lovingly recognizes such an ideal as I have tried to sketch will be much affected by it, even in his dealings with things as they are and perhaps will be as long as his day on earth shall last. On the one hand, he will be a very poor denominationalist, and yet, on the other hand, he will be one of the last to leave his denomination. On the one hand, he will attach no great value to forms, and yet on the other hand, he will be very ready to join his fellow Christians in the use of them. On the one hand, he will long to liberalize the old village church, yet, on the other hand, he will scarcely take any steps towards the establishment of a liberal congregation by the side of such a church, preferring that the rationalizing and liberalizing process should go on within the old fold, tempered by the old associations and influences, always more a fulfillment than a destruction, and still cherishing in its sacred songs and in the language of emotion much

which it would hesitate to put into propositions. With the Rev. Dr. Bushnell he will be ready to sign your creeds, provided you will allow him to sign enough of them. Instead of trying to show all the while how antagonistic are the religions of nature and the nations to Christianity, he will insist that they are Christianity in its most rudimentary forms, waiting for the adoption and manifestation of the sons of God; and, however he may be divided in thought from many within and without the Christian fold, it will be brotherhood and fellowship to have fought in any fight with evil in which the faithful lay down their lives that they may take them again.

RUFUS ELLIS.

THE STRUGGLES OF SCIENCE.*

DR. DRAPER tells us that he has spared no pains in the composition of this book; and, after this declaration, common courtesy forbids our saying that it is hastily and carelessly written. Nevertheless, the faults of construction in it are precisely such as would, in ordinary writers, have arisen from a hurried and inattentive composition.

The first chapter gives a vivid sketch of the career of Alexander, and the establishment of the Museum at Alexandria, which Draper thinks the beginning of science.

The second chapter gives a few words on the origin of Christianity, and then details the events, of the fourth and fifth centuries, by which it was corrupted and led to make indiscriminating war on heathen literature.

The third gives an account of the Nestorians and Mohammedans, as opponents of the Trinitarian corruptions, and restorers of scientific study.

The fourth continues the eulogy of Arabian science.

The fifth treats of the soul, the doctrine of its emanation and

* History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875. 12mo., pp. xxii., 367.

absorption, fostered awhile by the Arabs, then crushed by the power both of Islam and of Rome.

The sixth, of the growth of astronomy, and the murder of Bruno.

The seventh, of the growth of geology, and the doctrine of the age of the earth.

The eighth, of the Protestant Reformation, and the authority of the Scriptures.

The ninth, of the debate concerning special Providence and general law.

The tenth, gives a historical sketch to show that Latin Christianity has always been inimical to civilization and science.

The eleventh endeavors, on the other hand, to show that science has lifted modern society to its present heights.

And finally, in the twelfth chapter, Dr. Draper shows that the Romish Church and scientific truth are still at war, that it is an irrepressible conflict, and that the church must finally be beaten. But he introduces two sentences to say that between Protestant Christianity and science the conflict is not necessary, and arises from misunderstandings.

Those sentences show that the title of Dr. Draper's book is a mistake. So far from giving us a history of the conflict between science and religion, it gives us nothing to show that such a conflict ever existed; it does not even speak of a conflict between Christianity and science; it rather implies that up to the time of Tertullian there was no conflict between the Christian Church and science; and that this conflict only arose when the church had been corrupted into a political engine, and a money-grasping corporation. But the hostility of this corrupted church towards science was no greater than its hostility to religion; religion and science, twin forms of truth, were alike persecuted by this dragon; and it is both an injury and an insult to religion to ascribe to her the evil deeds of those who hate her, and wore her name simply as a cloak for their political ambition and their intolerant pride. For every martyr of science, history can show a thousand martyrs of religion, slain by the ecclesiastical powers of Rome. As to the persecution of science by Protestants, even there it holds good that heresies in religion have been hunted down by the lords brethren just as vigorously as innovations in science, and more so.

In his preface, Dr. Draper says that "the history of science . . . is a narrative of the conflict of two contending powers, the expansive force of the human intellect on one side, and the compression rising from traditionary faith and human interests on the other." That is a clear and true statement. But "traditionary faith" must not be limited to religious faith. Religion being the most important subject to occupy the human mind, religious faith naturally takes a prominent place in the opposition to new light. But it opposes, as we have already said, new truth in religion as vehemently as it does new truth in science. And it is not traditionary faith in religion alone that hinders the reception of new truth: it is traditionary faith in physics as well. Dr. Draper makes in his preface great professions of impartiality, and of a solemn sense of duty in his history of the conflict between science and religion; but the work, in our judgment, does not carry out these professions. It is fully as much a work of imagination as a history. Full of learning, full also of acute observations and judgments; it is likewise full of unjust aspersions, exaggerated compliments, anachronisms, and things irrelevant to his purpose. Every hindrance to the growth of science, every obstacle to the advancement of society, seems to him to come from religion; every advance in theological thought, every improvement in manners and morals, to come from science. With a lively imagination, a ready use of words, a facility in skipping over centuries in a sentence, omitting what he does not want, and selecting the most trifling circumstance if it will suit his purpose, he may give, to the unlearned or thoughtless reader, the impression which he desires. But when we have passed from under the spell of his ingenious and plausible rhetoric we shall return to a more sober judgment.

The long adherence to Stahl's phlogistic theory, even by Dr. Priestley; the reluctance to give up oxymuriatic acid; the slow acceptance of Leibnitz's calculus in Great Britain, — may be named as familiar instances of a great fight against new truth, in which surely religious prejudices had no part. Dr. Draper refers to some foolish body objecting to anæsthetics on a fancied Scriptural ground: will he say that the British adherence to chloroform, and the American preference to ether, have a religious basis?

That the effective hindrance to scientific progress does not lie

in traditionary religious faith alone may be seen, in our own day, from sundry examples. It is nearly fourscore years since the French established their metrical system. Scientific men have been nearly unanimous in recommending its universal adoption. In the United States we adopted very early a decimal scale of money. Here we remain. Nearly every civilized country in the world, except ourselves and Great Britain, have adopted the metrical system. Our own scientific men have petitioned Congress again and again, without further effect than to get a law permitting private persons to use it, and authorizing fifteen grammes to be sent by mail at a single rate. But, as the postmasters are not furnished with balances to weigh grammes, this is a dead letter. This inertia in opposition to one of the most useful of modern reforms has not, so far as we know, the slightest religious element in it.

A second example may be found in English orthography. In the process of phonetic decay and of the growth of English literature, it has come to pass that our representation of the sounds of our spoken language is wholly inadequate. Not only no foreigner is able to pronounce English words from seeing them written, but no Englishman, of the highest culture, can tell, from seeing a word written, how it is to be pronounced, —not even if the accent is marked. For a full century the best scholars and teachers of English have been lamenting this; they have shown it to be the efficient and prolific source of expense, labor, and trouble to the wealthy; of ignorance, poverty, and crime to the less fortunate. Thirty years ago a vigorous attempt was made to introduce a better alphabet, at least as a means of teaching children, illiterate adults, and foreigners to read English. Experiments were made on a large scale. It was demonstrated that a child or an adult foreigner could learn, by a phonetic type, to read, both in phonotype and common type, not only vastly quicker, but vastly better than they could from common type alone. The best educators in the United States endorsed the plan, but in vain. The people of America and England clung to their a, b, ab, as to a mother; and could not be persuaded, as Richter might have said, to leave it by showing them that there was a better mother ready to adopt them. The civil war came, and liberated the slaves, and

opened the way for the school teacher to reach also the "white trash." An appeal was made to the Bible Society to print the Gospels and a few Psalms in phonotype, to be used in the South to teach these poor whites and blacks to read. The appeal was in vain, and, but for the labors of a few disinterested phonetic missionaries, all these ignorant creatures would be compelled, as the majority of them are, if they learn to read at all, to learn by the ineffably slow, absurd, and bewildering methods of our Northern schools.

Now Dr. Draper cannot accuse religion of this opposition to the Cincinnati phonotype. It is true that in one particular district, in one particular town in Massachusetts, a few Romanist families thought the phonotype might conceal Protestant heresies; but that was not the reason why the school committee of Boston resisted the pleading of such men as George B. Emerson, or the people of England were unmoved by the philanthropic zeal, the princely liberality, the affluent learning of such a man as Alexander J. Ellis. No! it was "traditionary faith," not in the Christian religion, nor even in the Romish Church, but in the a, b, c, of their childhood, that made and makes the English-speaking people so blind to the benevolent, patriotic, and scientific claims of phonetic printing. The strength and blindness of this traditionary faith in the English alphabet is curiously illustrated in the writings of Nuttall, Wood, Samuels, and other ornithologists, who fancy that they can convey an idea of the melody of a singing bird by an alphabet which is incompetent to give any correct idea of the sounds of even English speech! It would be hard to match the absurdity of such faith even by monkish traditions and saints' miracles. Yet it is a solemn matter to England and America, and is really one of the great obstacles to the advancement and usefulness of our country and of Great Britain. In 1867 a greater gift than phonotype was offered to us, in Alexander M. Bell's Visible Speech; and even this scarce attracts attention; except to be resisted by "traditionary faith and human interests."

Traditionary faith in the special value of foreign trade rests on no religious prejudices whatever, and yet it has been in all ages one of the most potent of all hindrances to civilization and progress. That foreign trade is, as is very neatly shown in a little

tract of Dr. John Ware, one of the greatest engines of progress, is true. But the exaggerated estimate of its value, grown now into a traditionary faith, has in all periods of history been a great curse, and done its full part toward the ruin of the once powerful empires of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome; in our days to the devastation and ruin of Hindoostan, of Southern and Central America. In our own country we have bitterly felt the curse. We esteemed five millions of exports worth more than five hundred millions consumed at home; and it was this blind faith, not in religion, but in a political error, that fastened slavery upon us for seventy years, and caused it to end in a fearful civil war. To our view there is nothing in the theological absurdities of the Roman Church more sad than the sight which we have witnessed in our own days, — an able journal, edited by one of the purest, loveliest, and most venerable of men, pleading for liberty and against slavery, and at the same time, misled apparently by the names of democracy and free trade, advocating the cause of the party and the policy which must, of necessity, fasten slavery upon us until it ended in explosion.

To give a single other among modern instances of blind traditionary faith, not religious, hindering progress, — let us look at education. Since Quinctilian's Institutes, down to the last lecture before a teacher's institute, every sound writer on the science of instruction has recognized certain fundamental principles; and shown what are the best methods of teaching children in general, and of teaching certain things in particular. Yet the force of traditional faith has controlled teachers so much that they generally teach in the manner in which they were taught, and not as the soundest thinkers have shown that they ought to teach. A vicious freak of some practical teacher leads him to adopt a perverse method, and his example will undo, among his acquaintance and among his pupils, all the good that the books of wiser men can do. All sound thinkers say that among the intellectual powers, the child's powers of observation should first be cultivated, then his memory and imagination, and finally the reason. Yet in a majority of schools, to this day, the child is set to work at difficult abstract reasoning about a certain ratio to another ratio being in a third ratio to an unknown ratio, before it has learned to observe

the simplest facts of the roadside, or exercise its imagination with the slightest degree of precision. Again, nothing is more certain than that the study of language should begin with learning something of its vocabulary, and its usages among native speakers; and that the grammatical analysis of those usages should follow. Yet it has been the custom, in many of the best schools of this country, to set the beginner in Latin to commit to memory a compend of the grammar of the whole literature of all the ages of that language, before he had translated a single sentence; and no amount of reason or authority could induce the teachers to change this absurd custom; to which "traditionary faith," not in the Pentateuch, but in the customs of that particular school, held them.

Let us not be misunderstood as complaining of this *vis inertiae* in human nature: it is only the shadow of a virtue. Without stability of character, there could be no human progress. On the general plan of growth in knowledge and increase in civilization, it seems to us necessary that men should have a disposition to cling to what they have, and to oppose every change until they are well satisfied that it is a change for the better. With the great advantages arising from this resistance to change, comes also the disadvantage that it sometimes makes a tedious delay in introducing an improvement.

It would be interesting to us, but we fear not to our readers, to run over the details of this history, and give our emphatic assent to certain portions, and our emphatic dissent from others; we must content ourselves with the more salient points and larger divisions.

It seems to us that the historian is wrong in dating the origin of science from the conquests of Alexander. If he had surveyed history impartially, without the *odium theologium* in his mind, he would have seen that war and foreign trade have been the two great curses of the earth: a thirst for military glory, and the lust for sudden and enormous wealth, have done more to retard civilization than all other causes put together. It was ambition and avarice, and not religion, in the mediæval church, that wrought the mischief. Plato's wonderful additions to geometry preceded Alexander's devastating campaigns, and contained the germ of all that was done in that, the mother of all the sciences, until the days of Descartes. The decline of Grecian science began with the over-

throw of Grecian liberty by the Roman arms, a century and a half before the Christian era, and was altogether independent of the rise of Christianity, which, according to Draper's own admissions, did not interfere with science before the beginning of the fourth century. The condition of science under the Arabs is painted with a little extra rose color. The fifth chapter seems to us wholly irrelevant. From what we should have called the extreme carelessness of the historian's style, it is very difficult, in many places, to know whether he is giving his own opinion, by way of comment, or whether he is giving you, in ill-constructed *oratio obliqua*, the opinions of the philosopher whom he has last mentioned. But in this chapter on the emanation of souls, it makes no difference in which way you interpret the matter, — the whole is out of place. European nations had considered the human soul to be a created being: that is, they had believed that the Deity called the human soul into being by an operation somewhat analogous to a volition or command. Asiatic nations had frequently adopted a different view, and considered the human soul to have emanated from the Deity; in some manner more analogous to an unconscious flow, they thought we flowed from him, and at death were re-absorbed in the Godhead. When certain thinkers introduced this Asiatic form of thought into Europe, and it began as a novelty to be popular, the zealots, both in Islam and Christendom, rose against it, and extirpated the so-called heresy with fire and sword. This is the subject of Dr. Draper's fifth chapter, — but in what way he considers it an illustration of a conflict between science and religion, it is hard to see. Both of the conflicting views are theological to the highest degree, and obscure beyond all possible hope of human elucidation; neither of them is, or possibly can become, so far as we can see, even a scientific hypothesis, much less a scientific theory.

In like manner the eighth chapter, on the Protestant Reformation, is not to the point. It tells how a large portion of the Roman Church was led by Luther and his fellow laborers to reject the authority of priests and traditions, and to declare that the Scriptures are a sufficient rule of faith and practice. But Dr. Draper must then needs go on and arraign these early reformers, for not immediately advancing to the position that the Scriptures give us religious and moral instruction alone, and are not to be ap-

pealed to in matters of physics. Nay, further, in despite of his saying that it is not for science to determine questions of religious faith, he enters into a discussion of the authenticity of the opening chapters of Genesis, and says that science regards the "unhistorical legends with disdain." How does science know that they are unhistorical legends? In our belief, they are unjustly treated when they are looked upon either as history or as legends, that is, as professing to narrate events; one might as well treat Luke XV. as a history; they express religious and ethical doctrines with a power and clearness such as, in our opinion, could be attained in no other form of words intelligible to early and uncultivated eyes.

The ninth chapter is again irrelevant. It treats of special Providence and general law; but on this point there is no conflict between science and religion; both the contending views are theological, both held by religious men; neither of them is capable of scientific verification; both of them, at least among intelligent Jews and Christians, assume the uniformity and invariability of natural law. Dr. Draper oversteps his province in assuming that faith in universal natural law is inconsistent with faith in providience and prayer; that is a metaphysical and religious question, not a scientific or a historical question. I affirm that it is not thus inconsistent; historically, both conceptions were first clearly uttered by religious teachers, and both have been held by theologians of high rank; and, metaphysically, the apparent conflict comes merely from the weakness of the human intellect, it being unable to grasp fully the conception of universal law. It inevitably exempts its own thought and volition from the else universal dominion, and it is out of this semi-conscious protest of liberty in itself that it develops the sense of a conflict between law and will. Because its finite liberty and will is unable, in imagination, to mold fixed laws to its uses, it concludes the Deity cannot mold them to his. In other words, Dr. Draper and the high-sounding talkers against theistic faith in providence and prayer, on the ground of the reign of law, have fallen unconsciously into the very anthropomorphism of which they accuse theists. The solution of this difficulty to one whose intellect is not sufficiently trained to enable him to detect the fallacy, may be found in the manner in which Hamilton of Edinburgh solves Zeno's paradox of

motion. Hamilton says, that, although Zeno proves motion to be impossible, as a conception of the intellect, experience shows it to be actual in the universe. Had Hamilton possessed, in addition to his acute analytical power, a little of the geometrical imagination which has given immortality to his namesake of Dublin, he would have given a direct logical refutation of Zeno. But his practical appeal to experience answers the purpose of removing all doubt from the mind: motion must be possible, because it is actual. In like manner, although I believe that a careful logic could give a direct refutation of our modern Zeno's paradox concerning providence and prayer (which Dr. Draper curiously calls an appeal to common sense), I will content myself with repeating Hamilton's argument from experience. The whole of Dr. Draper's own reasoning implies that he has, in common with us all, the consciousness of liberty: he reasons, pleads, asks, and receives, is asked and gives. The existence of universal law is not then, practically, and in his own experience, inconsistent with the action of freedom in giving and receiving; and his supposition that it must be so in the case of the Deity is necessarily a fallacy; it is disproved, in the same manner as Zeno's paradox, by the actual undoubted existence of the thing which he would prove impossible. The modern discovery of the laws of numerous phenomena, confirming by induction the old faith of the devout that all things move according to wise laws established at the beginning, gives us, therefore, no more reason for withholding thanksgiving and prayer before God than it does for withholding gratitude from men who do us a kindness, or for refusing civility to our neighbors.

The tenth and twelfth chapters in their arraignment of the Latin Church, and their prophecy of its ultimate downfall, we, as protestants of the Protestants, will not particularly quarrel with. With strong personal friendship for many Romanists of the most lovely character, we have never yet been able to attain to any serious question concerning the unchristian, and even antichristian, character of that vast corporation whose head is in Rome. And while we are by no means convinced that the Apocalypse prophesied of anything beyond the events of the first century, we must admit that it was a very significant circumstance, that, on the

day when France declared war against Prussia, and the Pope, in the midst of an awful thunder-storm, officially announced his own infallibility, he wore displayed upon his head his peculiar title, "VICARIVS FILII DEI." The significance will be found by adding together the numeral value of the letters in this title thus: 5, 1, 100, 0, 0, 1, 5, 0, 0, 1, 50, 1, 1, 500, 0, and 1, added together makes 666; so that if this "number of a man" was not prophesied by St. John, it at least curiously fulfilled his prophecy. Dr. Draper's view of the recent action at Rome is in accord with Gladstone's, and will assist in strengthening the renewed protest of the Protestant churches against the Papal and ecclesiastical claims.

In the eleventh chapter our author runs into the error of every partisan: he ascribes to the influence of science every improvement that has been made in human civilization during the last five centuries, and assumes that every one of these improvements was resisted by the influence of Christianity. Modern science, he tells us, was a twin sister with the Protestant Reformation, and has been persecuted by her sister, — not so cruelly as by the Romish Church, but still persecuted and opposed. Science, on the other hand, has, according to Draper, been wholly passive, and never attacked religion. And this latter statement is true, in its literal terms; but neither has religion attacked science. Whatever conflict there has been, has been between men. The church has denounced science; and, on the other hand, scientific men have denounced religion. According to our impressions of history, the French scientific men of the last century were bitter, not only against Latin Christianity, but against monotheism, and poured out unending invectives against all who saw any intellectual element in the constitution of the universe. According to our impressions of contemporaneous events, while the Pope at Rome is the only prominent man in the Christian world who expresses any hostility to science, we have numerous men, of real or assumed scientific standing, making violent assaults, not only upon the claims of the Papacy, but upon every form of religious faith, — just as violent against faith in the being of God as against faith in the historical reality of Jesus' teaching, or against the authority of the teaching of the church. Leaving the province of science, which deals solely with the laws of the sequence and

interdependence of phenomena, these men come into the domain of noumena, and speculate upon the nature and attributes of the Ultimate Cause of the universe, upon the relations and destiny of the human soul, and upon the facts of consciousness. This they have a perfect right to do. But, not content with this, they assume that their speculations upon such points have a scientific authority, and constitute a part of science, — and this assumption they have not a right to make: it is not only an error of judgment in them, but it constitutes precisely the same sort of moral offense as that given by a dogmatic priest who attempts to silence science with texts of Scripture. In this very volume Dr. Draper attempts to cow the men who find love and gratitude to the Creator, and the hope of immortality, rising in their hearts, by giving us the impression that modern science has demonstrated the impersonality of God, the non-existence of providential care, the utter impotence and even immorality of prayer, the absorption of the individual soul at death into the unconscious soul of the universe. And the men whom he would thus bully out of their religious faith, by the pretended authority of modern science, are not, be it remembered, simply superstitious priests and silly women, but his own scientific peers and superiors, — men in the front ranks of scientific discoverers in all departments, men who reject his conclusions, on these points of religious faith, from an independent examination for themselves. They are points of religious faith; on which science can by no possibility decide; and on which even scientific theories can have but little bearing. Dr. Draper would have us believe that the doctrine of evolution is established as a scientific fact, and then, caricaturing and misrepresenting the doctrine of creation, would put all believers in creation among the opponents of science. I reply, in the first place, that evolution, even of organic species, is not a scientific fact, but only a theory, and cannot be made to appear as a fact without a perversion and misrepresentation of the acknowledged facts in the case, such as Dr. Draper makes, pp. 191, 192, in saying, "The introduction of the new comers did not take place abruptly: . . . they gradually emerged; . . . and they gradually died out." Tyndall, and Huxley as quoted in the Belfast address, state, correctly, that the introduction of the new comer is always abrupt,

and its exit abrupt; and that the gradual emergence, and gradual dying out, so far at least as species are concerned, are inferred to have taken place in times of which the rocks give no record! Yet on faith in this phenomenon, which not only no man ever saw, but of which the rocks preserve no record, and which is said to have occurred in times which the doctrines of radiant heat make us slow to believe ever existed, these lords savants undertake to excommunicate from the scientific body every man who is unable to close his eyes against the clear manifestations of the presence of an intellectual plan in the organic worlds. Even Tyndall descends to the personality of hinting that Agassiz' opposition to Darwinian evolution arose from his descent from Huguenot ancestry. When scientific men, or those claiming to be scientific, attempt thus to overbear our judgment on the theories they propound, and the religious doctrines they advance, by telling us that modern science says so and so, and that unless we assent we are superstitious and immoral, and belong to the party which burned Bruno and condemned Galileo, — it seems to me that times have changed, and that it is these scientific men who are guilty of the impertinence which they ascribe to the Encyclical Letter. Men want neither a council that puts "The Origin of Species," nor one that puts "An Essay on Classification," on its *index expurgatorius*. We may not have any clearness of intellectual perception, or any power of logical analysis, but when we honestly think that the "Essay on Classification" contains more thought, more logical power, and more truth, than "The Origin of Species," we do not like being told that it is theological prejudices alone which lead us to this judgment: and still more warmly do we resent the imputation that Agassiz himself held his views only because of his early theological training. He rejected Darwin's views on the origin of species because he considered them based on hasty and erroneous induction; not because he considered them necessarily antitheistic. Could those views be confirmed by a sound and careful induction, he thought that they would not invalidate the overwhelming strength of the morphological argument. He rejected them because they were based on an erroneous induction, which made a perverted use of many facts, and neglected also to take into account many other facts of the highest importance.

The Protestant Church in our day is very far from being, as Dr. Draper implies, on the aggressive side, attacking science. She is on the defensive, and has been for nearly a century, repelling attacks against her very life. Our author tells us that the Protestant Reformation and modern science are twins. We will only say that the scarlet thread of Tamar's nurse was not needed in this case, seeing that the difference of their ages is nearer to a whole than a half century, and that the peace of Westphalia, which certainly indicated that the Protestant Reformation was nearly of adult years, found modern science in its cradle. The religious emancipation was, in fact, one of the efficient causes in producing the scientific progress. Draper tells us that Luther cursed Aristotle; but it was not his physics, but his metaphysics, that he cursed; and he cursed them, not because they led to free thought, but because they were used to fetter thought. Our "History" says, that electrical attraction was known six hundred years before Christ, and was an isolated fact till sixteen hundred years after Christ. But why was this? since the Pentateuch says nothing about electricity, nor did popes and councils utter any anathemas against the investigation of it. When, early in the seventeenth century, William Gilbert began to study it, Galileo did not praise him and admire him because of his independence from church authority, nor Lord Bacon sneer at him on account of any suspicion of heresy. The pure mathematics, springing into vigorous life four centuries before Christ, came almost to a stand-still before they were three centuries old, and waited until after the Protestant Reformation before showing any great signs of vigor. Why was this? No ecclesiastical authority ever intermeddled with the conic sections of Plato and Apollonius, the epicycles of Hipparchus, the exhaustions of Archimedes. Why was there then this pause in the progress of the simplest of all sciences, — the science on which all others necessarily depend? Is it not evident that Dr. Draper gives a wholly inadequate and partial view of the case, when he would lead us to suppose that the influence of religious and priestly tyranny was the chief cause of the slow growth of science during the first sixteen Christian centuries? That could have acted only indirectly upon the study of geometry and algebra; and it was, and ever must be, the development of

new engines of research into the laws of space and time that gives power to understand physical phenomena, — which are all, ultimately, phenomena of form and motion. The discovery of America, the invention of printing, the arithmetic of sines, analytical geometry, logarithms, and the calculus, were among the most powerful of the means of developing the modern sciences, and certainly none of these acted directly by means of undermining church authority. The wonderful achievement of Nov. 27, 1520, the passage of Magalhaens into the Pacific, is belittled and underrated by Dr. Draper's encomiums upon it: he would make its chief value to consist in its having experimentally proved that the church was wrong in denying that the world is round. But this is absurd, — the glorious sympathy and ambition awakened, in all who heard the tale, was of a far higher sort: akin to that which led Jared Sparks to pronounce the discovery of Neptune, through Leverrier's calculation, one of the most important events in human history. The great triumphs of the nineteenth century do not awaken in devout minds, whether scientific or philosophical in their studies, any weakening of religious faith, or rejoicing that it is weakened, but a new and deeper sense of the worth and dignity of man; a new and deeper awe at perceiving these new proofs that man is made in the image of his Creator. Our author, p. 243, tells us, that the universe, "supremely grand though it may seem to us, to the Infinite and Eternal Intellect it is no more than a fleeting mist," and thus gives us another instance in which a chemist, entering the domain of theology, falls into the anthropomorphism of which he falsely accuses theists. He has arrived at a conception, familiar to the intelligent and reverent Christian believer, that "space and time are great only in reference to the faculties of the beings which note them;" and, dazzled by this new light, he forgets, for the moment, that there are any other differences in the world than those of magnitude; he sees the universe as only a larger speck of cloudy mist; and straightway concludes that the Infinite and Eternal Intellect is eternally in the same state of confusion in which for the moment he is himself. But there are other differences than those of magnitude; and our conscious human souls, ranging by our intelligence throughout all outward nature, reading there the impress of our

own *a priori* thoughts, recognizing thereby our kindred to the Infinite and Eternal Intellect, are not to be persuaded, by Dr. Draper's temporary confusion of thought, into believing that we are in the sight of the Almighty Father nothing more than the particles of vapor in a speck of mist. Protestant Christians, especially those of our denomination, accustomed always to the fullest liberty of thought, brought up with the volumes of Priestley, Erasmus, Darwin, Demaillet, Thomas Paine, Volney, Voltaire, not to mention later heretics, in their hands, as well as those of Channing, Dewey, and Ware, will be astonished to learn from Dr. Draper that modern science has decided that the Infinite and Eternal Intellect is impersonal and unconscious, and that human souls flow out of it and into it, without its caring more for them than for atoms of vapor. They did not know that science touched such questions. Accustomed to regard the great mass of the Protestant clergy, and a part even of the Roman priesthood, as active and efficient promoters of mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, and natural history, they read with amazement on the last page of Dr. Draper's volume these words: "Religion must relinquish that imperious, that domineering position which she has so long maintained against science. There must be absolute freedom for thought. The ecclesiastic must learn to keep himself within the domain he has chosen, and cease to tyrannize over the philosopher, who, conscious of his own strength and the purity of his motives, will bear such interference no longer."

These words of the learned historian seem hardly to require a serious answer. If religion must relinquish an imperious domineering position, science surely must not take it up. If there must be absolute freedom for thought, it must permit Agassiz to think as freely as Darwin. If the ecclesiastic must keep within the domain he has chosen, the scientific man must keep also to his domain; *ne supra crepidam sutor* is just as applicable to the one case as the other. Let the President of the British Association refrain from insulting Protestant Christians by proposing an arithmetical test of the reality of the communion of the soul with God; let the professor in New York, who abstains from naming his chair, not undertake to speak *ex cathedra* alike on chemistry, physiology, American history, European history, and the highest and most dif-

ficult metaphysical themes: he may decide on the nature of the spectrum analysis, but that gives him no authority in the analysis of consciousness, nor in the decision of questions concerning the nature of God, the affiliation of the soul to its maker, the plasticity of inflexible law under infinite knowledge and infinite skill. These are questions concerning which his balance and his reagents and his prisms and his lenses give him no information, and it is an offensive and imperious domineering for him to tell us, in this volume, that modern science forbids the humble believer from taking any comfort in the Christian faith on these points. Dr. Draper has a right to his opinion on such questions, and a right to publish it, but not a right to declare that it is the voice of modern science; especially while so many men of higher scientific standing than himself oppose his religious and philosophical views as earnestly as any theologians. If the ecclesiastic must cease to tyrannize over the philosopher, by which term, according to the context, is meant the natural philosopher, the scientific man must not take up the tyrannizing and Ercles' vein in his treatment, neither of his fellow scientist, nor of the philosopher and theologian. Yet listen: "The philosopher [i.e. man of science] conscious of his own strength, and purity of his motives, will bear such interference no longer." Indeed! and what does he propose to do about it? The strength referred to can scarce mean strength of intellect; the threat would then amount to nothing; nor strength of body, for that would be unworthy of the author. Nor can we believe he refers to strength of passion, and threatens cursing; although the new chemical nomenclature, and the Darwinian doctrine of descent from ascidians, might furnish a rich vocabulary for rare oaths. We trust that his words do not threaten a new form of the inquisition; that in the new reign of the evolutionists, conscious of their strength, it is not going to subject a man to danger of burning at the stake, to be suspected of thinking that eyes were made for seeing, or of feeling touched with gratitude at the sight of the beauty in the cosmos, or of recognizing the presence of an intellectual element in the complex adaptations of all the parts of the cosmos to each other.

These threatening words of Dr. Draper seem hardly to require a serious answer, because they hardly seem to have any serious

meaning; not even if we suppose that by the ecclesiastic he means an Italian priest, and certainly not if he refers to the Protestant clergy of America. But, although they seem capable of bearing no serious meaning, they will have a serious effect: they will increase and deepen disagreeable feelings which had better be allowed to die away. The benefit which might arise to the cause of truth from Dr. Draper's protest against the reactionary attitude of the Romish Church is more than neutralized, first, by his absurdly dragging in his own peculiar religious and philosophical notions under his definition of science, and claiming for them the weight of sound inductions from the observation of nature; and, secondly, by his unjustly assuming that all clergymen, of Protestant denominations, and all religious men, even if pure Theists, are hostile to science. And this appears to be the assumption in the larger part of this so-called history: although in three or four passages there is an acknowledgment that the original Christianity did not meddle with the studies of the scientific man, and that the opposition between Protestant theology and science arises from misunderstandings. To us it appears that the most momentous of these misunderstandings is that of men like Dr. Draper and Prof. Tyndall, who, because they have attained some eminence in the pursuit of purely physical science, assume the right to dictate to the Christian Church what they may, or may not, believe concerning purely spiritual, metaphysical, and religious questions, over which no possible extension of physical science can give it jurisdiction.

THOMAS HILL.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES IN CURRENT LITERATURE. — GEORGE ELIOT.

THE great writer known to us by the name of George Eliot has given to fiction a significance which it has never before possessed. It has become in her hands much more than a representation of outward life. She is not content with the simple reproduction of types of character whose visible forms are more or less familiar to us all: her end is not reached when she has exhibited for us the phases of different kinds of society, and traced with a certain skill the modifications of individual thought and action which they insensibly effect. Nor is she the story-teller who hurries us on along a rapid succession of incidents till the final catastrophe is attained. The march of events has no interest for her except as it changes or educates the characters over which it passes: in the intricacies of a complicated plot she takes no pleasure, for the mechanical invention which contrives a series of devices to keep its secret, or to bring about its disclosure just at the right time, is far removed from her art; and the gorgeous pageantry which streams across the pages of romance does not attract her, its splendors are no longer real, it is like faded furniture which we put away. Were these the only things within her view, she would still, indeed, stand out foremost among the writers of her time for the breadth and originality of her humor, the fullness and variety of her imagination, and the singular beauty and purity of her style; but she could not be said to have any specific action upon our religion. Her work, however, soars far above the common standards of our age, and stands to them, as it appears, in somewhat the same relation that Shakespeare bore to his brother dramatists, — giving to the novel that sense of dignity, that consciousness of a high calling, which breathe through the "Merchant of Venice" and "Richard II.," through "Hamlet" and "Macbeth."

It would, it is true, be unjust to George Eliot to compare her directly with the greatest of creative minds; yet she, too, like

Shakespeare, achieves her results, not by an infinite number of minute touches, but with clear firm strokes which reveal, with unerring precision, the vivid conceptions which she sees within. She may set before us a mere picture of manners for the sake of its purely human interest, for the laughter that lies hid in the incongruous contrasts which it perpetually presents; or she may carry us back into the past, and let us hear the speech of other days, and mingle with the crowds that fill the churches and move among the streets of Florence: but all this is but the outward vesture of her inner thought, and is subordinate to the main purpose, which is to show how the same wants and the same struggles, the same aims and the same hopes, arose and strove and fell, yesterday as to-day.

For this is, perhaps, the special secret of George Eliot's influence as a novelist, that she has sounded the real depths of human nature, and has not shrunk from telling us what she found. More than any other writer of fiction has she clearly discerned what a part is played in life by all those spiritual forces which lie beneath its surface and mold and direct its individual growth. She has confronted, even if she has not solved, some of the greatest problems of faith and duty: she has encountered, even if she has not vanquished, the modern array of intellectual doubts and moral despairs. You may read all the works of Mr. Trollope, from end to end, and not find out that there are any problems; you have only to behave as society expects, and your way is plain. You may inquire of Mr. Dickens, and he will preach to you with an easy smile his gospel of good cheer, and assure you that the whole duty of man consists in making every one within your reach as comfortable as possible. Or you may ask Mr. Thackeray, and he will probably reply, "Your vague longings after an ideal good are but unsubstantial dreams. Are you, forsooth, better than your neighbors? Away with such pretense: do we not know too well what spectres of vanity or hypocrisy it hides?" I do not say that words of banter or mockery or satire never fall from George Eliot's lips; but that which makes her works so great a power, in our moral and religious culture, is the strenuous earnestness with which she faces every difficulty, and seeks, even if she does not wholly win, some consecration on the poor and tangled elements

of our life. How, amid circumstances that seem to have in them nothing attractive, still less noble, there may lie scope for heroic enterprise; how it is worthier to strive, and fail, than not to have either capacity or will to strive at all; how, in the conflicts of duty, there are reserves of power on the side of right which are set at the disposal of him who wrestles and overcomes; how even pain may be blessed to us in the larger and more generous sympathy which it breeds within us, and renunciation which is willingly adopted adds to character its crowning grace, — these and many other questions are abundantly illustrated by the personages whom she has made our familar friends. As with the little band of truly creative poets, the portraits drawn by George Eliot are not so many mere projections of her own moods: they each possess a separate individuality of their own; they do not all bear the ineffaceable stamp of one personality; they seem to live and move somewhat beyond the range of her invention, and do not give us the key to the secret chambers of her mind. But the novel has this advantage over the drama, that it permits the author from time to time to step aside, and play the critic over the performances of his own creations; and so, as George Eliot unfolds the tragedy of human destiny, she adds a kind of running commentary, by which she puts her readers in communication with herself; and over the threads of destiny which she weaves she passes judgment on the impulses and actions which make up fate. In these pregnant sayings lie not a few hints of her interpretation of the enigmas of our life; for the roots of morals and of religion are ever intertwined, and they draw their strength from the same soil, are fed from heaven by the same rains, and grow perpetually towards the self-same light.

The most cursory student of George Eliot's works discovers at once that they are not written in the interest of any special theology. She herself stands apart, as it would seem, from any of the existing organizations of religion. But the intellectual divergences which exclude her from the churches do not render her indifferent to the real nature of faith: she does not proceed to make a crusade against all its forms as false together; on the other hand, she delights to show the grandeur and the dignity of spiritual motives, and how they lift up life where nothing else can raise it.

For the religion which is but selfishness disguised she would have little but contempt and scorn. The test of worth at which she hints is to be found, not in the checks and restraints which it puts upon our sympathies, but in the generosity which it fosters and promotes. "I have always been thinking," says Dorothea, in "Middlemarch," "of the different ways in which Christianity is taught; and whenever I find one way that makes it seem a wider blessing than any other, I cling to that as the truest, — I mean that which takes in the most good of all kinds, and brings in the most people as sharers in it. It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much." And so among the figures which are most tenderly and delicately drawn — and I can but note in passing how much George Eliot has raised our conception of women; only compare her women with those of Sir Walter Scott, of Miss Austen, or Thackeray — are those in whom as in Esther Lyon, the sense of higher things is nascent, and is only slowly developed step by step; or those in whom, as in Dorothea Brooke, it is strong and passionate, yet seeks from without the direction and repose which it is unable itself to originate or to attain within; or those in whom, as in Dinah Morris or Mr. Lyon, it is clear and vivid and perpetual, a consciousness of an habitual fellowship with the Unseen Presence as near and as abiding as the ambient air. Between the young Wesleyan preacher or the venerable Independent minister, as they appear to us in the pages of "Adam Bede" or "Felix Holt," and the odious caricatures held up to us by Dickens, there is, indeed, a great gulf fixed: these are natures whose depth and intensity went far beyond his grasp.

But the most remarkable religious character set before us by George Eliot is unquestionably that of the Florentine reformer, the famous Savonarola. The story of "Romola," in which he plays so important a part, is devoted to the delineation of the struggle between the most strenuous and penetrating Christian faith, and two enemies, either of which threatened alone to overwhelm it. On the one hand, it was assailed by the corruptions and crimes of a church which placed at its head the most depraved and infamous of men, and thus poisoned at their very sources all the springs of true belief and noble action. On the other hand, it was confronted with the rising power of the neo-paganism, which had been

introduced with the revival of Greek learning, and which was in itself too chaste and pure to tolerate the pollutions of priest and pope. In this great conflict it seemed as if Christianity must succumb beneath the wealth and power wielded by a rotten ecclesiasticism, while the intellectual reaction against scholastic domination alienated many of the best minds from the sway of sacerdotal authority. At this crisis Savonarola determined to appeal to the consciences of his countrymen. How he started with grand aims to bring iniquity low, and make the cause of truth and justice triumph; how, with an eye ever fixed on the sublimest ends, — the renovation of the church and the world, — he was gradually driven to identify these with the plans which he himself suggested and maintained, and a war of jarring elements thus arose within his soul; how, in this strife between the selfish and the unselfish emotions, the necessities of instant action hurried him on into self-assertions which no divine power interposed to make good; how he paid the bitter penalty, not of his sin, but of his greatness, "greatest of all when he could cover his head in silence and feel, 'I am not worthy to be a martyr, the truth shall prosper, but not by me;'" how he endured "a double agony, not only the reviling and the torture, and the death-throe, but the agony of sinking from a vision of glorious achievement into the deep shadow where he could only say, 'I count as nothing, darkness encompasses me, yet the light I saw was the true light,'" — all this, and much more, is presented to us in the most wonderful piece of religious portraiture which romance, nay, we may almost say, which modern history itself contains.

Yet when our author turns from the rich glow of mediæval Catholicism in its noblest form, or from the most spiritual types of modern evangelical dissent, and takes us into her inmost confidence, it must be confessed that we do not find there that which she can so faithfully depict. No one has delineated more delicately the searchings of heart and the final peace of the hidden life; yet for her own yearnings she fails apparently to find any intellectual justification, and she accordingly drops many a hint that divine things are past finding out, and that God, if there be a God, must remain forever unknown. Like Tennyson, she sees that, —

"Much grain is wasted in the world, and rots,"

and then exclaims, —

"Why not thy handful?"

But she does not, like Tennyson, conclude that affection is something too precious to be wasted: she will not follow its lead as it escapes "up the world's great altar stairs," back to its rightful home; she will not accept love as her "king and lord," nor does she hear amid the mystic space the whisper of the sentinel of faith that "all is well." That this sense of unsatisfied longing has produced a certain weary bitterness in her views of life, at any rate in her latest work, must, I think, be admitted. But so great a thinker cannot rest in blank negations: the deep passionate sympathies that thrill through her claim some object; and, if they cannot discern it in heaven, they must needs seek for it on earth. And so it would appear that she finds in humanity a conception which may quicken all endeavor, and spur on all aspiration. Not, indeed, in the men and women whom we know, whose lives are marred with failure, and spoiled by the blunders that spring even from their very excellence: but in that vast existence in which each individual is but as an atom, lifted up to consciousness upon a wave of life which then passes on and leaves him lost in the expanse of being all around. More than any other writer of fiction has George Eliot made clear to us that society at any given moment is one organic whole, in which the separate classes are wrought together, not like the parts of a machine, but like the members of a body, linked each to each in structure, and moved by the same inward powers. And this union is no sudden creation, no recent growth. The present is bound indissolubly to the past by innumerable threads of thought and action; trace them back as far as you will, you will never reach their end; ever does one generation spring out of that which went before, and the lines on which we believe and love and hope to-day have been determined for us by many yesterdays.

This unity is the key-note of her conception of life, and she tells us, therefore, that "the great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life currents that ebb and flow in human hearts,

pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history, hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death." We cannot, then, live apart and to ourselves. Our lot is vitally united with the general lot: we march with a great army, and feel the steps of a common life. Little by little we mold the destinies of those who are to come, as those who went before us prepared the broad features of our course; and so the life of mankind at large gradually makes a sort of "moral tradition" for the race, and the issues of our deeds are indestructible. Over all our action this casts a sublime responsibility; for neither the good nor the evil that we do will cease with us. The result may not be widely visible; but the effect of nobleness of character, on those around, is "incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world," she tells us, in words that have doubtless cheered many a weary heart, "is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

And in the same way, the consequences of sin pass beyond our control, they weaken the trust of humanity and impair its faith in its own power of achievement, and so offend, not alone against those whom we personally injure, but against all our kind. What moral ruin overtakes an easy and pleasure-loving nature which is led on, by the sequence of circumstances, from one false step to another, and how nearly it may wreck another character far loftier than itself, whose course is fatally entangled with its own, will be remembered by all readers of "Romola," where every page describing the successive embarrassments and the increasing duplicity of Tito Melema seems to echo back the ancient word of the prophet, "Thou art the man."

Conceive, then, the mighty aggregate formed by our whole race. Call up before your imagination all its strivings, its failures, and its achievements, since it groped its way out of the caves and woods up to the stature of a Plato or a Paul: blend into one the

slow stages by which it has advanced from simple sense to that "large discourse" which looks before and after; trace, even in our life to-day, the keen eye or the supple hand that have descended to us as the prize of ancestral toil; and still more the power of thought, the recognition of law, the strength of endeavor, which have been wrought into us by the struggles and conquests of our predecessors; remember that in our souls rise the same tides of love which have risen in unnumbered myriads since the world began, nor forget that joy and pain are yoke-fellows, and ever walk in the steps of action, so that happiness and suffering are no new thing to-day, but old at least as human hearts; sum up all the characters and powers included under the term man; fuse together in one grand conception the history of our kind, in which the lowly and the unknown have played their part as well as dynasties and nations and empires, and under the name of progress proclaim it as a prophecy for time to come,—and then say whether this vast aggregate does not constitute a being the thought of which may quicken our worthiest efforts, win our purest devotion, and awe us into responsibilities we never felt before. In presence of its venerable age and its perpetual youth, the greatest of us is but as a stammering child, the wisest only speaks with lisping speech before its accumulated wisdom, and the holiest bows his head with trembling reverence as it marches on with steadfast step towards the good we see, we long for, yet have not attained.

This great image, then, occupies the central place in what has been called the religion of humanity; and it is this which wakes into passionate response the deep fellow-feeling of George Eliot on the one hand with all that is noble in human conduct, and on the other with all that is sad in the human lot. She is the most earnest preacher of that morality touched with emotion which Dr. Matthew Arnold declares to be the very essence of religion; but the object of her emotion is not in the heavens; for there is no spirit there who is the author of all truth and holiness: it is collective man, with his feeble inarticulate strivings, his dumb longings, his defeats and ignorances and crimes, as well as his successes and discoveries, his art, his science, and his law. Yet these are not enough to establish for us the assurance that we

need that righteousness will triumph by the everlasting will. Do you ask what check is there on lawless resistance, by what bond is this humanity rounded to one whole? Our author will reply, with other great writers of our century, Goethe, Carlyle, Tennyson, that it is to be found in that veneration which we must ever feel for a goodness or a purity above us. "No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence." To enfeeble, still more to destroy this, is the greatest of wrongs; for "with the sinking of high human trust," it is said with a deep and pathetic discernment, "the dignity of life sinks, too. We cease to believe in our own better self, since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thought, and all the finer impulses of the soul are dulled." "And so there are natures," she remarks elsewhere, "in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their belief about us, and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the altar of trust. 'If you are not good, none is good,' these little words may give a terrific meaning to responsibility, may hold a vitriolic intensity of remorse." And thus we keep the keys of others' faith, and the possession of character is the evidence and justification of religion.

But, alas! here, where we most need the divine presence, George Eliot can carry us no further. "Look up!" she cries; but her heavens are empty, — tenanted only by stars shining with their own light. She finds without us no eternal thought which thinks itself out in the fabric of the universe; she finds above us no moral law folded in perfect holiness; she finds around us no perpetual love which will draw us closer and closer into its embrace; she finds in and through us no living will which will secure the conquest for the right that lies beyond our grasp. "Justice," she somewhere says, "is like the kingdom of God: it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." And if we passionately plead and ask, "Will the time never come when we shall see it realized?" she seems to me to make reply, "We cannot tell; reverence the good and work for it while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

In all her writings, therefore, lurks the secret sorrow, not only that aspiration is baffled and unfulfilled now, but also that it may always be so. The good go down in the conflict and are seen no more, and others come into their places, and the ranks are filled, and the battle continues, yet the issue is ever doubtful, and the victory may never be won. But how shall we reverence a goodness which after all has no existence outside of ourselves? Collective humanity can never grow into a God. By no spasms of effort can it lift itself, and all the machinery of society is clearly powerless to raise it without the inspiration of some higher strength. That the sources of our worthiest good are intimately blended with our keenest pain, none has revealed more clearly than George Eliot, but why should we choose the pain, and struggle against the wrong, when compliance is easy and comfort is cheap, if there be not an eternal obligation which commands all base desire? Is that solemn word, "Thou oughtest!" a mere impulse fetched far off from the monkey or the dog, and framed by the action of intervening generations into articulate speech? The moral law, if it have any validity at all, is surely nothing but the appeal of mind to mind: the sentiment of reverence does but express our consciousness of the presence that environs us, incarnate in all that is true and beautiful and good, and the mandates of duty translate themselves into the utterances of God.

And the same inadequacy marks — must it not be said? — our author's doctrine of renunciation. Hers is, as we have seen, no common Utilitarianism; and if she cannot explain the origin of duty, she is at least aware that it transcends all personal interest, and issues its imperative in the name of something nobler than ourselves. But in the sacrifices which it exacts, she fails to discern any higher spring of trust, still less of joy, and the path of self-denial is for her, therefore, always a path of sorrow. With Maggie Tulliver, in the "Mill on the Floss," with Fedalma, in the "Spanish Gypsy," with Romola or Armgart, the way of renunciation is ever a *Via Dolorosa*, trod with determination it may be, but with heavy steps and a shrinking heart. In words of singular beauty she has described, in the "Mill on the Floss," the meaning of that wonderful book, the "Imitation of Christ," which deals with this secret of suffering.

"It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's promptings. It is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph, not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet upon the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations: the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced, in the cloister perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

But, in truth, that is not all. "Renunciation," she declares elsewhere, "remains sorrow, though it is sorrow borne willingly." Not so; for it may itself pass into joy, joy in the consciousness of submission to a will that is above and beyond ourselves, exultation in the wounds received in the good fight, gladness in the triumph of trust over pain. Of this higher touch, which belongs exclusively to Christian experience, George Eliot, it would seem, knows nothing. In the fine poem called "Armgart" she contrasts two women, one who is unexpectedly deprived of her most treasured possession, the other poor and neglected, who never had anything even to lose. Brief as the fragment is, it thrills with concentrated anguish of pity for human ills, and is marred only with touches of scorn, approaching sometimes to despair, for the seeming moral chaos of existence. Armgart is a great singer, at the height of her powers and her fame. She lives for her art, and from her royal eminence feels that she is a part of the beauty and strength and happiness of the world. As she pours out the passion of her soul in song, she seems almost to touch the consciousness of the Divine artist whose soliloquy is the sunshine, and who sees that the day is good. Her joy, therefore, passes beyond herself, and mingles with the sense of being all around her, with the joy which she creates in others' hearts. So she describes herself as, —

> "A happy spiritual star,
> Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
> Of light in Paradise, whose only self
> Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,

> Music, life, power, — I moving in the midst,
> With a sublime necessity of good."

By her side are her old music-master, Leo and Walpurga, a lame cousin who attends her. Wrapped up in her own purposes, she accepts their services, nay, exacts their devotion, and never bestows a thought on how they live. Their use is to aid her exaltation: is not that a sufficient object for their existence, and are they not culpably dull if they do not see it? But Armgart loses her voice in an illness, and finds herself suddenly beggared of all her joy. She is reduced to the pitiful position of —

> "The millionth woman of superfluous herds."

The power which lifted her above the crowd has departed from her; she can do nothing better than others; and she is worse off than they, for they have never known what greatness meant, and she is left merely the "torso of a soul." What future lies before her? How can she bear to descend from her supremacy, how learn to find anything worth having in the common lot? Walpurga presents herself —

> "As a small symbol for a mighty sum,—
> The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives,"

and rebukes Armgart for her rebellion against her destiny. She would have her learn to live meekly "from out the general store of joy." She would have her learn to feel for the plodding men and women who are faint and weary, and, instead of turning from them with scorn, mingle with them and help them bear their load. Thus she may find that her loss proves for her a wider gain: it may bring her, —

> "Birth from that monstrous Self
> Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
> Says, 'All is good, for I am throned at ease.'"

But the spiritual meaning of renunciation cannot be said to stop there. Its teaching is not exhausted when we have schooled ourselves to be willing not to fare better than "the dim common population," when we have brought ourselves to endure, or even welcome, privations because they enlarge the circle of our sympathies. This, indeed, is the lesson of the enthusiasm of humanity; but

this alone could never have prompted the choice of the mediæval saint, "Lord, that I may suffer most." It may sustain endurance; it cannot beget cheerfulness or serenity. Deeper than the realization of the vast masses of suffering around us, deeper than the desire to ameliorate or relieve it, lie the quest and the discovery of the very springs of being at which we may be refreshed.

Of that inward strength which is given by contact with the Eternal Righteousness, even in the midst of the keenest need, George Eliot cannot tell us. The peace which can confront the bitterest pain with high resolves is drawn from sources which are not accessible to her. Beneath strokes of fate which are softened by no tenderness — for why expose our wounds to heaven, when no hand will be stretched forth with healing touch? — we can only stifle our cries and endure in silence. Resentment is useless: for what avails it to be angry with natural law? and prayer is futile; for how can destiny soothe an agony? Not so, however, have the bravest souls just barely saved themselves from despair: behind the darkness they have seen the light, — "I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulations," exclaims Paul; "I am not alone," says Jesus, "for the Father is with me."

And this negative teaching, for so it must be considered from the point of view of religion, does not end its negations here. The last great act of renunciation is death. From all our poor and feeble desires, from all the imperfections that attend our best efforts, this will set us free. The deliverance thus effected is the subject of the grand but melancholy legend of Jubal. It is described under two relations, the influence of death on the race, and on the individual. In the race at large, the entrance of death among the generations of men served to make life dearer and fuller; it rendered all labor more vigorous, and all emotion more intense; it quickened the mind and nerved the arm to leave abiding memorials behind. On the individual, however, its action is somewhat different. From him it takes away the one selfish husk which clings to all energy, however disinterested, the craving for personal recognition.* After many ages of wander-

* See the admirable article on George Eliot in Mr. Richard Hutton's Essays (vol. ii.) To his delicate and sympathetic criticism I have been much indebted.

ing, Jubal, the inventor of the lyre, returns home to the tribe to whom first he had revealed "music, their larger soul." He finds his name proclaimed by rapturous multitudes, but they know him not; with scorn and violence they drive him out, and he lies down in loneliness — "the embers of a life" — to die. Over him rises the face of his loved Past, who promises him that, though his limbs remain unburied, he shall shine on in men's souls as divine; and as her words melt away he quits mortality, "a quenched sun-wave," and is received into "the All-creating Presence for his grave."

In so far as this is a protest against the popular notion of heaven as a place of prolonged reward of merit and of virtue, as only supported by the desire of everlasting happiness, this view of death is not without a certain truth. Against that immoral egotism all pure and strong natures instinctively revolt. They will not be bribed into goodness or terrified out of wrong. They reject with scorn all schemes for putting acts of seeming self-denial out at compound interest, in the hope that by and by they may amount to a claim for eternal felicity; and they are equally indifferent to the threats with which they are warned off paths that are said to lead to hell. Far nobler is the desire expressed by George Eliot (in the beautiful lines beginning, "Oh, may I join the choir invisible" *) that our life may be fruitful to others, that we may live again —

> "In minds made better by our presence; live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues."

Summon before you, then, the image of those who have toiled and striven and left behind them memories which quicken our strength and kindle our endeavor; think of the mighty minds that have guided our thought, and still live in our inquiries and beliefs this day; reflect on the energies which thrill through us from far-off centres of action, and thus perpetuate often in new forms the

* The Legend of Jubal, and other poems, p. 240.

impulses of heroes who have long since passed away, — is it not worth while so to live that we may take our place with this invisible choir whose harmonies are spread through unnumbered hearts? "This," she exclaims in transport, —

> "This is life to come,
> Which martyred men have made more glorious
> For us who strive to follow. May I reach
> That purest heaven, be to other souls
> The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty, —
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

Is this, then, all? Affection at any rate craves for something more. It is not satisfied to pass out into infinite space, and find that the universe is nothing but a grave. The loss of individuality is the loss of all it seeks to keep, and if it ceases to know itself, or know its friends, it ceases in reality to be.

> "That each, who seems a separate whole,
> Should move his rounds, and, fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general Soul,
>
> "Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside;
> And I shall know him when we meet:
>
> "And we shall sit at endless feast,
> Enjoying each the other's good:
> What vaster dream can hit the mood
> Of love on earth?"

Thus does Tennyson sing in "In Memoriam," the key-note of which is the conviction that our affections have a worth infinitely transcending the limits of our mortal life, and can only find their proper scope in the expansion which is afforded by some loftier state, in the enlargements of an unending growth.

But, to leave this plea, which will commend itself at any rate to every loving heart, may it not be said that the doctrine of subjective immortality, as taught by George Eliot, fails in two ways? In the

first place, it can only contrive to extinguish our selfishness by extinguishing ourselves. It does not purify us, it destroys us. If we pass out into the air, and the soul lapses into gas and lime, we cannot be said to be thus redeemed from base desire; for there is nothing left of us to be redeemed. The mind which trembles off into the atoms which were the rude foundations of its being is thus at once severed from its past history, and loses all its individuality. Death, then, does not lift us to a higher life; for at the moment of transit we are dissolved and disappear. By the results of our deeds, or the permanence of our thoughts, our memory may sway the minds or spur the consciences of our posterity; but *we* are lost, sunk in the silence and the dark of vacancy. All aspiration, therefore, is suddenly baffled, and our moral progress is arrested; the race may advance, but we are left behind.

And if this doom were fitting for the great and good, who seem to have already reached the summits of humanity, how could it be borne (in the second place) for the erring and depraved? For those whose lives have been marred by circumstances, and stained by inbred passions, and soiled by an intrinsic baseness which no one has taught or helped them to cleanse,— is there no better thing for them than to drift away and be no more? Their existence is only, as it were, fragmentary and disjointed: it misses that continuity of purpose which may even here round it to one whole. Can we be satisfied that they should come into the world degraded, and quit it infamous? Born into an inheritance of guilt, the only memory which they will leave behind is one of misery and crime; the only way in which they will live again is in the evil progeny of disease and vice which multiplies with fatal speed. From their career rises no music, nothing but sounds that grate and jar; their "choir invisible" is the mocking of fiends, or the dull coarse laughter of brutes; they are the failures of creation, the failures of humanity: are we to add likewise that they are the failures of God?

Against this vast despair our faith and hope and love enter a threefold protest. For faith perceives that its ideals are not self-made, but are the faint types here of realities that await us by and by; and hope enlisted on the side of right refuses to accept defeat even for the poorest or the weakest or the most per-

verse of our kind; and love, with an eye ever fixed, not on its own gratification, but on the well-being of those it loves, soars into the bosom of Him who is the source of all our being and the unfading power of all good. And so we look — as we are bound to do — all possibilities in the face, and yet remain persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor anything that is created, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

J. Estlin Carpenter.

A REMARKABLE SELF-MADE MAN.

Cyrus Eaton, the sixth of ten children of Benjamin and Mary (Stacy) Eaton, all of whom he survived, was born at Framingham, Mass., Feb. 11, 1784, and died at Warren, Me., Jan. 21, 1875, aged nearly ninety-one years. His father, a shoe-maker, whose military services in the War of the Revolution began at the battle of Lexington, died when he was sixteen years old, — leaving a large family in poverty, in consequence of the depreciation of continental money. With a poor prospect, and a gloomy apprehension of the life-struggle before him, this son and an elder brother assumed the trade of their father. But their love of knowledge was so strong that they hired books of history and travels, which the younger brother was permitted to read aloud to the older, who, as the best and fastest workman, was turning out the boots and shoes in the long winter evenings. Both of them soon acquired about all that could be learned in the district schools, and the younger, who preferred hiring out on a farm during the warm season, was once allowed a few weeks between summer and winter, having committed to memory the Latin grammar, to study Latin at the academy, carrying his dinner, and traveling three miles morning and evening.

He worked out a second term of six months on a farm, at eight dollars a month, when labor began at dawn and ended at dark, and, handing the proceeds to his mother in return for the homespun clothes her spindle and shuttle provided, he was allowed to work an additional month for himself, for which, because of his superiority as a laborer, he was paid ten dollars. He now felt rich. With this he traveled twenty miles to a book-store in Worcester, and bought Pike's large arithmetic, with an algebra, the first he ever saw, and other mathematical books and instruments, returning the same day, on foot both ways, and with no expenditure for refreshment of any kind. Furnished with these and Love's Surveying, he applied himself with intense industry and an indomitable determination to get at the bottom of every process.

The next season he worked at brick-making on the banks of the Charles river in Watertown, for nine dollars a month, where, though the work was hard, his fancy, he said, was struck with the pleasant River, its daily tide and frequent lighters, the city-like appearance of the street leading across the bridge, a distant view of the cupola of Boston State House, and the solemn sound of far-off bells wafted to his unaccustomed ears, — all which, in the stillness of a Sabbath morning, made a deep impression on his romantic and religious feelings, and, with the Fables of Flora and one or two other books found at his boarding-house, and an occasional solitary stroll among the majestic trees of some neighboring forest, made Sunday a truly refreshing feast to his spirit as well as rest to his body. Not, he said, that the services at church were neglected, but that the apparent display of wealth and fashion did not, at that time of his life, well chime in with his melancholy moods and lonely musings. Towards fall, as the days began to grow shorter, he found an hour or two of evening leisure, which, instead of gossipping with his fellow-boarders, he spent in reading, by the light of some tallow candles he purchased, a history of England which he had the fortune to come across, so dilapidated that he never learned the author's name, but so interesting, particularly in relation to the early Britons and Druid priests, as to detain him long into the night.

The following winter, boarding with his mother's family, who had moved to Southboro, he began there, at the age of nineteen,

his career as a schoolmaster, by teaching a large and difficult school in the centre of the town, with such success that, before the annual town-meeting was adjourned, he was applied to for the next winter by two of the newly elected agents.

The intervening summer and autumn he spent teaching town schools in Warren, Me. Having passed the succeeding winter in Massachusetts, he returned to Warren in 1805, when twenty-one years old; married, Sep. 10, 1806, Mary Lermond, and from that time identified himself with the best interests of the town, and received its highest honors.

When he began to teach, the standard of education in district schools was low, it consisting of little more than reading, spelling, and writing, the master, among other duties, making and mending the quill pens for all who wrote. "Master" Eaton, as he was always called, was the first to introduce the study of grammar into the Warren schools. "In the want of suitable text-books of arithmetic and geography," he said, "the difficulties he had to contend with . . . can scarcely be understood by teachers of the present day." By close application and unremitted efforts he continued to advance the condition of the schools, qualifying himself, as they advanced, to teach the new branches as fast as they were required. He pursued the study of Greek and Latin till he was able to fit boys for college. He learned the French and German languages so as to converse in them. He studied the higher mathematics, astronomy, botany, and ornithology. He took great pleasure in observing the changes and varied phenomena around him, and in corresponding respecting them with a few friends of similar tastes. There was scarcely a literary or scientific subject in which he did not feel deep interest. His hands sometimes prepared the more difficult apparatus for illustrating what he taught. For forty years, more or less, a portion of three generations claiming him as their teacher, he was employed in the town schools or the academy, being preceptor of the latter from 1830, during twelve years of its greatest prosperity.

He was town-clerk thirteen successive years, justice of the peace and quorum thirty-two years, assessor nine years, Representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts five years, and in 1819 a member of the convention which framed the constitution

of Maine as a separate state. In 1848 he received from Bowdoin College the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and when the proposition to confer it was presented to the overseers, such was the estimation in which he was held that it was immediately remarked, "It will be more for our honor than for his."

Having, as a land-surveyor, been frequently called to examine title-deeds and other documents, he early began to take down notes from the lips of the people of the town and vicinity; from which, by request, he furnished Mr. Williamson with many facts for his History of Maine, published in 1832. When I was collecting materials for a History of the town of Union, seeing Williamson's reference, I went to Warren and borrowed the manuscript, consisting of thirty or forty foolscap pages. I found it so interesting and instructive that I urged him to enlarge it into a town history and print it. His limited means, even with the most rigid economy, requiring great diligence to enable him to meet his current expenses, he did not think favorably of the project. The next and succeeding years, calling on him, I continued to urge it. To make a book was a thing he never thought of; he did not know how to proceed to get it printed, even if it were written.

About this time he met with an accident which would have discouraged almost any other man in his situation from attempting such a work, but which stimulated him to do it. While bending a fir sapling with one hand, and in the act of cutting it off with the other, a very small chip struck him in the eye. Feeling but little inconvenience from it, he tied a handkerchief over it, and employed his time in reading with the other. The inflammation extended rapidly, and he became totally blind, beyond relief from the most skillful surgical operation. In the breaking off of other employment consequent to this calamity, his attention was more particularly turned to these notes; and renewed appeals moved him to undertake a connected narrative from them for preservation in manuscript in the Social Library of Warren, "as a token of gratitude to that institution and a gift to his townsmen;" which ended in a resolution to write a complete history of the place from its earliest settlement. The result was the publication, in 1851, when he was sixty-seven years old, of a duodecimo volume, of nearly four hundred and fifty pages, entitled the "Annals of Warren;

with the Early History of St. George's, Broad Bay, and the Neighboring Settlements on the Waldo Patent." The "primary object was the history of the town of Warren; but this, in its earliest stages, was found so blended with that of the neighboring places, that it was thought best to include a cursory account of their settlement, progress, and condition, down to their incorporation." The work contains a narrative of events from 1605 to 1850. The topics are numerous and interesting. The coast was early visited by Pring, Champlain, Waymouth, and others. In 1614, Capt. John Smith, of Pocahontas memory, spent several months there, and was so delighted that, after his return to England, he published a book and map, and traveled over a great part of that country for the purpose of prevailing on the people to plant a colony at Monhegan, or vicinity.*

For a long time St. George's was one of the frontier settlements. A few individuals were located there almost immediately after the landing at Plymouth. The fortifications were many times attacked by the Indians, and vigorously and valiantly, and always successfully, defended. On the point of land where the fort stood, Maj.-Gen. Henry Knox, the confidential friend of Washington, erected his princely mansion; and within a few rods of it are the graves and gravestones of men and women who died there before the settlers had penetrated the wilderness even to a few miles in the rear. The same spot was visited by the royal governors of Massachusetts before the Revolutionary War; and there conferences with the Indians were repeatedly held. On the river and in the neighborhood, colonists from Ireland, Scotland, and Germany settled at different times, about the middle of the last century. All these subjects were carefully treated. How so much of general interest could have been collected by him, blind, with very limited means, and at a distance from libraries, surpasses our comprehension. The book contains many graphic descriptions. Occasionally the author shows no mean ability in writing poetry. There is abundance of incident and anecdote. We are often struck with the beauty of the thought and the expression.

* This paper was read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Feb. 11, 1875.

We frequently find ourselves laughing at the humor; and before we are aware the tear is starting as we read the description of the sufferings of the fathers and mothers of the settlement. In accomplishing this he was aided by his invalid daughter Emily, unable to walk, or even to rise from her chair without help, who, with a modesty which can be appreciated by her friends, but which we think in this case she might with propriety have forborne, did not allow even her name to appear except in the map; and the reader does not know how many exhausting months she cheerfully labored for his entertainment and instruction. All the manuscript was prepared by her with lame arms, crippled hands, and jointless fingers; and while the work was in press, the proofs, left at the house late in the afternoon, by the stage passing by from Hallowell to Rockland, not unfrequently occupied the father and daughter nearly all night in getting them ready to be taken back early in the morning.

The reception which the work met with from the public was particularly gratifying to both the joint laborers, who, for years shut out from the world, had toiled together in a room by themselves to complete it. It was favorably noticed in "The North American Review," "Christian Examiner," and other publications, and, what is remarkable for a town history, more than enough copies to pay the cost were sold.

Being now relieved of the pressure incident to the publication of the work, Master Eaton gave additional attention, so far as his want of sight and limited means permitted, to the favorité pursuits which he had neglected. His love of nature and natural scenery was strong, and in gardening and orcharding he was enthusiastic. His yard, from the gate to the front door, was filled, on both sides of the walk, with shrubs and flowers which he never beheld. He was able, nearly to his ninetieth year, to distinguish and name nearly every native bird by its notes or by the description. Almost every wild flower, plant, or tree, of field or forest, he could recognize. As his grandchildren grew up he took great pleasure in teaching them, so far as their ages, capacities, or inclinations would allow, the languages, and all else that he knew. He toiled on his farm. He planted potatoes, waiting till they were well grown before he hoed them, feeling out and holding the vines

with one hand while he worked with the other, lest he should destroy them. In haying he did not fail, by making careful and systematic movements, to use the rake to some advantage. Working a little at a time, as his "easily tired back permitted," he commonly sawed in the course of the year all the wood burned in three fires, "with a little help from the younger folks in putting on the logs," he wrote, a few months before he died; "and with such good exercise I ought to be, and I believe I *am*, always cheerful." By the aid of kind friends, and sometimes led by his grandchildren, he visited his townsmen. Taking his staff he often went, unaccompanied, more than a mile, to the post-office. By the aid of others, and particularly of his invalid daughter, he kept himself well informed of what was current in literature, science, politics, and history. He published a poem, fourteen pages duodecimo, entitled, "Woman, an Address delivered to the Ladies' Sewing Circle, Warren, Me., at their Anniversary Meeting, Feb. 9, 1854." He made several prose and poetical contributions to newspapers, particularly to "The Christian Register." He carried on some correspondence; and, judged by the remarks of some of the best *belles lettres* scholars of the country, the letters dictated by him in his blindness, if printed, would take a place among the best specimens of epistolary correspondonce in the English language. He was a pioneer in the progress of public opinion. He was an abolitionist in the early and unpopular days of abolitionism. While working at Watertown, he had been deeply impressed with religious subjects; but, in spite of his inclination to be an Orthodox Christian, according to the doctrines as then taught, he could never fully reconcile himself to the prevalent belief. After becoming acquainted with the writings of Channing and Norton, and hearing some able advocates of their views in his vicinity, he became a confirmed Unitarian; and on the formation of a Unitarian Church in Thomaston, he became and continued to be a member till the death of its minister, the Rev. Oliver Jordan Fernald, whom he loved as a brother, and the dissolution of the society; and then, occasionally, attended the Congregational meeting in Warren.

The active mental sympathy of father and daughter, which had produced the "Annals of Warren," craved the return of similar em-

ployment. Accordingly, in 1859, at the age of seventy-five, — eight years after that work was published, — he writes, "I am just now beginning to ask myself whether I am able, and had better make an attempt, to write the history of Thomaston and the lower St. George." An able essay of George Prince, maintaining that the river explored by Waymouth was not the Penobscot or Kennebec, but the St. George's, "has given a fresh impulse to an old inclination; but at my age, and in my situation, together with Emily's uncertain health, I know not but I had better let it subside as an idle dream." It needed but little stimulus to induce him to proceed in the work. He took hold of it with his wonted resolution, and pursued it under the complicated difficulties of non-residence, the removal and death of the more aged and eminent citizens, the anxieties and distractions of the war of the Rebellion, and severe domestic trials. He went there repeatedly, was cordially and hospitably received as he passed from house to house, and was assured of pecuniary encouragement. "A sprightly little girl of twelve years, daughter of Capt. H. Spalding, volunteered to guide the steps of the blind author through the village of South Thomaston, and afterwards copied for his use all the inscriptions from the cemetery there." The invalid daughter at home resumed her labors, the manuscript was finished and sent to the printer, and the printing was commenced. The proof-sheets were coming in rapid succession, when the author's only son, with whom he and his invalid daughter lived, and on whom they mainly depended for support, died after several years of ill health, attended with much expense, leaving to his care a widow and eight young children. His resources were nearly exhausted. Taking courage from our long correspondence, and the aid I had rendered him in his researches, he wrote to me, modestly suggesting, if convenient and I was willing, to pay in advance my subscription, and trust to his honor till the work was out, the remittance would "aid him essentially." All difficulties were overcome, and the history of Thomaston, Rockland, and South Thomaston, Me., from the first exploration in 1605, with family genealogies, in two volumes duodecimo, was published in April, 1865, when the author was eighty-one years old, adding to the reputation gained by his former work.

The hand of Providence continued to be laid heavily upon him. In a worldly point of view he never was one of fortune's favorites. To a man in his circumstances a very small loss of property was a great loss. His crops were repeatedly injured or destroyed by the drought. A gale tore up by the roots four of his best apple-trees, and unroofed his barn. At another time half an acre of potatoes, which he had laboriously planted and hoed, and on which he placed great dependence for the approaching winter, were blasted and ruined in a single night. In the year after his last work was issued, six of his family were successively prostrated with typhus fever. The next year, consumption carried off a highly educated and accomplished granddaughter, and in two or three months afterward another followed her. Emily's infirmities increased, and he felt that the feeble but devoted sister, on whom she as well as her father leaned, was tasked beyond her strength. But under all these trials he never repined. He spoke to me as calmly of the inconvenience he experienced from blindness, in making researches, as if it were another's experience. Once, after alluding to some of his severe trials, he wrote, "Our lot is seldom so hard and dark but that if we look we can see gleams of God's mercy shining through the clouds."

With this spirit he naturally prized highly the privileges and blessings he enjoyed. His works led to correspondence with several persons of whom he thought much. Gifts of small sums, sometimes coming from unknown benefactors, occasionally gladdened the hearts of father and daughter, and bridged over hard passages in their lives; and once, when fifty dollars was received, it seemed so large that they made an appeal to the agent through whom the anonymous benefaction came to ascertain if there was not some mistake about it. Friends and acquaintances brought plants and flowers, and listened to his words of wisdom. On Christmas day, about a year before he died, "we had many callers, especially little folks, offering us shares of their goodies." The last letter I received, written as usual by his invalid daughter, dated Jan. 14, 1875, gives the particulars of a surprise-party, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly from Thomaston, headed by the excellent wife of the warden of the State Prison, who brought "tokens of their respect for the blind author of their history," and of his

"gratification in being so kindly and sympathizingly remembered in the retirement which age and infirmity necessarily brings."

Just one week afterward, retaining his mental powers vigorously till the day before he died, during which only he was confined to his bed, at one time assisting his son, as he thought, in solving a problem in algebra, he went as quietly as a child to sleep.

> "Of no distemper, of no blast, he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
> E'en wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
> Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
> Yet freely ran he on ten winters more;
> Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
> The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

The thirty years he had traveled in darkness were ended. He never saw any except the oldest of the eight fatherless grandchildren left to his care at the death of his only son. His eyes never rested on either of the works on which he had spent years of toil. The joint labors and the infirmities of father and daughter had strengthened their natural affection, so that the life of the one seemed almost necessary to the existence of the other. The father was taken and the daughter left.

Within one week after his death, the other daughter, relieved of the care and anxiety with which she had devoted herself for more than thirty years to the welfare of her father and Emily, also passed away, leaving the invalid daughter and six grandchildren, one of them a recent graduate of West Point, now stationed in Arizona, as the only descendants of a very remarkable man, whose example and influence, in a limited sphere, command greater admiration than is conceded to nobles and princes.

JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY.

CONCORD FIGHT.

In any historical inquiry three questions are always pertinent. First, why did anything happen? Second, what happened? Third, what were the results of what happened?

Why, then, did the Concord Fight happen? What was there in the character and position of the town itself, or in its relations to the larger interests and transactions of the times, to make it the object of the first really powerful, hostile movement of the British governor? Any one who visits Concord now finds a neat, quiet town, of moderate size, girdled by low hills, and looking out upon broad green meadows, and upon the most winding and most tranquil of rivers. It is a pleasant town to see, and restful to the eye. To its own children it seems, as towns are apt to seem, the pleasantest spot on the earth. To a stranger, no doubt, it does not differ essentially from scores of villages which nestle amid our hills, or sun themselves along our streams.

It is very difficult, therefore, in 1875, to appreciate that in 1775 this quiet town was one of the great centres, not only of intellectual life, but also of political influence and power. Yet so it must have been. Of all our inland settlements in population, it was almost the largest, in resources almost the wealthiest. As a shire town there came to it necessarily that continual excitement which stimulates in any community mental activity. Thither, five or six times a year, came the various courts of law, with their retinue of judges, jurors, lawyers, and suitors, numbering many scores: and came, not as now, borne quickly there by the railroad in the morning, and as quickly away at night, but to make the town a home for days and weeks. Here conventions for all manner of objects of county interest were accustomed to gather. Here, especially, in Puritan fashion, in the meeting-house, the choice spirits of the county, or, as Paul Revere termed them, the high sons of liberty, met to discuss grievances, to deepen the love of freedom, and the purpose to resist oppression, and, above all, to ripen feeling of patriotism or indignation into wise action. It was not an unimportant circumstance either that Concord was the first settle-

ment in the State off tide-water. For a time our fathers clung to the rocky and barren shores of that ocean which divided them from their old home. At Plymouth, at Salem, at Boston, at Dorchester, and Roxbury, and at many other places on the seaboard, the germs of flourishing towns and cities were planted. But inland there was nothing but the wilderness and the savage. Not until fifteen years after that immortal voyage of the "Mayflower," in 1635, did a little band of Puritans cross the first barrier of hills which shuts from sight the ocean, and settle by the side of what the Indian called, from its wide meadows, the "grass-ground river." They named the new home Concord, — title strangely unprophetic of that bitter fight which ushered in the bitterer struggles of the Revolution! As a necessary result of this early origin, the town became one of the few hives from whose redundance New England was peopled. Everywhere its children went. In all the towns along the seaboard of Maine, in the new settlements which were springing up in southern New Hampshire and Vermont, in the younger villages of Middlesex and Worcester Counties, in far-off Connecticut, as it was then, there were men and women whose ancestral home was within the territorial limits of old Concord. So its name was a household word on the lips of many who never had seen, and perhaps never should see it, with the bodily eye.

Thus, from various reasons, it happened, that, in 1775, among all the inland towns in eastern Massachusetts, Concord was the most prominent, — the natural, as it was the political, centre of the great and patriotic county of Middlesex. It was a small town, as we estimate towns, never in its best estate before the Revolution having exceeded two thousand people. But we must not forget that Massachusetts, according to modern standards, was itself a small State.

It was no doubt on account of this prominence in character and position, that Concord was, from the beginning, chosen to be the place for the first meeting of the first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. In making this statement, we do not overlook the just claims of Salem. It was at Salem that the vote was passed which created that Congress. It was at Salem, too, that the General Court resolved to become a part of that Congress. But we repeat, in *its wholeness*, with *all* the members which consti-

tuted it, the Provincial Congress first met and transacted business at Concord. As the creation of a Provincial Congress drew after it by almost necessary sequence "Lexington Alarm," Concord Fight, Bunker Hill, and to no little degree the national independence, it is well to count the steps by which it came into existence. In the summer of 1774 thoughtful people saw that a break between the legislative and executive branches was at hand, — to be followed, inevitably, by a stern struggle for supremacy between the two. When that break took place, where should the representatives of the people find a legislative home? Boston was dominated by a great British army. Salem and all the seacoast towns would, in event of trouble, be at the mercy of British fleets. A town, itself thoroughly patriotic, and surrounded by a population of the same temper, near enough to Boston to be in communication with its sons of liberty, far enough from it to be safe from the interference or threats of the royal governor, seemed to be first requisite. All eyes turned to Concord. A convention of the best men in Middlesex, held in its meeting-house, "voted, August 31, 1774, that each town in the county be recommended to elect one or more delegates to attend a Provincial meeting, to be holden at Concord the second Tuesday in October." Suffolk County, in an equally important convention, held at Mr. Vose's house, Milton, September 9, recommended to its towns the same course. Cumberland County, in what was then the distant province of Maine, added its voice to the same effect, September 22. And Worcester County spake with no uncertain sound. It advised "its towns to instruct the Representatives, who may be chosen to meet at Salem, in October next, absolutely to refuse to be sworn by any officer or officers but such as are or may be appointed according to the constitution. And should anything prevent their acting with the Governor and Council, as is set forth in the charter, that they immediately repair to the town of Concord, and there *join* in a *Provincial Congress with such other members* as *are* or *may be chosen* for that purpose." The General Court met at Salem, Oct. 5, 1774, waited two days for the Govenor to take the proper steps to qualify its members, — waited, as no doubt it expected to wait, in vain, — and then proceeded on the seventh to elect John Hancock its chairman, and Benjamin Lin-

coln its clerk, and by the following votes to merge its own existence into that of the new and larger body: "Voted, that the members aforesaid do now resolve themselves into a Provincial Congress, *to be joined by such other persons as may have been, or shall be chosen for that purpose*, to take into consideration the dangerous and alarming situation of public affairs in the province, and to consult and determine on such measures as they shall judge will tend to promote the true interests of his Majesty in the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the province. Voted, that the Congress be adjourned to the meeting-house in Concord." Arrived at Concord, the second Tuesday in October, the first business was to reconsider the votes by which John Hancock was elected chairman, and Benjamin Lincoln clerk, and then to elect the same persons to similar positions under the titles of President and Secretary. Such action was had, no doubt, because the presence of additional members made the form of reorganization both respectful and proper. It is absolutely certain that in some cases such additional members were chosen. It is well-nigh certain that more than one-half of those who were at Concord were not elected to Salem. The body thus reorganized and its successor for six months met alternately at Concord and Cambridge. The Second Provincial Congress was in Concord in March and April, 1775, and adjourned only four days before the encounter at North Bridge. By its sessions there it must have helped largely to make the town an object of interest to the friends, and an object of enmity to the foes, of freedom. In that old meeting-house, which, repaired and remodelled, alas! stands now on the same church green, what words, to fire men's souls, were spoken, what policy, to shape the destiny of the state, was enacted! There Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, names memorable in the state and national history for the next generation, and with them Prescott, Heath, Ward, Lincoln, the first military leaders of the Revolution, played their part. Scarcely Independence Hall itself has more venerable associations.

As a natural consequence the committees of safety and supplies — the most important bodies which ever existed in the Commonwealth, to whom the whole work of arousing the people and

preparing for their defense was entrusted, who were to call into existence soldiery, to find officers, to procure arms, to gather supplies, to appoint depots, to be, as it were, eyes and hands to all the rest — were constantly at Concord. They were there — John Hancock at their head — on the 17th of April, not more than thirty-six hours before brave men were massacred almost before his eyes on Lexington Green.

Very early in the history of these committees, it is stated that they ordered to be deposited in Worcester two hundred barrels of pork, four hundred of flour, and one hundred and fifteen bushels of peas; and in Concord, one hundred and thirty-five barrels of pork, three hundred of flour, one hundred and fifty bushels of peas, and fifty-five tierces of rice; and "votèd, that all the cannon, mortars, cannon-balls and shells be deposited in the towns of Worcester and Concord in the same proportions as the provisions are to be deposited." These votes, so far as Worcester was concerned, were never carried into effect. But Concord became one great store-house. Every farmer's barn, the town-house, the court-house, the tavern-shed, the miller's loft, all became extempore depots for provisions and munitions of war. Very likely in other places there were limited supplies. But gradually, in comparison with the means of the State, a vast store was accumulated at Concord. Eleven hundred tents, ten tons of cartridges, eighteen tons of rice, eight tons of fish, many hundred barrels of flour, fifteen thousand canteens, a thousand iron pots, besides cannon and mortars, round-shot, and grape-shot, canister and shells, spades, pick-axes, bill-hooks, shovels, axes, hatchets, crows, and wheelbarrows, wooden-plates and spoons, cartouch-boxes and holsters, belts and saddles, and many other articles, make up this astonishing deposit. No doubt Concord was made such a depot because it was a large town, and had several military companies; because, too, it was near the probable scene of action, yet far enough away to be reasonably safe from any sudden attack. One cannot but think that the thoroughly trustworthy character of Col. James Barrett, who was the sole custodian of these treasures, must have entered largely into the calculation. The committee were aware how precious was the charge committed to the brave old town. They enjoin Col. Barrett to keep watch day and night.

He must always have teams ready to transport away the goods at the first alarm. He "must not so much as mention the name powder, lest our enemies should take advantage of it." But such a secret could not be kept. Tories stole to Boston to tell it. British officers came thither in disguise, noting all the difficulties of the way, and seeking to find the places of deposit. Tradition says that Maj. Pitcairn had visited the town. Finally the committee was alarmed, and the day before the battle, too late fully to accomplish their purpose, ordered that the munitions and provisions should be distributed among nine different towns. Meanwhile each patriot in Boston was a volunteer sentinel, watching every movement of Gen. Gage, with eye quick to detect each change of military position, with ear open to catch the faintest whisper of danger. So that when the royal Governor resolved upon action, almost before he gave his order to Col. Smith, to march to Concord, and destroy there the munitions of war, his counsels were known; and, while the soldiery were embarking to cross Charles River, Paul Revere was taking that adventurous ride over which poet and historian alike delight to linger.

Why did the fight happen at Concord? It could happen nowhere else. With Boston for a centre, within a radius of twenty-five miles there was no other spot where Gage could strike to such profit. He might indeed in quiet villages find men to whom it was sweet to die for country; for brave hearts were plenty then. He might burn the humble homes of those who loved freedom more than safety. But such acts exasperated rather than weakened. But, at Concord, had the four hundred militia, gathered on Ponkawtasset Hill, held aloof, and left the provincial stores to the mercy of the British troops twenty-four hours, Gage had struck a deadlier blow than if he had slain five hundred on the battle-field. The direction of his march was neither of accident nor of choice, but of necessity. When Revere knew that Gage was on the war-path, he did not have to ask whither to ride.

But what happened at Concord? A body of American soldiers, organized under legal authority, at the command of their officers, advanced, in military array, received the fire of the enemy, and, when ordered, attacked and forced a similar body of British troops

to retreat. This is what distinguishes the fight at old North Bridge from all previous affairs. Not to speak of the troubles in North Carolina, there had already been in New England hostile incidents and meetings more than one, though they are fast being forgotten. The boy Snider, who was shot in Boston streets, the 22nd of February, 1770, was unquestionably the first revolutionary martyr. But he was murdered, not by a British soldier, but by a British sympathizer, who, resenting the posting of a brother tory, was driven home by a band of boys with many hoots and some stones, and in his fury shot a little fellow, of eleven years, who happened to be present. Eleven days after the Boston Massacre followed. Here a squad of British soldiers fired a volley into a crowd of people, killing three and wounding eight persons, most of whom had committed no offense whatever. But the affair was so connected with previous quarrels, and with immediate threats and insults, that an American jury, rather than run the risk of injustice, substantially acquitted the soldiery. The next encounter in order is the burning of the "Gaspee," — one of the most gallant achievements of the whole period. The "Gaspee" was a British schooner of eight guns, which haunted the waters of Narragansett Bay, and, with little cause, and no evidence of rightful authority, stopped and harassed the vessels plying thereupon. This sea-wasp, pursuing a peaceful packet, got aground a few miles below Providence. John Brown, of that place, with others, fitted out eight whale-boats, which dropped down the river on the evening of June 9, 1772, and reached the stranded vessel a little after midnight. After a brief struggle, the schooner was captured, her crew put ashore, and she burned. In the affray her commander, Lieut. Duddingston, was wounded, and could justly claim that from his veins had come the first English blood shed in the contest. Capt. Abraham Whipple led the Americans, and thus was engaged in the earliest private naval exploit, as three years later he commanded in the first public naval battle. But gallant as the achievement certainly was, it was a private expedition, and always disallowed by the Rhode Island authorities. Boston gave its celebrated tea-party, Dec. 16, 1773. The festivities, though they closed with a masquerade and a libation to Neptune, need not be described. They certainly were not presided over by the

authorities. Feb. 26, 1775, Col. Leslie stole out of Castle William with two hundred men, and made a rapid march through Marblehead, hoping to capture, in Salem and Danvers, certain military stores. He found the draw-bridge between the two towns up. A scuffle ensued for the possession of two flat-boats. And North Bridge, Salem, might have taken its place in history instead of North Bridge, Concord. For Col. Pickering was the best educated military man in the State, and the Essex militia afterwards, at the close of that hot April day, showed of what stuff they were made. But neither party was anxious to precipitate hostilities. And Leslie agreed, that if, for honor's sake, he was permitted to march thirty rods beyond the bridge, he would abandon the objects of his expedition. About this time an affair of great seriousness took place at Westminster, the shire-town of Cumberland County, which then included the whole southern half of Vermont this side the mountains. Under the direction of some sort of a rude organization, the people of Westminster and the vicinity took possession of the court-house, March 13, and refused entrance to the royal judge, sheriff, and their attendants. A parley ensued. It was agreed that the judge, without an armed force, should come into the court-house and discuss matters with the malcontents. This agreement was broken by the sheriff. For at midnight he appeared with a considerable party and demanded admittance. Being refused, he gave orders to fire into the building. One man was killed and one wounded. This was the first American blood shed by direct command of a royal official, when at the time no violence was offered or threatened. But, as there was then in Vermont no state authority of any kind, patriotic or otherwise, this affair too must take its place among volunteer movements.

Five hours before the fight at Concord, the first hostile meeting between organized American and organized British soldiers, each party acting under what it held to be legitimate authority, took place. Before sunrise on that morning, at the first intimation of danger, forty to seventy minute-men (the exact number is uncertain) assembled by order of their captain, John Parker, on the little green in front of Lexington church. The promptness with which these men responded to the call, the courage which

they displayed in a hot encounter later in the day, proves them to be entitled to the place of brave men among the bravest. As this party was drawn up across the upper end of the common, the sudden appearance of Maj. Pitcairn, his order to the Americans to disperse, and his quick command to his own soldiers to fire, made the quiet green the scene of a bloody massacre, and at the command of their captain, the Lexington men dispersed, leaving one-quarter, if not one-third of their number, dead or wounded. There has been a long and often needlessly warm discussion as to whether any guns were fired by the minute-men in return for the fatal volley which they received. Authorities certainly differ. And it is not possible quite to reconcile the diverse affidavits. So the question can never be absolutely settled. But a candid weighing of all the evidence makes it altogether probable that, as the company dispersed, three or four, and possibly eight or ten, guns were fired. But, as a military encounter, the contest was hopeless from the beginning. Such shots as were fired were discharged, not only without the orders of Capt. Parker, but in direct opposition to them, and were prompted by the impulse and courage of the individuals themselves. Beyond inflicting slight flesh wounds upon a soldier or two, they did no damage to the enemy, and scarcely delayed his onward movement. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." And it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the cruel affair at Lexington, in exciting sympathy, in arousing indignation, in giving courage to the timid, and in fusing all different feelings and opinions into one united sentiment of patriotism. It is with just reason, therefore, that the sons of Lexington, and the whole State, hold in solemn remembrance the brave men who fell that day.

The peculiarities of the fight at old North Bridge, which divided it from all skirmishes or battles which had occurred previously, and which entitle it to distinct remembrance as an event of unsurpassed importance, are, — that there every movement of the militia was made in accordance with the orders of those legitimately in command; that there, for the first time, British soldiers fell before an American fire; and, especially, that there the invader was turned back, once for all, never to make another hostile advance on Massachusetts soil, unless the few acres enlargement

of his prison house, won by the awful slaughter at Bunker Hill, be called an advance. Other places have, and justly, their sacred memories. But within the bound of the original thirteen states there is no spot more interesting than the two secluded green slopes, with the quiet river flowing between, where the soldiers of the king and the soldiers of the people met in military array and exchanged fatal volleys.

"1775, 19 April. — This morning," writes the patriotic Concord minister in his diary, "between one and two o'clock we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and upon examining found that the troops, to the number of eight hundred, had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges, from the bottom of the Common over to a point in Cambridge near to Inman's Farm. This intelligence was brought us first by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses, purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse, crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time aforementioned; when several posts were immediately despatched, that returning confirmed the account of the regulars arrival at Lexington, and that they were on the way to Concord." Such is the account of the first tidings of the invasion in the very words of one who was an eyewitness of the events which succeeded. It was probably about three o'clock before the town throughly comprehended its danger. The hurry, the confusion, the excitement, the alarm, which must have filled this little village during the four hours in which it awaited the coming of eight hundred mercenary soldiers, can hardly be imagined, far less described. Every available man and team must be impressed to carry away or to hide the precious stores. The minute-men and members of the old military companies were preparing their arms and equipments for immediate service. Many of the women and children took to the woods for safety. Tradition preserves some simple anecdotes, which have not yet been recorded, and which reveal the varying humors of the time. Thus, one good lady, hearing that the regulars were coming, goes straight to the adjoining meeting-house, and takes the communion plate and buries it in her soap-barrel, in her cellar, in the arch under a great chim-

ney which is still standing. Another, getting ready to take her children into the woods, in her confusion went to her drawer and put on a checked apron, which in those days was the proper adornment on state occasions. This she unconsciously did over and over again, until, when she recovered her wits in her hiding-place, she found she had on seven checked aprons. No doubt every home had its tale, both pathetic and ludicrous, to tell.

A little after sunrise two hundred armed men had come together. Three-quarters were from Concord, a few from Acton, and the rest minute-men and militia from Lincoln. Their advance was stationed a mile toward Lexington, at the end of that steep ridge which skirts the village on the north. The main body occupied, "as the most advantageous situation," the high point of that same ridge, directly opposite the meeting-house. A little before seven, the advance came hurrying back, saying that the enemy were at hand, and "their numbers were more than treble ours." A second position was now taken, "back of the town, on an eminence." This was probably somewhere on that high land which borders Monument Street, though some think at the extreme northern end of the ridge first occupied, which many years ago was leveled to give room for the court-house. "Scarcely had we formed," says the same diary, "before we saw the British troops, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing towards us with the greatest celerity." So high was the courage of our people, and so unwilling were they to retreat, that not a few insisted upon meeting the enemy then and there, though some estimated his numbers at twelve hundred, and none at less than eight hundred. Finally, Col. James Barrett, who had been by the Provincial Congress put over all the forces in the neighborhood, and who about this time rode up, having been engaged since daybreak in securing the stores, ordered them to fall back over the bridge to Ponkawtasset Hill, a high eminence which overlooks the village, and there wait for reinforcements. This order was obeyed, as were all rightful orders given that day. By half-past nine the Acton minute-men, a small company from Bedford, and individuals from Westford, Carlisle, Chelmsford, and very likely from other places, had joined them. They numbered, perhaps four hundred and fifty, perhaps three hundred and fifty, — more likely the last

than the first. Meanwhile a small body of British troops occupied South Bridge. A hundred, under Capt. Laurie, guarded North Bridge. A hundred marched by the river road to seek for stores at Col. Barrett's, possibly to seek for the Colonel himself. The main body of five or six hundred remained in the centre, looking, to very little purpose, for munitions of war.

At this time smoke and flame, rising from the burning of cannon wheels, became visible to these anxious watchers upon the hill. What was it? Were the cruel enemy setting fire to their homes? They could not longer remain inactive. A hurried debate was had. And then Col. Barrett gave orders to Maj. John Buttrick to lead the little force down the hill to the bridge, charging him not to fire unless he was fired upon. There has been a hot discussion as to the relative position of men and companies in this advance. We shall not enter into it; for it belittles and insults a great event. Whether the Acton men led, or marched side by side with David Brown's Concord minute-men; or, if they led, whether it was because they had a more forward courage, or, as Amos Baker, of Lincoln, testified, because they alone had bayonets with which to meet the enemy, if he should trust to steel rather than lead,— are questions which can never be settled. Enough, that in fact the Acton men did occupy the post of greatest danger, and like brave men, as they were, held it firmly. But what swallows up every other consideration is the thought of the incredible courage which was in all these men. Was there not real courage in that colonel, man of mark and position, foremost person of his town and neighborhood, with little to gain and much to lose, who, with his hair already whitening with age, sat there on his horse, and issued a command which was nothing less than flat rebellion, which could never be forgiven him, except at the end of a successful civil war? Estimate for me, if you can, the courage of the last man in the last file of that little battalion; his physical courage who dared, with a few hundred militia, to march down to attack what he believed to be three times their number of the best soldiers in the world; his moral courage who, a plain farmer, perhaps averse to quarrels, law-abiding, in obedience to his political convictions, was ready to confront with hostile weapons the servants of him who till that hour he had held to be his legitimate sover-

eign! Merely to have contemplated seriously such a step stamps all these men as heroes.

What followed, everybody knows. The Americans marched down to within a few rods of the bridge, with wonderful self-restraint received a few scattering shots, which wounded Luther Blanchard, of Acton, and James Brown, of Concord, and afterwards a volley by which Capt. Davis and Abner Hosmer, of Acton, were killed. Then rang out the startling order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" And from all those silent pieces poured forth a volley. It was a deadly one. Out of a hundred men, according to Gage's official statement, three were killed and nine wounded, and, by the American account, three killed and eight wounded. Of the killed, one died immediately by a shot in the head. One expired before his comrades reached the village, and was buried in the old graveyard. One, mortally wounded, was cloven through the skull with a hatchet by a lad, at whom, says Chaplain Thaxter, he had made a thrust with his bayonet. From the window of the house, now occupied by the Hon. John S. Keyes, a little girl of four years was looking out. She never forgot how pleased she was to see the two hundred British soldiers march by in perfect order, with their bright weapons, and scarlet coats, and white pantaloons, or how terrified to see the same men come back, hurried, in disorder, muddy, a great many, as it seemed to her, with limbs tied up and bloody. In the record of this hot skirmish five names stand out to receive peculiar honor. First, Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, a modest manly soldier of only thirty years, who could say that he had trained up a company, not one of whom feared to follow him; who assumed his position with a full sense of its gravity, and died first of all in the front rank; Maj. John Buttrick, of Concord, who himself, within sight and sound of his own home, led the advance, and at the right moment gave the word of command; Col. John Robinson, of Westford, who, reaching the field before his own townsman, as a volunteer walked side by side with Davis and Buttrick; Capt. Joseph Hosmer, of Concord, who acted as adjutant on that day, and by his earnest words, "Will you let them burn down the town?" determined that heroic march down the hill to the river; Capt. William Smith of Lincoln, who volunteered with his single company to attempt to dis-

lodge the enemy from the bridge, — brave men were these, whose names must ever be connected with a memorable event, but possibly not braver than scores who that day played their part and are forgotten.

Here, perhaps, dramatic unity would close the story. For here ends the fight at old North Bridge. The Americans pursued the retreating foe a few rods, until he was strongly reinforced, then, turning to the left, climbed the hill back of Mr. Keyes' house, from which they had in all probability descended in the morning. As it was evident that there was no intention to burn the town, the insane attempt to dislodge twice their number from what Emerson terms "the most advantageous situation" was not made. But the field of battle was really won. Irresolution and timidity had entered the British counsels; and, after various marches and countermarches, at twelve o'clock they began their terrible retreat. Then a strong detachment of Americans hurried across the great fields, and at Merriam's Corner, a mile and a quarter below the village, joined the Billerica and Reading men in a fresh attack. Half a mile on, the Sudbury company came up, and there was a new struggle. On the edge of Lincoln, where then thick woods shut in the road, there was the severest encounter of the day. And so the fight merged into that persistent attack and pursuit, from all quarters, of the British forces, through Lincoln, through Lexington, through West Cambridge, through Charlestown almost to the water's edge, and to the protection of the great ships of war. In Lincoln it was that Capt. Jonathan Wilson, of Bedford, who had been on the field among the earliest, through a too adventurous courage died. During this pursuit, too, three out of the four Concord captains were wounded. So somewhere in that long route, if not at North Bridge, these men sought and found their post of danger.

What were the results of Concord Fight? If we look only at its immediate results, then we say, Of itself it baffled the plans of the royal Governor. Had nothing occurred after the encounter at North Bridge, had Col. Smith gone back peacefully to Boston, as over a parade ground, none the less he would have gone back defeated. He did not steal out from Boston, with the best sol-

diers of her garrison, and swiftly traverse the fields of Middlesex, that he might see the beauty of the country, — not even to slay, in unequal conflict, ten rebels. He came to ravage that provincial store-house and magazine which Concord was. And he failed. Quite likely great efforts had been made in the preceding weeks, and especially on the day before, to deplete that store-house. Certainly that morning, while awaiting his arrival, wonderful energy was displayed by the whole people in removing stores to places of safety. Every conceivable expedient was tried. They were removed to neighboring towns. They were concealed in thickets. They were hidden under straw and feathers, and even under manure heaps. Col. Barrett took up a bed of sage in his garden, and there buried cannon and their wheels, and then planted his sage over them in the old place. One man plowed long, deep furrows, and filled them with kegs of powder, and then turned the next furrows over them. Still there was an ample supply left, if only time had been given to find it. In one shed, within a hundred feet of where the light infantry marched, more than eight tons of provisions were stored. But the stout skirmish at the bridge, and the increasing gathering on Jones' Hill, broke the courage of the British commander, and his achievements bore about the same relation to his original purpose that the scratch of a pin does to the deep wound which lets out the life-blood from the heart.

In the production of those greater results, of that mighty wave of indignation which, like a prairie fire, swept from before it every obstacle; of that wonderful uprising, not only of all Massachusetts, but of all New England, and, we might add, of all America, and which made Boston, in one week, not a British conquest, but a British prison; of that unanimity of patriotism which was all that was required to make the colonies unconquerable,— in the creation of these certainly each of the three great events of the day, the massacre at Lexington, the fight at Concord, the stubborn pursuit to Charlestown hills, did its part and had its influence, which most who can tell? Enough that the 19th of April really created the nation. And each town which helped on that day rightfully claims its share of the honor.

One word, in closing. Emphatically — far more emphatically

than is usually remembered — was the encounter at North Bridge a Concord Fight. Not one of the organized military bodies which shared with the old town her danger and her glory, but were bound to her by closest ties. They were literally bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Just twenty-one years before that bright spring morning, the 19th of April, 1754, the whole western half of Lincoln, for the last time, was included within her bounds. Forty years before, Acton, and forty-six years before, the larger part of Bedford, by her consent, and out of her broad fields, had been erected into separate municipalities. Carlisle, which had once gone out, was now, by its own request, back in the old relations. So it was Concord, — not the Concord of the narrow limits of to-day, but the Concord which the Puritan owned and planted, that larger Concord which once found its religious, yea, and its political, home in the very meeting-house which, unchanged, saw the invader advance and retreat, — that original Concord it was which "fired the shot heard round the world."

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

SINGERS AND SONGS OF THE LIBERAL FAITH.

In our last issue we called attention to the very interesting and valuable book bearing this title, and prepared by Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam. We wish now to speak of the subject a little more at large. The work has been prepared with great labor. The biographical notices bear marks of the most painstaking care. The selections indicate the fine taste and excellent judgment of the compiler. The volume is one which should always be at hand in a household, to fill up any leisure moments with its bright, devout, assuring, and inspiring images and thoughts. We may any of us find here something to strengthen and gladden us, something to enlarge our conceptions of Christian faith and joy, something to throw around us, in our daily cares, an atmosphere of sweet and hallowed affections.

We, as a religious body, have sometimes spoken and acted as if the intellect alone, and the truths recognized by it, were all that are needed to build up a Christian church and home. This tendency among us has done more than anything else to shut us out from the sympathies of the great masses of Christian believers. "We like your preaching," people who come into our churches often say: "it commends itself to our reason, and it interests us. Its practical lessons go with us, through the week, better than any other preaching that we hear. But, after all, we do not feel at home among you. There is something wanting. We would rather go somewhere else." They miss the glow of religious emotion excited by the hymns and the social atmosphere of the church. They miss the familiar, hearty tone of Christian sentiment and fellowship by which the members of a religious community are drawn together and made to feel as brethren. A volume of this kind may do a great deal to exercise and cultivate our Christian feelings, by supplying images of Christian love and consolation to abide with us in our tried and solitary hours, and draw us more tenderly to one another when we come together. A single line or stanza of poetry may go with us as a constant preacher of divine truth: holding it up to our emotions and affections like a beautiful

strain of music. When Chaucer, in describing one of the most lovely of his characters, says, —

"Her heart is very chamber of holiness,"

he gives us, in a single line, an image and a sentiment which we may carry with us as long as we live without losing our sense of the sweetness and purity which are flowing from it.

A transient emotion or event is arrested and made immortal when embodied in a fitting strain of song. An aged Christian woman, in the fullness of her loving, trusting affections, passed out of this mortal into the eternal life, just as the night was opening into the morning. How beautifully is this made to live in our hearts with a diviner beauty when suggested to us by lines such as these, which we quote from Dr. Putnam's book? They were written by Rev. Samuel D. Robbins.

"EUTHANASIA.

"'Let me go; for the day breaketh.'

"The waves of light are drifting from off the heavenly shore,
The shadows all are lifting away for evermore;
Truth, like another morning, is beaming on my way:
I bless the Power that poureth in the coming of the day.
I feel a light within me that years can never bring:
My heart is full of blossoming, it yearns to meet the spring.
Love fills my soul in all its deeps, and harmony divine
Is sweetly sounding from above a symphony sublime:
The earth is robed in richer green, the sky in brighter blue;
And, with no cloud to intervene, God's smile is shining through.
I hear the immortal harps that ring before the rainbow throne,
And a spirit from the heart of God is bearing up my own.
In silence on the Olivet of prayer my being bends,
Till in the orison of heaven my voice seraphic blends."

The reality of God's unseen world is brought home to us, and enthroned in our hearts, as something very near and actually waiting for us, by stanzas like these, from Mrs. L. J. Hall. And must they not have some abiding influence on us who carry them in our thoughts?

"I would my work were better done;
I would it were but just begun:
For, listening where I waiting stand,
Comes music from the Better Land.

"O busy hand and heart and brain,
Why have ye toiled so long in vain?
I feel that unknown world so near!
And yet my spirit knows no fear.

"For longer life I will not pray,
I will not ask another day;
For Thou, dear Father, even yet,
New chance may give, new tasks may set.

"Beyond the grave, to thee more true,
Oh, give me still thy work to do;
The power to serve thou'lt surely spare:
Shall not thy service wait me there?"

Who of us would not be stronger to bear up against temptations, or in the midst of trials and sorrows, if he should have in his mind these lines, which come, steeped in the deepest emotions of a believing heart, from Miss Sara H. Palfrey?

"QUARE TRISTIS?

"Why shun, my soul, with downcast, cowed behavior,
The strife that lowers?
Man's lot is pain: shall Satan or the Saviour
Attend on ours?

"Still in the van is seen thy conquering warden;
And flight is loss.
The soothing angels of the grievous garden
Yet haunt the cross.

"And if, accomplished all thy craven fears,
That cross be mine,
On high the martyrs sing, Faith grows in tears
As pearls in brine.

"If 'twere not for the world that comes between
With cares unmeet,
O child of God, by thee the stars were seen
Beneath thy feet.

"Thou, Father, fallest into no mistake.
We judge amiss,
And often choose the drossy things that make
Ignoble bliss.

"Then bless us,—but for this, with bended knee,
On thee I call,—
As we should pray that thou shouldst bless, if we,
Like thee, knew all."

The subject is old, but is there not an abiding lesson, always new and strong, in these lines from Rev. C. H. A. Dall?

"'IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT.'

"Our wisest wisdom's chosen gate
Thou never yet hast shut, O God,
But, lo! another opened straight
To win us to a better road.

"Too ready rose our willful thought
To doubt the mystery of thy will,
Until our own experience taught, —
Thine ill was good, our good was ill.

"Our wishes fail us one by one;
Our darling joy brings bitter pain:
Thy will for evermore be done,
And never, never ours again."

In a very different strain of music, and bringing before us grand and affecting images of a life serene and triumphant in pain and death, are these stanzas, each of which we rudely and unwillingly sever from its place in a longer poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"THE LAST LOOK.

"Behold, — not him we knew!
This was the prison which his soul looked through,
Tender and brave and true.

"Grief tried his love, and pain;
And the long bondage of his martyr-chain
Vexed his sweet soul, — in vain.

"How can we sorrow more!
Grieve not for him whose heart had gone before
To that untrodden shore!

"Fold the green turf aright
For the long hours before the morning light,
And say the last good-night.

"Here let him sleeping lie,
Till heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,
And Death himself shall die."

A whole volume of Christian truth and charity may unfold itself from within these brief stanzas by Samuel Longfellow: —

"A NEW COMMANDMENT.

"Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

"O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

"Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love."

We should be glad to quote in full many other passages as beautiful as these, from Dr. Putnam's volume. "St. John's Vision," by Rev. Charles T. Brooks; "Thou, God, seest Me," by Mrs. Miles; "Hymn for a Sunday School," by Rev. Dr. Lunt; "A Lament," by Dr. Frothingham, on hearing of the death of Dr. Lunt; "The Coming of the Lord," by Jones Very; "Antiope," by Thomas Hill; "Decoration," by T. W. Higginson; "Another Year," by J. W. Chadwick; "Our Fireside Evening Hymn," by J. T. Fields; "Hymn of Peace," by Frances M. Chesbro',—are among "the songs" which we had marked for quotation, but for which we must refer our readers to the volume itself. We had marked these as very beautiful; but there are others equal to them, or perhaps even better, which we did not think of copying, because they are already known to our readers. In order to show how rich the contents of the volume are, we have only to mention the names of John Pierpont, Andrews Norton, N. L. Frothingham, Henry Ware, Jr., William C. Bryant, W. B. O. Peabody, Henry W. Longfellow, and Edmund H. Sears. We hardly know what names to omit, and therefore recommend them all to our readers.

Taste, fancy, culture, are qualities that every one will readily allow to the poems which are here collected. But there are those who say that they indicate a lack of religious depth and fervor. We admit that a hymn-book confined to the songs and singers of the liberal faith would be lacking in some of the most essential

qualities of a Christian hymn-book. Without the Wesleys and Cowper, and Watts and Doddridge, and some of the Roman Catholic hymns, any hymn-book would be very imperfect. But we doubt whether any one denomination, in this country, has contributed so many good hymns to the common stock as our own during the present century. In hymns relating to death, hymns of consolation, of strength under all the various trials of life, in hymns connecting us with nature and the home affections, and hymns of earnest faith and aspiration, we are peculiarly rich. In hymns relating to Christ we are not so amply provided for. Yet the two best Christmas hymns in the language are those written by Dr. Edmund H. Sears, and some of our communion hymns, by Dr. Frothingham and Dr. Furness, are hardly inferior to any others. The hymn, by Rev. T. H. Gill, an English clergyman, beginning, —

"Oh, mean may seem this house of clay,"

does not belong to the volume before us, and it is not to be found in Dr. Martineau's collection, or in "The Hymn and Tune Book" published by the Unitarian Association. But we think it should be placed very near the head in the highest order of Christian hymns. It belongs to a class of hymns in which, more than in any other, Dr. Putnam's book is deficient, — not, we fear, from any fault of his, but from a lack of material. Still, his book does contain many beautiful hymns which associate us very tenderly and reverently with the name and the person of Jesus.

We had high expectations in regard to the work before us, and they have not been disappointed. It could not have been done better. The only criticism that we should make is, that, in a few instances, too many commonplace hymns are given under one name. In such matters, what is lacking in quality cannot be made up by quantity. We shall gladly welcome the next volume, which is not to consist merely of gleanings left from this, but is to contain at least some things as good as the best that are given here.

J. H. Morison.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

CONGREGATIONALISM AND FELLOWSHIP.

It will be remembered by most of our readers that the National Conference at Saratoga, last autumn, appointed a committee of fellowship to carry greetings to the National Council of Congregationalists soon after to meet at New Haven. Although the members of that committee did not attend the meetings of the Council, nor even succeed in placing the admirable letter which they prepared before it, their message was anticipated with much interest; and it is not too much to say, that, while some were doubtful about receiving them, and a few, perhaps, hostile, the expressions of satisfaction in their message have been far more general and far more cordial than had been expected. Many warm and hearty utterances of desire for closer relations of friendship and co-operation with Unitarian Christians have been heard. It has been stated on high Orthodox authority, that, had the committee appeared, their welcome would have been unanimous; and, also, that the action of the Unitarian Conference originated in the suggestion of a leading Orthodox minister to the mover of the resolution that such action would be grateful to the feelings of the Council, and helpful to the interests of religion. However this may be, there is no question that a broad and generous spirit is more and more coming to prevail in the counsels of Orthodoxy, and that many are hopefully looking to see the gulf that has been reckoned so broad and deep between the divided members of the Congregationalist household bridged or filled.

The discussion of the subject in the denominational newspapers has been especially significant as indicating the strength of the currents of opinion and desire in this direction. With a single exception, they all seem to have been animated by a large spirit, and to recognize the wisdom and necessity of accepting broader and simpler conditions of religious fellowship. "The Congregationalist," indeed, so frankly and cordially avowed its adhesion to a

liberal and inclusive policy, and prophesied so distinctly of the "coming together" of those whom the conscientious labors of New England Orthodoxy for many years were given to force apart, that "The Observer," honored guardian of Presbyterian orthodoxy, took it sharply to task, and did not scruple to express its fears that a conspiracy is forming to deliver over Congregationalism to fraternize with heresy and compromise with error. But the editor of "The Congregationalist," himself no mean authority as to what orthodoxy is, stands without flinching in his advanced position, and ridicules the idea of a conspiracy where the movement is so evidently spontaneous and universal. "There is clearly," he says, "a considerable drift of both parties towards each other. . . . It results from the inevitable tendencies of the way in which the age holds all theological truth." He is willing to entertain the prospect of a united Congregationalism. "From the relative position now occupied by the Unitarians and the Orthodox, possibilities of reunion may now be suggested which in 1825 would have seemed among the improbabilities." "The cardinal virtue of Christianity a generation ago was held to be sturdy fidelity to the truth as you yourself understand it, and no compromise, not the least, with error. The cardinal virtue of Christianity is now held to be a true catholicity which seeks to embrace all the good, that it may bring them into the one fold of the One Shepherd." Dr. Dexter cites several expressions from leading Orthodox ministers which coincide with his conviction and expectation. "The Independent" has also published an able series of articles, written in the same spirit, and it would be easy to multiply instances which go to show that this spirit is pervading Orthodox thought very generally and profoundly.

We are glad, of course, to be thus justified, in an important respect, in our historic position. The Unitarian movement was as far as possible from being a secession. Our Unitarian fathers were, indeed, seceded from. Whatever may have been their sins of heresy, they were as far as possible from incurring the sin of schism. Not until deserted and disfellowshiped, not without repeated protest and entreaty, did the anti-Calvinists recognize themselves as constituting a body apart from the rest of the Congregationalist churches. They never severed the historic

connection with the faith out of whose dogmatic limits they had gradually, almost insensibly, passed. The broadening in doctrine in the Congregationalist body, in the first quarter of this century, was no more born of the will of man, than is the broader spirit of fellowship now growing up to assume leadership in it in the fourth quarter. And they were "Liberal Christians" in holding this broad basis of fellowship to be possible and obligatory, in affirming simple Christian discipleship to be the true bond of Christian communion, more than in any relaxing of doctrinal stringency, or in casting off what seemed to them to be theological bondage.

We cannot feel that there is anything servile or unduly eager in holding out anew the hand which has, indeed, been refused in other days, but against whose rejection neither we nor our fathers have ceased to protest. The Unitarian branch of the Congregational body occupies its historic position when it stands with outstretched hands.

Yet our gladness in this enlargement of sympathy and communion is not mainly on our own account. It is much more important to the future progress and success of the great orthodox bodies that they should adopt the broad principle of fellowship we cherish, than it can be to us. The adoption of this principle which the Unitarian church has affirmed for half a century will be grateful to our denominational feeling, perhaps; as, also, the open recognition of a fellowship from which we have never allowed ourselves to feel spiritually cut off will be in various ways helpful and delightful. But while it will put these bodies in an important respect abreast of the age, or, as we would rather say, in accord with the large spirit of Christian brotherhood of which the age is gaining some partial sight, it will probably not greatly affect the small religious body with which we are specially connected, save in giving such inward content and gladness as comes from feeling ourselves reckoned in to the great household of Christian workers and disciples. We are not so conceited, indeed, as to suppose that our pleas for this larger fellowship have had most, or even much, to do with the tendency to make creeds no longer, but Christianity, the basis of religious communion and co-operation. Various confluent currents join to swell the tide of liberalism

which is coming to be recognized as "the drift of the age;" as, indeed, purified and enlightened, it is the drift of all the ages. Our only claim is to have divined in part the logic of Christian civilization a half-century earlier than most, and to have sent out our cry, as one born out of due time, into the yet unexpectant and unwelcoming world. Our somewhat local and partial, yet, perhaps, not unhelping influence, has been reinforced by events and agencies stronger than we; and we may be content to be reckoned one of the smaller runnels of those liberating streams which are flowing together to form a broader, stronger tide of Christian freedom and righteousness, and to fill, as we trust, the river of God.

We will not prophesy specifically or rejoice unduly in a forward step which as yet is only tentative, and which may be decisively taken only after long hesitation and delays. Besides, so far as it is due in any instance to loose thinking instead of clear conviction, or to mere conformity with the liberalistic fashion of the day, it is not admirable, nor a sign of real progress. The old narrowness and stringency is infinitely more estimable than the spurious liberality of recklessness or indifference. We do not care to be admitted to a larger fellowship whose bonds are only relaxed to receive us by a diminishing regard for essential truth. But when that regard passes from what is superficial and secondary to what is central and spiritual, we are glad to be recognized as fellow-worshipers at that inner shrine in a common loyalty and discipleship.

And, however formal or denominational fellowship may be denied or delayed, we are sure of an increasing recognition of common spiritual ends and a common work. We do not care to speculate what the issue of the tendency toward Congregationalist reunion may be, whether it will remain content with simple fellowship, or go on to a union in which the denominational lines shall become wholly indistinguishable; but the practical results are already marked and cheering. The leading article in the present number of this review was recently delivered as an address to Orthodox divinity students and their instructors, at their invitation. One of the most noticeable books in our review of current literature is made up of a series of articles, on the basis of religion, written by a Unitarian minister for a leading Orthodox

review. Last year, another Unitarian minister gave a series of lectures, on the evidences of Christianity, in another Orthodox — and this time a Presbyterian — theological school. And these are but instances of an increasing co-operation, and a deepening sense of a common Christian work, which are more and more frequently occurring; and which are symptomatic of a new confidence in Christian liberty and a larger holding of Christian truth, which are well worthy of the grateful recognition of our Unitarian churches as they near the fiftieth mile-stone of their organized denominational life.

CYRUS EATON.

Under the heading, "A Remarkable Self-made Man," we publish, in another part of our journal, a very interesting memoir, written by one who had long been acquainted with the family there described. Forty-four years ago, in a visit at Warren, Me., we first became acquainted with Mr. Eaton. He was then the preceptor of the academy, and looked up to by every one with confidence and respect. Ten years ago, we paid our next visit to the town of Warren, and, remembering the interesting family which we had seen thirty-four years before, we ventured to call upon them again. We found Mr. Eaton, then more than eighty years old and entirely blind, in the yard sawing wood. He received us with the old-fashioned courtesy and kindliness. He introduced us to his daughter, who, we believe, was not able to rise from her chair on account of some chronic neuralgic affection. It was just at the close of the war. Two grandsons, if we remember right, had just returned from the army. Two of the eight grandchildren, who lived in the same house with Mr. Eaton, were then suffering from typhoid fever. They were evidently in straitened circumstances. Here was a complication of troubles. But hardly more than a passing reference was made to them. The war had ended. Slavery was overthrown. A new career of national honor and greatness was opening before us. Liberal sentiments would now have a new field in which to expand. These were the topics that interested them. They had evidently kept up with the best thought of the time. Ideas were more important to them than things. They had looked with minute care into

the history of the past, and caught with sympathetic fervor the enthusiasm of the young life that was developing itself in the mighty movements of the day. There was no symptom of despondency or discouragement. They lived in an atmosphere of religious faith and hope. The room was filled with a light more radiant and cheering than the sun can give. Personal privations and sufferings seemed hardly to have a place in their conversation, which was a spontaneous outpouring from hearts interested in the highest subjects, and living in hopes and affections which draw their life from higher worlds. The room in which we met them has taken its place in our mind as one of the sunniest spots that we remember. The heaven in which their hearts and conversation were spread itself around them, so as to take away the darkness and the loneliness of their lot, and diffuse over them its own peaceful and benignant spirit.

Eight years later we visited them again. Time had been visiting them with heavy bereavements. Two young girls, whom the grandfather had been training in some of the higher branches of education, and who were special objects of love and pride, had been taken away just as they were blossoming into a rich and beautiful womanhood. But even these events had fallen kindly on those who remained, mellowing and enriching their lives rather than drying up the fountain of joy and love within them. Homes, such as this has been, are what make life beautiful and holy. They send out their humanizing and Christianizing influences through the whole community in which they are placed. The young take example from them and catch their spirit.

HUMBOLDT COLLEGE.

We have read with interest a discourse delivered by President Taft, in the chapel of Humboldt College, on "The College, and its Religious Supplement." The more carefully we look into the subject, the more importance do we attach to institutions of learning free from any sectarian trammels. Washington University in Missouri, Antioch College in Ohio, and Humboldt College in Iowa, are destined to accomplish a great work, if only they can secure the necessary funds, and remain as they now are in the

hands of wise and liberal men. Humboldt College is the youngest of the three, and the most remote from us. But it occupies, none too soon, a commanding position in the midst of a liberal community, and it is of the utmost importance that it should be sustained. The population of which it should be the educational centre will, in a few years, be numbered by hundreds of thousands. Its influence in educating teachers with liberal sentiments, and with high ideas of moral and religious responsibility, and of what our human life ought to be, can hardly be overestimated. The education dispensed there will diffuse itself in all directions through those who are to be the leading men in that part of the country. There is no great city near. But the men of this country who, to-day, hold the most important places in business, in legislation, in education, and in all great industrial enterprises, came, more than three-quarters of them, from the middling classes of society, and from the country, or from small country towns. Our cities depend in no small degree on the character of the fresh life which is flowing into them from the country. The influence of country colleges, like Dartmouth, Williams, and Amherst, on the whole surrounding population, reaches far beyond those who have ever lived within the college walls.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

We wish, in justice to the late Dr. Walker, to correct an error in a note in the March number of "The Review," relative to a few of his sermons which are to appear. For the words "*above* the average of the sermons printed in our columns," read "*about* the average." Dr. Walker's inherent modesty would have disclaimed any imputation upon the average quality of the sermons of other preachers who were contributors to "The Review." We append his own precise words, from his own pen, under date of Oct. 22, 1874: —

"If you . . . think that a very few of the best would answer for 'The Review,' — that is to say, equal the average of what are printed there, — I have no objection to their being so disposed of. . . . You will also bear it in mind that I have a mortal aversion to appearing in print; and, furthermore, that I think it would be better for the world if this aversion were universal."

OF THINGS AT HOME.

An article has lately appeared, in "The International," upon the negro, and his capacities for self-government, which we cannot help noticing, standing as it does in so conspicuous a place. It is from the pen of Dr. Winkler, an eminent Baptist of Georgia. His whole argument is to prove the unfitness of the black man for citizenship, and especially fellow-citizenship with the whites. He makes some grave charges against our poor African brother, among which are the following: That he is "the lowest of the human races;" that he has "paralyzed trade between the sections and commerce with foreign nations;" that he "has been the cause of an enormous increase of crime;" that he is "an adept in stealing;" that "the older negroes perform only about three-quarters as much labor as formerly;" that "labor has decreased fully one-half;" and so on. President Fox, of the University of South Carolina, has answered the doctor, in "The Methodist Quarterly;" and, although his paragraphs have a little more the quality of partial appeal than of close reasoning, our inclination and judgment both lean to his side of the question. He says that the charge that the negro "is the lowest of the human races" is wholly without foundation. The Digger Indian, the Comanche, and the Modoc are lower; also the wild Australian and the cannibal South Sea Islander. No nation, he thinks, can produce a finer looking race of men than the Kaffirs. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge declares of certain African colonies, "The progress of this colored settlement, during the last forty years, has hardly been surpassed by anything recorded in the history of civilization." He meets the charge that the negro is "paralyzing commerce and trade" with facts which it is not easy to escape from. We cannot give here all his statistics: but he asserts that within the last few years the consumption of cotton in Southern mills has largely increased; twenty millions of dollars have been made in the lumber business where the negro was employed; in 1872, thirteen hundred miles of railroad were constructed, and probably as many more in the two following years, all the heavy work being done by the negro; mines, unopened before the war, are now worked with suc-

cess, tar and turpentine orchards are constantly increasing, rice is produced in enormous quantities, oyster fisheries are being established with great rapidity, vegetable farms are increasing, the result of free negro labor, and tobacco and corn are also raised. He says a nation of consumers have come into the market by the enfranchisement of the negroes. The colored people now want hats, shoes, hoes, books, furniture, pictures for their houses, of a cheap sort, undoubtedly, at present, — but they all are helping manufactures. The colored man is buying land and cattle. He has become the owner of sailing-craft, mills, stores, brick-yards, and public stables. As to the charge that the negro has increased crime, President Fox declares that this assertion cannot be proved by statistics; and the statement that "labor has decreased one-half," he says it is impossible to support, inasmuch as products are not diminished, and nothing has been done specially to fertilize the soil, nor have labor-saving machines been much introduced. Dr. Winkler is evidently a man of strong prejudices, and he reasons, perhaps justly enough from the state of things in his own immediate neighborhood; but President Fox is a person of a broader outlook. He is biased, of course, on his side; but it is well to be on the good side. He would have done better, perhaps, to have denied the charge, that the negroes are "adepts in stealing," with less emphasis, considering that there were so many graver ones against them which he has so well answered. That one, we think, amounts to nothing at all. An enslaved people are bound to live on their masters; and, however deplorable this pilfering habit may be, freedom and self-respect only can cure it. We will do the poor black man at the South the credit to say, that he is the brightest and cleverest thiever that ever was known; and his ingenuity and keenness in these proceedings, for a very small gain, show him capable of skill and address in a higher cause. At the "South Carolina University," where the students are pretty nearly equally divided between white and colored, the first honors of the graduating class will probably be given to a black man.

Our Methodist friends from the North have often very uncomfortable relations at the South, growing out of the one sore spot

which threatens to keep open continually, and destroy the true development of the people. If their ministers chose to speak, and were not the forbearing Christian men they are, they could tell us sad tales of cold looks, inhospitality, and social ostracism; although the Southern clergymen, at the camp-meetings at the North last summer, received every attention, and were allowed to express their minds freely without criticism. We confess ourselves much disappointed in the passage of the Civil Rights Bill in its present mutilated condition. It grants nothing but what common decency should award the black man, and leaves out the great question of co-education, which is the only cure for the disease of the South. The following paragraph, from "Zion's Herald," expresses very clearly the great mistake of the Southern people, whose fears can only be allayed by an actual trial of the thing they so much dread. It has already been tried,— this experiment of mixed schools, — with perfect success, only their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes of seeing.

"The misfortune is, that the advocacy of the civil and Christian rights of colored freedmen by Northern men is almost universally associated with the impression that this, in the minds and purposes of such persons, involves the idea of the most intimate social intercourse, and the encouragement of intermarriages. Without any absolute class divisions at the North, there are social distinctions that are preserved, without in the least abridging the utmost freedom of intercourse, the discharge of fraternal and Christian offices, the intermingling in political and religious circles, and the living in a near neighborhood to each other in perfect harmony. No intelligent Northern man asks of a Southern citizen any more deference to, or nearness of social intercourse with his colored fellow-citizens, than we yield to those of other nationalities, to persons of different tastes and habits, whom we esteem as equals before the law, and children of the same heavenly Father, having claims upon all our Christian offices, but not necessarily to be chosen as our most constant companions. This matter must be left to every man's sense of propriety, to his own taste, and to the conviction of an enlightened conscience. This, however, is always to be remembered of these distinctions in our Northern society: they are not iron bound, but constantly out of them, through the inspiration of education, free opportunities and religion, from the humblest, poorest, and most depressed, individuals are constantly springing into the front ranks and the highest estimation, and becoming the most prized members of what is esteemed the best society."

We must do our Baptist brethren at the North also the justice to say that they do not appear to sympathize with Dr. Winkler. An article in "The Watchman and Reflector" winds up with the following spirited sentence: —

"'The patent of nobility,' said Mr. Wigfall, of Texas, 'is the color of the skin.' 'I move,' said Mr. Sumner, standing up in the Supreme Court of the United States, 'that John R. Rock' (a colored man) 'be admitted to practice as a member of this Court.' The nod of Chief Justice Chase, as he answered the motion, destroyed that patent of nobility forever."

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

THE English papers are full of interesting and appreciative notices of Charles Kingsley, which we would like to quote here if our space permitted. If one were disposed to look for his faults, he would probably find a good many. If he questioned his consistency, he would also find him defective perhaps. If he censured his want of moderation, his lack of logic, the unreasonableness of some of his religious doctrines, his muscular hobbies, and his English prejudices, we should very likely agree with the critic. But, in spite of it all, we feel that Kingsley was a man whose like we should be glad often to see upon the dull earth, — a man who, although he had all the comforts, and luxuries even, of life around him, was willing to fight for the truth, and for the welfare of the humblest. One of the best tributes to his memory is at Eversley, where it is determined, as a memorial to Kingsley, to enlarge and improve the parish church, and to erect a chapel in the hamlet of Bramshill, where Mr. Kingsley had his little schoolroom. "The Pall-Mall Gazette" speaks of him in the following graphic manner: —

"Everything round him was beautiful, pleasant, prosperous, connected with every sort of pleasing and brilliant association. No man was more fully alive to this view of things, or more deeply influenced by it, in the whole course of his life and writings. On the other hand, he had a great deal of the Radical fibre in him. His great amiability and his lively imagination led him both to realize and to lament the sufferings of less fortunate persons with singular vivacity. All his sympathies were in favor of what was picturesque, decided, striking. He delighted in a hearty 'English squire,' swearing by church and king; in a radical tailor ready to fight for the people's charter; in a thoroughgoing Metho-

dist who looked on this world as a spiritual Egypt, where sin and sorrow reign; in a fierce puritan who believed that the saints ought to rule the earth with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; in anybody, in short, who knew his own mind well, and would and could express it vigorously.

"In a word, he was no philosopher and no politician. Peace be to his memory. If not the memory of one of the strong men of the day, it is the memory of one of the brightest, the kindest, the happiest, the most ingenuous, and most manly. Few men loved so many things and people."

Some of his last words were, "How beautiful is God!"

The life of Rowland Williams has attracted a good deal of attention of late. He is classed among the Broad Churchmen, but we should hardly think he could be "located" in any particular place. He was a man of great originality and force of thought, but he does not seem to us to possess that kind of fellow-feeling which would lead him to attach himself to any party. He had a fondness for spiritual solitude, if we judge aright, which would lead him to reject his own ideas, even if they were in danger of being popular with a clique. His thought is always vigorous and even daring, for a churchman, as we see in some of his letters. For instance, speaking of what is meant by being "full of the Holy Ghost," "It is a vision of spiritual truth," he says, "taken subjectively. Such a gift may make men amiable; happy, and, within the sphere of their cognition, trustworthy guides; yet not dispose us to turn their writings into an idol." A little prayer of his is remarkable, as it seems a kind of unconscious and modest deference towards the Unitarian, or even the Theist: "Lord, save me by whatever is thy truth," he says. "If Salvation is of Christ let his intercession avail for me, . . . but if thou only, O God and Father, one and Eternal, art our living strength and our holy fear, then in thy father-like compassion forgive me, though like Socrates and Plato, and peradventure many others, I use the shadows of my time and country, as pictures of the ineffable and but dimly imagined verities of thy eternal kingdom!"

Mrs. Josephine Butler has given the world a new edition of the life of her father, John Grey, of Dilston, a noble father of a noble daughter. Mrs. Butler is a woman well known to the Eng-

lish public by her efforts for the purification of social life, and her book on the higher education of women. Mr. Grey was first known in the north of England by his improvements in agriculture, and he was the adviser of almost a whole province. He was the model of a true upright English gentleman in the management of estates, and in his noble influence upon the community around. His writings and speeches have been read all over the continent, and this life itself has been translated into Italian. Mr. Grey's father died when he was young, but his mother appears to have been a woman of much character. She always encouraged reading aloud on winter evenings, and was an enemy to all kinds of slavery and intolerance. He left school at eighteen to manage his mother's estate and farm. After his recovery from a severe illness, he seems to have been touched with religious things. He got up a little Sunday school in the village, while his sister had one at home. His first speech was before a meeting of the Bible Society. In 1832, he was appointed receiver for the Greenwich hospital estates. He found a great deal of mismanagement, and waste of funds and incompetency. He toiled incessantly day and night, and of course exposed himself to much animosity; but he persevered, dismissing a hundred or more trades-people, and at last winning the entire approval of the Greenwich authorities, who gave him unlimited control. He raised the income considerably, although he reduced the rent of the farms, by enlightening the farmers and making their land productive. He improved their dwellings, founded schools, made the hospital assist in supporting them, and produced the best teachers. A house was at length built for him at Dilston near by. His daughter, Mrs. Butler, gives a delightful picture of its situation, and their family life there: —

"Our home at Dilston was a very beautiful one. Its romantic historical associations, the wild informal beauty all around its doors, the bright large family circle, and the kind and hospitable character of its master and mistress made it an attractive place to many friends and guests. Among our pleasantest visitors there were Swedes, Russians, and French, who came to England on missions of agricultural or other inquiry, and who sometimes spent weeks with us. It was a house, the door of which stood wide open, as if to welcome all comers through the live-long summer day. (All the days seemed like summer days when look-

ing back.) It was a place where one could glide out of a lower window, and be hidden in a moment, plunging straight among wild wood paths and beds of ferns, or find one's self quickly in some cool concealment, beneath slender birch trees, or by the dry bed of a mountain stream. . . . My father delighted in the beauty of the place, and in his family. There were indeed clouds, anxieties, sorrows, regrets; how could there but be such in so large a family, among so many hearts endowed with that strength of feeling which prepares for its possessors no easy or tranquil path to walk in?"

Mr. Grey entered into politics, and promoted several reforms. In the midst of his disinterestedness for others, he lost a great part of his own property by the failure of a bank. He was obliged to sell his paternal estate at the age of seventy, but he bore the loss bravely, as did his wife, who says: —

"I have never borne very well to hear that affair called a misfortune, and have never called it one myself. A *trial* it was intended to be; but, after all, it is only an earthly sort of thing, and if we have less silver and gold to leave our children, God can give them gifts that are far better."

This noble woman was taken from him not long after. She was hopeful, strong, and loving. She passed away so sweetly, that one of her maids said, "It was just like the mistress. She made not a bit of fuss about dying." Mr. Grey died at the age of eighty-two years. We are indebted to our friend Rev. R. L. Carpenter for these interesting facts in a beautiful family life. We hope his valuable notice, in "The Inquirer," will lead many to read the book.

Our English brethren have lately held a very interesting meeting at Birmingham, presided over by the mayor of the city. This is not the first time that their mayors have shown themselves on the side of liberal Christianity. We have observed it in the case of many of their towns, and attended one meeting ourselves, in a large manufacturing place, where the mayor was a decided Unitarian. The Mayor of Birmingham made an interesting speech, and spoke of what was called the "Revival of Religion" in the city, Messrs. Moody and Sankey having come there within a few days. He spoke with all due respect of a work which had attracted the attention and support of men with whom it was a delight to labor; but he felt bound to say that "this dogma of

the fear of hell was one which he did not believe any noble, courageous, manly Christian could hold." Those who support this movement, he said, tell us of its good practical results. But we had no proof of them. It was easy to point to those who, in a moment of excitement, say they have found Christ, but it was a different thing to follow them to their homes and see what their lives were. He concluded this part of his speech by saying, that, while we hold our present opinions, we must protest against this whole system, but without merriment or levity. "Their way was not our own."

The mayor is quite right there. Their way is not our own. We must protest against using any such methods ourselves. In fact, our congregations are not at all likely to want them. Every religious usage grows out of the requirements of the people. But why cannot we believe that their way is the best for them? There is a class of foreigners among us who cannot be made to feel religious emotion except through the lowest symbols of the Romish Church. Would we say it was better for them to have no religion at all, when we know it saves them from many gross forms of sin? So with the hard material people who compose these audiences of which we speak. Their consciences would never be aroused with any other style of preaching. Supposing they are not converted. It is a good thing for them to have their spiritual natures awakened. It makes them think of something besides eating and drinking and being clothed. It checks them in their low sins, by the fear of God, if not by the love of God. As for those who are converted, undoubtedly many fall off, but we have no doubt a good number carry with them all their lives the effects of that moment of consecration to the call of a divine Master. The most approved Christian among these humble converts would not certainly suit our ideal of what the noblest disciple of Jesus should be; but we must not forget that his vineyard is large, he has room for all kinds of workers, and, although there are diversities of gifts, it is the same spirit working in all according to his will.

We must remember, too, that Birmingham is not Scotland. It is true, however, that, although Mr. Bright could hardly control his audience of fifteen thousand people there, Mr. Moody had twenty thousand under perfect command. But the English poor

are much more stolid than the Scotch. They do not suffer so much, nor enjoy so much. The people of Birmingham have more knowledge of the world, and far less simplicity. We can fancy that Mr. Moody, with his impassioned and tender words, and Mr. Sankey, with his melting hymns, came upon the poor Scotch among the hills, accustomed to the austere usages and stubborn hymns of the old kirk, like new wine to the thirsty and a strong wind to the fainting; and, although they may be too much exalted perhaps for the time being, a fresh stimulus will be given to their whole life.

The non-conformist party in England are in a jubilant state of mind, and justly so. Since the act of legislature which opened the honors of the old universities to all, without respect to creed, the sons of Dissenters have begun to make themselves known. The senior wrangler is a Baptist, three of the first thirteen wranglers are Presbyterians, from Scotland, the seventh is a Wesleyan, and the eleventh is an Independent. Hearafter it cannot be said of this party, that they are wanting in a taste for culture and scholarship. Young Lord, the senior wrangler, redeems the University of Cambridge from the charge of utter godlessness, as he is active in charitable and philanthropic work in the church where he is a member; and at the same time he cannot be called a narrow, ascetic bigot, inasmuch as he is a good gymnast, has taken several prizes in field sports, and attributes a large share of his success to the health he has acquired in rowing a boat. We trust that the habit, on the part of English novelists, of representing the Dissenter as sour-faced or illiterate or fanatical, will ere long be discontinued. It makes, undoubtedly, a fine contrast to the refinement, genial tastes, and scholarship of the parish priest, and may in past times have been a true picture; but the magic touch of liberty is fast changing this, and the England of the present is giving more and more room for all her children to grow and search after religious truth.

"LA LIBRE RECHERCHE."

We have received from our friends and fellow-workers in Paris a package containing copies of their new review, "La Libre Recherche," beginning last August, and issued monthly. We

shall continue now to receive them regularly, and would bespeak an interest in them on the part of our readers. Their "Review" seems to be modeled somewhat after the plan of our own, and it is very gratifying to see the interest they manifest in ours, and their cordial desire that there should be a mutual exchange of sympathy and correspondence between the two reviews, both engaged in the same work of advancing a higher scholarship, of broadening the outlook of Christian men and women, and promoting that unity of the churches which shall make believers one in the spirit of Christ, though not always so in forms or articles of faith. It will also be pleasant to the many friends of Charles Lowe to hear that there is a circle of thinking men on the other side of the water who, though they have not looked upon his face, cherish his memory, and desire to carry out the spirit of his purpose in the conduct of their "Review" M. Bost, one of their regular contributors, has quoted a large portion of the "Memorials" to him in one of the last year's numbers, and his comments upon them, show an affectionate and at the same time just and delicate appreciation of his character. We wish in our turn to emulate them and avail ourselves of whatever new ideas may develop themselves among them in regard to the requirements of a religious review. We regret that their branch of the Protestant Church in France is in danger of being deprived of its legitimate rights, and deplore the alienation and discord prevailing among them. But, underneath the noise and tumult of narrow and bigoted cliques, there is always a stratum of earnest and single-minded seekers after the truth, of conscientious students, of calm and consecrated men in both parties, who will keep on the even tenor of their way, and, whatever courts may decide in regard to the visible church, will bring the invisible church into closer unity. We shall hope to hear tidings of them. "The Review" contains about sixty pages, on such subjects as "Religion and Science," "The Oldest Gospel." "The Life of the Apostle Paul," "Benjamin Franklin," History of a "Syllabe," "The Republic of Plato," "Analogies of Platonism and Christianity," &c. The articles are all interesting. "The Republic" compares the laws of Plato's ideal government with the narrow and rigid code of Gregory VII. and the Catholic Church, based prob-

ably on Plato, and far less liberal; "The Analogies" combat the idea of the early fathers, that the ancients borrowed their spiritual truths from India, and Plato from Alexandria, believing that their immortal guesses came from the same source as the doctrines of the pious Jews,— from the higher instincts of the soul of man. Another writer, M. Pecant, reviews a book of Guizot's, called "The Lives of four great Christians," St. Louis, Calvin, Duplessis-Mernay, and St. Vincent de Paul. He shows a spirit of impartiality, as in fact does the whole "Review," in its treatment of this great man, although our liberal friends have so much reason to feel aggrieved towards him. The fact is, as is shown in these lives, it was easy for Guizot, like the rest of us, to be charitable when he had no predjudices to overcome, and he could look with great toleration on a Catholic saint, but never on a devout radical. The "Revue du Mois" is lively and interesting, varied by the different pens of the editorial corps, M. Charruaud, M. Steeg, and M. Bost. They speak of the place made empty by the loss of the Strasbourg "Revue de Theologie," and the "Disciple of Jesus Christ," edited by M. Martin Paschoud, the good old man who preached in union with our friend M. Coquerel. To use M. Bost's apt words, "M. Paschoud avait mis la religion *de* Jesus Christ au-dessus de la religion *sur* Jesus Christ." He speaks of this venerable man's eminently Christian stand-point in his "Review," and, what is even better, his impartial and generous spirit towards his religious adversaries, and cheerful courage in the midst of family afflictions. We have no doubt the new review will partake of the scientific ability of the former at Strasbourg, and the wisdom and graces of the latter. We will take occasion here to say, that M. Charruaud, the leading editor, in a letter to the editors of this "Review," expresses a desire to obtain some subscribers to "La Libre Recherche" in this country. The price is twenty francs. Any of our readers who are interested in the French language and thought, will give encouragement to a devoted band of men by sending us in their names as subscribers.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. Weak eyes are the excuse which Herr A. Klöpper offers for the neglect of a careful correction of his new book, which has allowed so many typographical blunders to vex the reader. The title of the book, which is a solid octavo of five hundred and fifty-four pages, is "Kommentar ueber das zweite Sendschreiben des Apostel Paulus an die Gemeinde zu Korinth." A book of this size would seem to exhaust all explanation, even of that affluent letter in which Paul tells the Corinthians of his joys and his sorrows, his patience and his rapture. But the redundant commentaries are not always the best. De Wette has said much more of value in one-fifth of the space. There are not many original views in the book. Klöpper's judgment of the cause of Paul's complaint of the Corinthians is hardly adequate to Paul's strong words of indignation and blame; and there is still room for conjecture as to the nature of that mysterious "thorn in the flesh." The best part of the volume is the elaborate Introduction, careful and conscientious in its structure.

2. J. E. Wessely, in his "Iconographie Gottes und der Heiligen," a difficult work to compile and make complete, but aided by numerous competent authorities, differs, sometimes unreasonably, from his authorities, and leaves out from his list a great deal that ought to be in it. Only *twenty-one* pages are given to the Trinity, — an insignifi cant fraction of a book of four hundred and fifty-eight pages! Surely the faces of the Divine persons, so frequent in the cathedrals and cloisters, ought to have more heed than those of obscure and legend ary saints. But many of the best pictures of the saints are not no ticed, on the walls and on the canvass of France and Germany and Spain and Italy. Louisa Twining and Mrs. Jameson have some examples of which this work of Wessely makes no mention, and Mar tigny is much more copious in details. There are pictures and sculp tures famous and conspicuous in Italian palaces and churches which are passed over, while inferior works on the same subjects are cited. Why, for instance, should no mention be made of Holbein's great picture of St. Paul in the Augsburg Gallery?

3. Very singular, queer, and entertaining is the pious description and proof of the relics of the famous Church of Aix La Chapelle,

upon which the honest and simple-hearted Canon J. H. Kessel displays his ingenuity, — "Geschichtliche Mittheilungen ueber die Heiligthuemer der Stiftskirche zu Aachen." These relics are numerous and precious: the shroud of John the Baptist, the girdle of Jesus, the *chemise* of the Virgin Mary, a nail of the true Cross, and more of that sort. The good canon does not vouch for the genuineness of all the holy treasures, but he thinks, on the whole, that they deserve worship, and will benefit the faithful. He is not troubled by the fact that duplicates are in other places. The Lord is able to multiply relics as much as loaves and fishes. He finds Biblical warrant for the worship of relics. Did not Moses carry Joseph's bones with him in the exodus of Israel? Was not the diseased woman healed by a touch of the robe of Jesus? Did not Paul's clothes have miraculous power? A wicked Protestant, however, will not feel the force of this pleading, and will see absurdity in the worship as he sees fraud in the relics.

4. It is the pious task of German Evangelical scholars to hunt out and bring to light the scattered letters of the leading reformers; and each collection adds some new scraps to the old treasures. The most recent of these collections is that of Heinrich Ernest Bindseil, who has given us the correspondence of the saintly "Master Philip" for nearly thirty-five years, — "Philippi Melancthonis epistolae, judicia, consilia, testimonia, aliorumque ad eum epistolae quae in corpore reformatorum desiderantur." Chasms are filled in this collection. We have here the two epitaphs written for Luther in 1546, and letters from the Elector John Frederick which have not before been printed. Yet chasms remain to be filled; and not a few letters are alluded to in the correspondence already published which are not to be produced. The reformers were as careless in their letter-writing as some of the celebrities of our time in the state and in the church. They sent letters sometimes without dates, sometimes without signatures; and it needs a sharp eye and an excellent judgment to decide the time and authorship of many of the documents handed down.

5. One of the least known provinces in Europe is Finland, which once belonged to Sweden, but has for many ages been part of the Russian Empire. In that province there is a flourishing Lutheran Church, besides a university and a thoroughly organized system of school and lyceums. Of this Church there are three bishops and forty-five provostships. The story of this remote Church is well told by Herr E. H. Von Busch in his "Beitraege zur Geschichte und Statistik des Kirchens und Schulwesens der evangelisches-luther-

ischen Gemeinden in Grossfuerstenthum Finland." The statistics are very full and well arranged. But to a foreign reader the most interesting part of the volume will be the historical sketch of Finnish religion, which fills nearly a quarter of the pages. King Eric IX., who conquered the land in the twelfth century, compelled the people to give up their heathen customs and faith, and embrace the gospel. A fortunate connection with Sweden in the Reformation time carried Lutheran doctrine among them, and freedom of worship is now guaranteed to them. But many of the superstitions of the mixed races, Jews and Gypsies with the rest, still survive in the land.

6. Missionaries to the heathen are very apt, in their reports, to magnify unduly the importance of their work, and exaggerate its success. The Germans are not free from that fault, as the thick volume of Herr L. Nottrott is a striking proof (die Gossnerische Mission unter den Kolhs). This Indian tribe is very obscure and rude, and the converts made are very few. Even the small number of trustworthy Christians blunder in reading in their own tongue the Creed and the Commandments. But missionaries are hopeful, and they fortunately see other things with clearer vision than they see souls saved from the Divine wrath. The statements of Nottrott's book about the geography of the land, its plants, its fauna, and its people, are more valuable than its contribution to the list of heathen brought to God. If these gifts to science and knowledge are reckoned, missions to the heathen are worth all that they cost. And the tale of devotion, of self-denial, of faith and perseverance, too, on the part of the missionaries, is of great value as an illustration of the living force of religion. The German Protestant missionaries will compare, in this regard, favorably with those of any church or of any race. They vindicate the religion of their land.

7. K. Franck's collection of doctrinal discourses (Grundwahrheiten der Religion in Vortraegen) are mildly orthodox, fairly well-written, and rather apologetic than dogmatic. Yet the preacher is not altogether free from hard feeling to those who do not accept his view of the resurrection of Jesus as the corner-stone of all Christian faith, and are unwilling to believe in the great Creator as merely a master workman, or the foreman of a machine-shop. He fears that the heart of these unbelievers is not sound. But his logic is not close enough to convert them. The orthodoxy which apologizes for its reasoning confesses its weakness by that very fact. The rationalism of Germany is not disposed to meet this apology half way, but only expects that the apologists will come on step by step, until they stand

fairly on the ground of science and reason, — judging by these all books, creeds, traditions, and sentiments. It is singular that homiletic doctrine has so little favor where so much is written about the ideas of religion and the books of the Bible.

8. "Allgemeines Leben und ewiges Leben" is the title of an ingenious little book by Herr Otto Ziemssen, in which he tries, on the ground of the Christian faith in immortal life, to reconcile the natural with the spiritual, the physical world with the world of the soul. The spirit of this book is earnest, and there is a certain glow in the language. But it is, after all, too visionary to be convincing to scientific and skeptical minds. The writer accepts too readily the genuineness of "spiritual" manifestations, and allows too much weight to those ecstasies and raptures, and those influences of the dead upon the living, which make the staple of "spiritual" literature. Mysteries cannot be explained by resting them on other mysteries. Scientific difficulties are not resolved by connecting them with exalted imaginations. And the attempt to identify the conditions of the spiritual life with the conditions of the material life is not likely to be anywhere successful. Personal immortality does not necessarily involve a projection and indefinite extension of earthly experiences and associations.

9. Assyrian and Egyptian chronology have now become essential in the study of Biblical antiquities. From the Nile and the Euphrates knowledge of the Lord's work must come, as much as from the Jordan, to illustrate the story of the chosen people. *Three* important works on these ancient dynasties have recently appeared, — the work of Heinrich Brandes (Abhandlungen zur Geschichte des Orients in Alterthum); the work of John Duemichen (die erste bis jetzt aufgefundene sichere Angabe ueber die Regierungszeit eines aegyptischen Koenigs aus dem alten Reich); and the work of F. J. Lauth (die Schalttage des Ptolemaeus Evergetes I. und des Augustus). The first of these treats successively of the Assyrian canon, of the double list of Hebrew Kings, and of the Egyptian cycles of the year. The second is an examination and inference from the famous Ebers Papyrus, of which we have before spoken, fac-similes of which are now in this country. The third discusses the Intercalary Day of the Egyptians, and aims to fix chronology more positively. All these books are learned, and all of them moderate in size.

10. "Juda's Verhaeltniss zu Assyrien in Jesajas Zeit," by August Hildebrandt, is one of those careful essays, full of learning, by which German students prove their right to an academic degree. The essay

aims to show the relation of the Jews to the Assyrians, in the time of Isaiah, by comparing the words of the Hebrew prophet with the cuneiform writing on the Assyrian cylinders. In the main the consistency of the Hebrew with the Assyrian record is established. But the writer fails to reconcile the Biblical account of the expedition of Sennacherib, in the year 701 B.C., against Jerusalem, with the other account, which shows it to have been made against Egypt, a much more formidable power. It is much less likely that the great monarch of the land of the rivers should beat a retreat so hastily from the frightened king of Judea than from the august ruler of the Nile valley. One may conclude too hastily, from the apparent resemblances in the stories of the Oriental peoples, that the narratives are identical.

La Liberté Religieuse en Europe Depuis 1870. Par Edmond de Pressensé. Paris. 1874.

If any man in France has a right to speak on the question of religious freedom, it is Edmond de Pressensé, the steadfast champion of the separation of the church from the state; minister, for nearly a quarter of a century, in a chapel which has no subsidy from the government, and no place in any recognized organization; a religious outcast from the Protestant Church, while he accepts its creed, and teaches its dogmas for substance of doctrine. On the floor of the National Assembly, in the pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and in wise discourse to that select congregation of the Rue Taitbout, this learned scholar, and wise and witty thinker, has brought all the treasures of his knowledge, all the fervency of his pleading, and all the shafts of his satire, to the defense of the freedom of the church from state interference, whether to aid or to hinder, in its own proper sphere. Unfortunately, as he sadly confesses, his protest and his appeal are thus far alike ineffectual. There is no religious freedom in France; there is no religious freedom anywhere on the continent of Eurape. In Catholic states and in Protestant states, in the despotism, the constitutional monarchy, even in the Republic, the Word of God and the people of God are bound, and must submit to an authority above their church in affairs of belief and in affairs of worship.

This is what Pressensé tries to show in the remarkable essays which make up this fascinating volume. First, he sets forth the Jesuit intrigues, with a rapid review of the history of the Order in the past, their varying fortunes, their recovery from a death seem-

ingly imminent. The Jesuits have lost none of their subtle force as enemies of free thought and free speech, as ubiquitous emissaries of submission to the Pope and of spiritual thralldom. Then he shows the revival, since the war, of ultramontane pretension in France, and the cunning manipulation of policy by the Catholic leaders. Then he laments that Prussia, the Lutheran State, has consented to become a persecutor, and has forgotten its traditions of freedom in its fears of Romanist assumptions. Then, while he rejoices that Austria has dissolved the abominable "Concordat" of the former régime, he regrets that it has gone so far in the opposite direction, and in some sense claims the right to dictate to the church. Then, in a long and careful examination of the religious situation in Switzerland, in Geneva, in Berne, in the Cantons and the Diet, he convicts the republican people of religious tyranny. Then follows an essay on the Protestant Synod in France, accurate in facts, impartial in tone, with a just appreciation of the leaders on either side and of the difficulties in the questions under discussion. And, finally, the new laws of the French Assembly on ecclesiastical affairs are explained and criticised. The survey is broad, the spirit is kind, and none can complain that the opinion of this critic is bigoted, or is biased by sectarian prejudices.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said on the side of those who approve the acts of the Protestant governments. Pressensé wonders that such free nations as England and the United States can approve the arbitrary acts of Prussia and the Swiss Cantons in the destitution, the expulsion, and the imprisonment of offending priests, or in the harsh rules which subject the acts of the churches to the civil authority. He forgets that the first duty of every state is to protect itself, and that when a church becomes a half-secular power, and stands in the way of the public security, the state has a right to define its bounds, and to keep it within these bounds. Very much of what is called "religion" is part and parcel of the social and civil order. The priest who will compel men to disregard the laws of the nation in burial rites, in education, and in many other matters, with which the church pretends to meddle, must be hindered by the law.

Pressensé's exposure of the Jesuits is a good justification of Bismarck in his dealing with them. The freest government may find it necessary to take control of the church when the church becomes a public enemy, holding superior allegiance to a foreign power, and calling devotion to this power a religious duty and a matter of conscience. And the time may come when, here in America, where we

have no state church, and no immediate fear of Catholic interference in our schools and in the choice of our magistrates, we shall have to check by legislation acts that are hostile to our political system. There are many in England who denounced the acts of Bismarck a year ago, who have changed their opinion since Manning and Capel have boldly avowed the purpose of the Vatican, and who now defend the arbitrary policy of the Chancellor as a national necessity. It is possible to allow too much freedom to the foes of freedom, the tools of a power which has an indestructible hatred of freedom. Cavour's maxim, "Chiesa libera in libero Stato," is all well in sound, but what if the church is not free and does not mean to be? There is no such thing, indeed, as an absolutely free state, and there is no such thing as an absolutely free church. And any state which guarantees to the church a measure of freedom has a right to set bounds to that freedom consistent with its own safety.

The Natural Sources of Theology. By Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D.

"He that seeketh, findeth." This is a fundamental law of the universe, — itself pointing to a supreme, intelligent, paternal Lawgiver and Administrator, under whose government the relations of demand and supply are never deranged. The honest inquirer after truth seldom fails to find God, however far from Him he may have started. Mill's posthumous essays show him on the road to Theism, from the less than non-religious education of his father's house and circles; and, though his vision of spiritual things reminds one of that subject of our Saviour's mercy, who saw "men like trees walking," if he had remained in this world ten years longer, he would have been an avowed and sincere Christian.

There are in nature ample materials for the construction of an impregnably strong theistic faith. These are set forth with equal explicitness and power in the pamphlet before us, which consists of five successive articles in the "Bibliotheca Sacra." The first article is entitled, "Theology a Possible Science." It is easy to represent it as impossible, because it deals with the infinite, and the infinite is of necessity unknowable. Very true. But religion is a science of relations, and the infinite, because it is infinite, must needs have relations with the finite, which relations are finite, and therefore cognizable. These relations are discerned intuitively, in dim and vague conceptions by man, in his rude estate, with growing definiteness and certainty under more advanced culture. The intuitions of the intellect are genuine, — not the result of education or tradition, but endowed

with qualities analogous to direct perception through the bodily senses. The intuition of the Divine is met, answered, confirmed, intensified, at every point, by the growth of every science; not only by the ever-enlarging scope of outward nature, but equally by the development of sociology, political economy, mental and moral philosophy. We have here, not individual instances of contrivance, such as have furnished materials for the argument from design ever since Socrates propounded it, but a cosmos, a universal nature, in which every discovery is the discovery of uses, purposes, and adaptations; in which unnumbered lesser harmonies constitute a diapason in which there is no jarring string or discordant note: in which soul and body, mind and sense, all organisms in their relations of parts, their mutual relations and their affinities to inorganic matter, all forms of being, the vast and the minute, the far-off star and the dew-drop, show themselves portions of an all-pervading and all-embracing system, and reveal the unity and omnipotence of their Creator as clearly as it was written by Moses or uttered by Jesus Christ. In all that the gospel reveals of the divine attributes and the destiny of man, it may appeal to nature for its confirmation. Nay, more, in its doctrines of mediation, redemption, forgiveness, it but voices the intimations and formulates the unwritten teachings of the universe of matter and of mind, so that, in a far different sense from that of the English Deists, Christianity is but a republication of natural religion. What they represented as the token of its earthly origin becomes the impregnable proof of its heavenly birth, and the gospel can have had no other source than the Infinite Mind of the Supreme Creator and Sovereign.

We have thus given a very meagre outline of the scope of Dr. Hill's fivefold treatise. It is a work of masterly comprehensiveness and power. It condenses what might fill volumes. It has not its superior, if its equal, among the contributions to religious science elicited by the skepticism of our time. Its reasoning is close and cogent, with no loose joints, but fraught throughout with invincible demonstration.

Truths for To-day, Spoken in the Past Winter. By David Swing, Pastor Fourth Presbyterian Church. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1874.

We have regretted that the press of matter on these pages has postponed so long a time after its publication our hearty greeting to this full and beautiful volume of sermon-poems. Prof. Swing's heresies to Presbyterianism would have gone unnoted, save as the

wholesome breath of a natural piety not stifled by the forms of the church of his birth, if the ecclesiastical trial, at the instigation of Prof. Patton, had not made him a famous martyr. His reader now takes up the volume which embodies his teachings during the winter before his arraignment expecting to find them bristling with protest and defiance, and is surprised instead to discover a gentle and lofty spirit, full of the broadest charity, seeking always the agreements rather than the discords, a poet, indeed, rather than a theologian, but one who is striving, through metaphor and fancy, full of the aroma of a wide and free culture, to bring about the reconciliation of the human soul with its Father. We have read these sixteen sermons more than once, and with rare enjoyment, and the closing Declaration, in reply to the charges of Prof. Patton, with admiration of its generous tone and temper. The sermons have all the best elements of what is called "popular preaching," while happily differing from it in finish and delicacy, and the absence of all vulgar and strained effects. They may well be studied with profit by those whose business it is to address their fellow-men on the great themes of religion. If Mr. Swing, in his independent pulpit, can keep at the level of the standard which he has thus made for himself, he has before him a great work for good. We do not undertake, in view of his explicit statement of loyalty to the orthodox system of doctrines, to claim him as a Unitarian out of place; but we recognize in him the true and wise sympathy with that spirit which is the life of Liberal Christianity, — the spirit which we believe is the only power that can keep the Christian Church from being submerged by the storms of intellectual and moral chaos. His accuser may have had a quicker apprehension than Prof. Swing of the logical divergence of this spirit from the prevailing temper of the Presbyterians, even of the New School; but the church is poor, indeed, that finds itself necessitated by its standards of doctrine to make such a teacher a stranger in its borders.

Helps to a Life of Prayer. By Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D. 16mo., pp. 159. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

We hasten to read and to express our pleasure in this book. It is an acceptable contribution to a class of which our libraries have only too few, — books which rationally utter and aid the purely religious sentiments. This book consists of six chapters, — on the Nature, the Forms, the Objects, the Fruits, the Power, and the Hour of Prayer. There are, of course, certain things here which a Unitarian

would not have said, some which could be wished unsaid; but they are very few, and they are as nothing in comparison with the religious purity and helpfulness of the whole. Faith in prayer here finds honest utterance; the reasoning is earnest, and the spirit devout. Our own church has already produced many valuable works on the theory of prayer and kindred topics; and it is to be trusted that we shall sometime reach that stage of religious experience which is peculiarly provided for by our theological premises, and so utter that kindling and helpful word of religious living and faith which shall fitly supplement and perfect the more intellectual service. But in the meantime let us be glad of all such books as this; and, our theorizing done, let us cultivate now that spirit of devotion which is independent of theories, and unites all souls in one and the same service of praise.

What does the Bible represent in the American Common School? By Rev. A. D. Mayo. Reprinted from the Universalist Quarterly, for July, 1874.

A forcible statement of the truth that the Bible represents unsectarian Christian religion, and that its place in the education of American children is therefore to be preserved against Roman Catholic and Secularist oppositions.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Christian Belief and Life. By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price $1.50.

A Letter addressed to his His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation. By John Henry Newman, D.D. of the Oratory. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

Vaticanism. An Answer to Reproofs and Replies. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., author of the "Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1875.

Victor La Tourette. A Novel. By a Broad Churchman. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The Rainbow Creed. A Story of the Times. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1875.

La Libre Recherche. 28 Février, 1875. Paris: Librairie Sandoz et Fischbacher. 33, Rue de Seine, 33.

Magazines for April.—"Atlantic Monthly," "Old and New," "Scribner's Monthly," "St. Nicholas," "Eclectic Monthly," "Penn Monthly," "The Sanitarian," "Littell's Living Age."

GENERAL LIBRARY
University of
MICHIGAN

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MAY, 1875. No. 5.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.*

IT is fit and right to commemorate the founding of a church, if of anything human. For nothing, to our human feeling, is so momentous, so majestic as religion. The state may well commemorate its origin and history; as these United States will do, next year. Science, literature, art, philanthropy, benevolent associations, may well do that. But no other institution stands before the world, with a title so imposing, so commanding, as that which, in Holy Writ, is called "the Church of God." Therefore may its children, as of this in particular, properly gather themselves together, as we do to-day on its fiftieth anniversary, in sacred veneration and affection for it; and therefore I could not refuse your invitation, though admonished by some obvious reasons to decline it, to come and speak to you on this occasion.

But in thinking over what I should say to you (after such fash-

* A discourse delivered on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church of the Messiah, New York, by Orville Dewey, D.D., former pastor of the Church.

ion as I am capable of), though the history of the church seemed first to demand attention in this memorial service, I did not wish to speak of it, having myself had part in it, and I am glad that another will do this for us. What I propose, therefore, in this discourse, is to set forth the principles on which this church was founded, and on which it is to stand; and, in this view, to speak of its past and of its future.

The little company of men and women, who united to form this church fifty years ago, had come out from the venerable faith of ages. Yet more; they came out from the mass of surrounding opinion; when society frowned upon them; when the pulpit anathematized them; when Gardiner Spring, with his solemn pathos, mourned over them as having "denied the Lord that bought them;" when Dr. Mason said, in his magisterial way, "Come not near their ice, never to be melted"— but let his concluding words remain unsaid; the rather, as I have reason to believe, that he afterwards regretted them. But "ice" indeed! Are men made of ice, who in earnest and solemn conviction, take the ground of dissent from the faith of their friends and neighbors? They who never tried it, little know what it costs — with what serious meditation, with what deliberate thought, with what struggle and prayer, such a stand is taken.

And what was it? It was, first, upon the ground of perfect freedom of thought, — without which, indeed, there is nothing that deserves to be called thinking. Freedom of thought, — the right to enquire, as truly in religion as in philosophy, in science, in any subject that the mind has to consider, — a right which no earthly authority, no church, no creed, can lawfully take away; which no Bible, no gospel, rightly understood, proposes to take away.

But let us state this point carefully. There is one restriction which is laid upon the mind by its very constitution. There are some things which I cannot think; and of course have no liberty to think. I have no liberty to think that two and two make six. I have no liberty to think that injustice, malignity, unrighteousness, is right and good. And that which is true of the constitution of our nature, is equally true of the just construction of Christianity. When it is said, as some are now saying, that

Christianity enslaves the mind, I answer, No, otherwise than truth and duty enslave it. When Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;" when he thus spake with authority, and not as the disputing Scribes, he did but lay open, and, by his own unparalleled example enforce, the all-binding law of rectitude. If this is bondage, then all good teaching, all good example, is bondage. Nay, it is glorious bondage; it is the very glory of our nature, so to obey. This law, this authority, this Christianity, our Unitarian fathers did not question, but only the dogmas which have been set up in place of the original and pure Christianity. Jesus Christ, in himself the embodiment of Christianity, him they received as their Master, and would bow down to no master of dogma or creed.

And now let me state in few words, what they rejected; for such statement lies at the foundation. These were the tenets they rejected: that Adam, the first man, according to the Jewish cosmogony, was put on trial as the federal head of his race; that upon his individual action, were suspended the fortunes of all mankind; that he fell, and drew the world, all the unborn generations of men, down with him; that they have come into the world in a condition of native total depravity and utter helplessness; and in strict justice, might have so been left to perish, created for nothing but misery and ruin; that a remedy, to a certain extent, was provided; that the second person in the Trinity, very God, was born as a human babe, and grew up and so lived for nearly thirty years, when he took upon him his mediatorial work, and suffered and died for the redemption of an elected portion of the human race; that this portion thus far, has proved to be very small — not one in a hundred of the human race having been accounted to be regenerate and so prepared for heaven; and therefore that the rest, the millions upon millions untold, of this wretched human family, have sunk to perdition.

And what is that perdition? Give me your patience if I dwell a moment on this, among the rejected doctrines, — it has such a tremendous practical bearing, as touching whether the Divine Goodness or the human conscience. If the doom had been literal perdition, the loss of being; if it was ordained, or if we thought it had been ordained, that all who utterly failed in this earthly

trial, who through utter neglect of conscience and duty, through base sensualism, engrossing selfishness and every sort of wicked self-indulgence, had brought their spiritual nature nearly to extinction, should lose it entirely, should lose their being forever, — that would be something we could comprehend, or could believe at least, without unmingled horror. But think of the awful alternative that is laid down in the popular creed, — an eternity of pain for the errors of this short life, — a few days, nay hours, passed in childhood, or later, amidst life's toils and cares and struggles, amidst blinding delusions or in heathen darkness, — a few such hours or days, to be followed by sufferings that shall endure forever and ever, — what human mind can believe this? What man can think and say and preach this? Does he know what it *is*, that he says? — that when ten thousand million ages have passed away, still the suffering shall endure, and when ten thousand million ages more have passed away, still it shall be only the beginning, — that the end shall never, never, never come!

But the preacher will say, "The doctrine is not mine, but the Bible doctrine." This I deny. It is drawn from certain metaphorical language, which does not justify it. I remember when, fifty years ago, Prof. Moses Stuart was my master at Andover in Biblical studies, that he preached one morning in the chapel, a sermon, in which he maintained that the language of the New Testament, with regard to future punishment, was founded upon metaphors which were taken from things in this world, and could not be taken literally; the metaphors being, in fact, contradictory, — flaming fire and blackness of darkness, living agony and utter destruction. When Jonathan Edwards preached his terrible sermon on "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners," under which some of his hearers fainted away, as well they might, his strongest argument was drawn from the words, "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Now, he argued, if ever the time shall come, when the worm dies and the fire is quenched, then the word of God is set at naught. But if any one will take his Reference Bible, he will find the very same language, drawn it is thought, from the burning of offal and carcasses that were carried out from Jerusalem to the neighboring valley of Jehoshaphat, but any way evidently applied to a temporal event, as

in the last verse of Isaiah, "And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men who have trangressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." And now, what if I should argue as Jonathan Edwards did from such language, for the endless continuance of the calamity which it threatened? Long ages ago, the worm has died and the fire has been quenched, amidst the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, of Jerusalem and Ascalon. Doubtless retribution is forever a solemn word; no man is to think lightly of what is to follow from the life he leads here. But why endeavor, with critical persistence upon certain words of shadowy import, to establish a doctrine of such solid horrors; which weighs upon this world like an awful fate, and makes heaven the seat of pitiless and endless wrath? I protest against it, here and to-day. Believe me, if Christianity is made to bear this burden, Christianity itself will sink under it.

And now I turn from the past, to the future of this church.

This church stands, and is to stand on Christian ground. You know what significance this statement has at the present day; and I propose now to say something upon the grounds, and upon the meaning of this statement.

There are two classes of persons whom the speculations of the day have brought forward, — how numerous or otherwise they are, I do not know, — but their positions are marked enough, and are attracting sufficient attention, to require notice, I think on an occasion like this. They are designated as those who conceive that they are bound in honesty to drop the Christian name; or who go farther, and take absolutely anti-Christian ground.

Now first of all, what is Christianity? It is essentially the character, the teaching, the life and death of Jesus Christ. It is a common impression, I know, that this is a lukewarm statement of the Christian claim. But however warmly the supernatural and the miraculous are insisted upon, I maintain that they are not of the essence of Christianity; that they are not the holy charm and power with Christian souls, of Jesus the Master; that it is the wisdom and beauty of his teaching and the wonder of his life, that draw the hearts of men to him. All imaginable miracles surrounding an inferior teacher, would have had no such heart-

penetrating power and no such saving efficacy, as the simple Gospel. Neither is Christianity, in my view, any speculative system, called Calvinism, or Arminianism, or Unitarianism. It is not any church, Roman Catholic, English, or Presbyterian or Methodist. It is the *consensus* of all churches; that in which they all agree and not that in which they differ; that which they all build, whether in their forms or creeds, who build upon Jesus Christ as the chief corner-stone. Christianity, the original Christianity, that which I think of it, as I read the Gospels, never presents itself to me either as a dogma or an institution. It is a great outflow of light into the world, and not any portions of it which are collected in theological lenses. When Jesus says, "Upon these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets," the appeal is to the heart rather than the head, to conscience and not casuistry. Not that the head is severed from the heart, in this matter. I protest with indignation, against that loose way of talking, which makes religion to address nothing but feeling. It is an address to reason as well, to reason in the grand old English sense, to the understanding reason, to rational conviction, to conviction having just and reasonable grounds for it. But the truth is, that the Gospels contain nothing like a statement of speculative religious tenets; nothing like a system or solution of curious questions in philosophy or theology! In this respect it is totally unlike the old Indian books, Buddhist or Brahminical, and equally unlike the modern expositions of Christianity, — that of Calvin, for instance. It is said that Calvin preached in Geneva two thousand sermons in ten years; and of the texts which are *given*, not one is taken from the Gospels. I can well believe it; for he would find nothing there, for his system. And as little, in fact, would the Unitarian find there, of dogmatic or formal statements, in the shape of a creed. And what we Unitarians have done, all along from the beginning, has been, not so much, — though *too* much, perhaps, following in that the fashion of controversial theology, — but, not so much to set up any dogmatic system in Christianity, as to set forth the great *reality;* to *defend* Christianity from being anything essentially but that; to insist upon it, that here in the Gospels is revealed the beauty and sweetness of such a life, such touching sorrow and patience in pain and death, such a filial love

of God, such disinterestedness, such tenderness and forgiveness towards men, towards the lowly, the lost, and the outcast, that if the world could have received it, it would have made a body of Christians that the world has never seen, — not a set of sectarian wranglers, but a society of loving and mutually helping men. Yes, and such a religion, the lowly, the ignorant, incapable of speculation, could have received. And no other. No, nor can the instructed classes intelligently receive any other. There is not in educated Christendom, one person in a thousand, whose opinion upon the disputed questions concerning Christianity, is worth listening to. But the vital life-giving Gospel, the lowliest can receive. And sometimes has been seen in the humblest cottage, a poor, ignorant, earth-worn laborer, with so divine a stamp upon him of the Christian law and love, as could not be surpassed anywhere.

Surely such a man is a Christian. And now suppose any one, with such a spirit, to be a cultivated man, who has studied the Gospels with all the helps of learning, who is conversant with all the critical questions about them, and who finds himself unable to accept everything in them on historic grounds; who sees that the writers were not infallible, but simply honest witnesses that might make mistakes, and evidently did make mistakes, because they do not always agree in their testimony; nay, who goes so far as to question the miracles or the manner of representing them; who is possessed with such ideas of universal and invariable law, that he cannot admit anything that seems to him to be a violation of law, — suppose, I say, all this to be in his mind, and he cannot help its being there; and yet that the great model of unsurpassed loveliness stands clear from all that, in his view; that he reveres it as he does no other; that in his constant labor and prayer for inward peace and joy, he is happiest when he is brought nearest to that; why then, I ask, shall he say that he is no Christian? If, indeed, he can point to any one on earth, to any character in history or biography, and say, *that* is more perfect than Jesus of Nazereth, then he cannot be his disciple; but I have never heard of any one who says that.

But why especially, if no one says that, shall any man proclaim himself to be anti-Christian? Why look upon this wonderful

character, which all the world has agreed to call the highest, not with homage and affection but only to spy out defects? as if the artist looked upon the Apollo not to see its beauty, but only to find fault with it? And yet, I do not know but the anti-Christian position is more tenable than that of being no Christian. If the Christian religion is totally unworthy of acceptance, to oppose it seems the only thing to do. But upon what ground? Its old opponents rejected it, as the established system, confounding Christianity with that. Voltaire fought, all his life, against the Roman Catholic Church. Yet even he once said, "I take part with the real Jesus, against what your church has made of him." But *now* it is well understood, that the real, original system is a very different thing, from the mass of errors that have overlaid it. These we all reject and oppose, and say that they are *not* Christianity. But why shall any one oppose that which *is* the real, original, essential Christianity, — that which lies in the unparalleled example, and the heart-penetrating teaching of Jesus Christ, the wisest and holiest being that the world has ever known?

Why, I say, oppose this? Why reject the lawful ascendency, nay, and rightful authority, over our thoughts and aspirations, of this highest character that we know? I have heard it said against Christianity, that such a model, such an authority is narrowing, restrictive, hurtful to the mind's freedom. Not more so, I say and repeat, than all good teaching and example, nay, and the mind's own intuitions, are narrowing and restrictive. A pure moral authority is not hostile to liberty. Homage to it is not narrowing but expansive; not bondage, but freedom. If it is otherwise to any man, he does not understand it, or does not use it rightly. When Jesus says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," I conceive that he means simply guidance. And when he says, that the call to follow this, comes from God, I understand him to mean the God-given injunction to obey that. I may be mistaken; I know that Jesus says lofty things of himself and of his kingdom, his reign over the world; but I believe that he thought of no hierarchy in his name, no tyranny over men's thoughts; and that he meant simply this: The spirit of my life carried out and followed, would be the life and salvation of the world. Why then, I repeat, be anti-Christian? There is nothing in the world, how-

ever good, but it lays restraint upon us; and there is nothing right in the world, but it has been overlaid, more or less, with errors and abuses. If these are good reasons for being anti-Christian, then the opposer of Christianity should be anti-everything. Government has been full of wrongs and abuses, and the purest government is restrictive; then the anti-Christian should be, that is thoretically, an anti-government man. Science has been full of mistakes and hindrances; then he should be an anti-science man. The medical art has poured down human throats, and that by authority, unnecessary ship-loads of drugs; then he should be an anti-physic man. Nay, home, the foundation of so many blessings, has nevertheless had a localizing, narrowing, cramping effect upon multitudes; then he should be an anti-home man. Nay more, religion itself has accumulated more errors in itself, than anything else; then he should be an anti-religion man. Indeed, from such tactics, nothing could escape. And I take leave here to say, that the phrase, in common use, "conflict between religion and science," makes the same mistake. There *is* no conflict between true religion and true science; and it is of disservice to both, to put them in such antagonism. In short, fighting errors which have crept into the Christian religion is one thing, and a very proper thing; but fighting the religion itself is another thing; and, I deem, a hopeless thing. The assailant may think and be very confident, that Christianity is dying out: so I suppose Voltaire and Shaftesbury and Hume thought. That is true of the errors connected with Christianity; but it is not true of the Great Christianity itself.

I have said in the beginning of my discourse, that this church stands, and proposes to stand, on Christian ground; the first point being to state what, in the view of its founders, Christianity is not; and the second, to show what it essentially is. And now I can imagine that some one may say of my exposition, "Is that all?" Yes, I answer, and it is everything. He who comes nearest to Christ, not in the miracle working which is ascribed to him, not in the historic outline which is drawn of him, but nearest to his inmost soul and spirit, is the best Christian. The real question with Christianity would be, whether there is anything better; whether the world has the ideal in its mind, of a more perfect

character than that of Jesus. If it has, then, I grant, it must follow its ideal. But if not, if no tongue nor pen has ever portrayed a higher model, then the world must sit at the feet of the great Master.

But, God forbid that I should take this position in any sectarian sense. I dread lest we make of Christianity itself a kind of sectarism. There is a ground of religious faith and feeling, that underlies Christianity; Jesus himself built upon that. What I maintain is, that he built better and higher than any other ever has done. But I always feel beneath me that under-ground. I have meditations, communion-seasons with the Infinite Life that is all around me; thoughts which no words can tell; sighings unto God for light, which dwell with him alone, — alike without mediator and witness. But in all this endeavor of my poor blind nature, fainting amidst the abysses of infinitude, Jesus the Christ has helped me as no other has; and in simple gratitude for the spiritual uplifting of his words, I may well call him my Helper, my Master and my Saviour.

No, let us have, not only no denominational, but no Christian sectarism among us. This hateful, this semi-Jewish exclusion, which looks down with scorn or pity upon all other faiths, upon all other religions than our own, I for myself utterly repudiate and abhor. When Jesus said, "Believe in me, receive me," he did not mean, believe in me as the leader of a sect, but as proclaiming God's universal love, and brotherly love to another. He stretched out his hands, not to Jews, not to Christians alone, but to the whole world. And when he rebuked his disciples for rejecting one who followed not with them, and said "Forbid him not, he that is not against us is for us," I understand him to mean, that all who are religiously striving to do right, are to be met with welcome, and not with rejection and scorn.

There are such men everywhere, of every nation, of every religion in the world, whose lives are full of goodness, of helpfulness to their kind, and of all nobleness. Show me such a man, and though he be a heathen, or a so-called heretic or skeptic, and I can join heart and hand with him; I can respect, esteem and love him, and I cannot help it. He may say that he is no Christian; nay, that he is anti-Christian; he may say what he will, — what

I wish he would not say, what I think it is contrary to the usages of speech to say; but the language of his heart and life wins me to him; and I cannot help it. He may be an Infidel, or a mere Theist: and yet if he is, as he may be, one of the best men I know, the consequence must follow. I judge of him, just as I should of the Roman Catholic, the Calvinist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, under the same conditions. I have had, and have, dear friends among them; and I will not suffer this holy bond to be torn asunder by the meshes of speculation that surround it.

How can you, I may be asked, — how dare you speak in that way, of the very opposers of your faith? Well, they are to have justice done them; I hope I am strong enough in my faith, to say that. Tom Paine himself, as he is commonly called, loaded with more opprobrium perhaps, than any other of them, yet had his merits; notwithstanding the sad and bad decline of his life, owing in part, it may be, to that very opprobrium. I cite this instance *because* it is so offensive to our Bible prejudices,— say rather to our respect for what is, take it altogether, the most wonderful book of antiquity. Paine's ignorant treatment of the Old Testament and his ribald language concerning it, are indeed, without defense; and it is well known that he afterwards regretted it. But notwithstanding all this, and bad as it is, it emphasizes the demand for justice. I could not have united with those who have lately built a Memorial Hall to him in Boston, but I can understand the motives of those who did it. He had his merits. He did good service in the old Revolution, served in the army, and wrote the most stirring book of the time, it is said, his "Common Sense;" and he enjoyed the friendship of Washington, Franklin, and others of our best men. Let, I still say, let justice be done to all men, for and against. There is hardly any book, that I should more welcome, than a fair, impartial, and discriminating work upon the great Skeptics. For myself I feel that my youthful ideas of those men, taught me by the pulpit, and that the public opinion of to-day, needs reconsidering and revisal.

We are all in this boundless universe, this universe of wonders and mysteries, stretching beyond the stars, whose light takes thousands of years to come to us; in this little speck of a world, we

are, born and bred here, and soon to die here: and yet in this brief span, lifting our hands to the Infinite Being, to know him, and to know his wisdom and will; amidst the whirl of conflicting forces, and yet more of contending opinion, — the mists and shadows of human ignorance and error all around us, — we are fighting our battle, striving to know what is the true and right; and there is no ground on which we can stand together in humane and brotherly love, but moral integrity. And the best signs of the time in which we live, the best omens for the future are these two, — the increasing disposition now manifested among so many persons, not merely to give up their creeds, but especially to give up their creed-standards of judging of one another; and next, to unite, all sects, all churches, all associations of men, in the work of promoting the common, the universal good.

I counsel you, brethren and friends, on this solemn memorial day, to stand fast upon these two grounds, — justice and love towards men, and fidelity towards God. Amidst all the strifes of opinion and all the struggles of temptation, stand fast upon these. Among all your thoughts of religion, sink deepest into this, — all-holy love. More than to profit or pleasure, more than to wealth or worldly honor, more than to everything besides, hold fast to this — this "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." No winds of doctrine nor waves of passion shall reach you, nor floods of sorrow overwhelm you there. And, so speaking, "I commend you to God and to the word of his grace," — to the word of his grace in your hearts, "which shall be able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the throne of his glory."

ORVILLE DEWEY.

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWABLE IN RELIGION.

We have a homelike feeling shut in as we are by the incrustation of habit, otherwise I do not know how we could escape the constant sense of wonder and awe at the mystery of the universe. The Englishman on his little island forgets that his island is not a continent. He almost forgets that it is not the world. So we, on our little island of the known, forget the mighty ocean of the unknown and the unknowable that stretches about us. Yet no one can always escape the consciousness of this. Many have some special riddle, some one point, where they feel the impotence of their knowledge, feel how little science or philosophy or theology can do towards solving the question that haunts them. We speak of immortality as explaining the mystery of life, but it simply postpones an explanation, simply gives the possibility of such an explanation. And then of the teeming life about us, of the life of flower, of forest, of beast, of the life of the geologic epochs, of monster and reptile, of all this, the doctrine of immortality, at least as it is ordinarily held, says nothing. Theodore Parker understood as well as any other the meaning of suffering and the blessing of it. He understood it so well that it furnished the ground of his wonder. The form in which the mystery of the universe seems to have met him is this: How to understand the suffering of the lower animals and their cruelty towards one another. Human suffering, human cruelty, he could understand, but the suffering of the beast without apparent end or compensation, he could not understand. Robertson understood as well as any other the great law of duty and the healthfulness of retribution for sin. But as always the darkest mystery lies closest to what is best understood, so the great form in which the world's riddle presented itself to him was this: Why should our heaviest sufferings come commonly not from our faults, but from our mistakes? Why should error cause more suffering than sin? I knew one man to whom the great riddle of the world appeared to put itself in this form: Why should we be encour-

aged and impelled to cultivate and beautify the earth, to work early and late to raise flower and fruit, while insects were at the same time sent forth to oppose us, meeting us, at every point, with some special warfare of destruction, fitted each by its special instinct and construction to undo all our work. I say this was the form in which the riddle seemed to present itself to him, though doubtless this presentation was only the symbol of the blighted hopes and baffled struggles of life.

And, after all, these special examples that I have referred to are only varied forms of one mystery, that of suffering and sorrow, a mystery that every man must face sooner or later. We may have an answer ready to the questions that arise in regard to the general suffering and sorrow of life. We may have our theory at our tongues' end. We may say there must be sorrow, for through it alone come the highest spiritual gains; but when the form of sorrow enters our own door, that form, in the shadow of which the beauty and brightness of life seem to wither and fade away, when the iron hand of suffering seizes our own frame with a grasp against which we vainly struggle, then the mystery which we had thought vanquished and vanished comes back with new vastness and power. Then, if not before, the question presses, "Could not an omnipotent and all-wise Creator have established a different relation of things; or are there in the moral and spiritual world, as in the arithmetical and geometrical world, relations which even omnipotence must recognize, which even it cannot set aside?

And this in its turn is only one form of the great mystery of the universe. God is infinite and man is finite; how then can the finite comprehend the infinite. If his ways are not as our ways, his thoughts are not as our thoughts, do not our most common words lose their meaning, lose all meaning, when applied to him?

Thus we are like dwellers in the cottage of a lighthouse, upon some solitary island. We look each from his little window and see mystery in that one direction. But when we ascend the tower and look about us we unite these scattered views, and see that we are surrounded by the mighty ocean of the unknown and unknowable. We feel the presence of that infinite and incomprehensible power which is in all things and through all things, which is under and over all.

It is singular that, while theology has been growing more and more comprehensible, suiting itself to the tenderest capacities, while what we call orthodox theology is growing more and more simple and rational, and liberal theology is priding itself upon becoming wholly simple and rational, all at once this sense of mystery should come back and flood the whole, like an ocean exulting over broken and buried dykes. In this age of rationalism, Herbert Spencer, who represents the extreme of rationalism, who is looked upon by many as the leader of the liberal movement in England and America, affirms that the religious sense is nothing but the sense of mystery, that religion is only the recognition of the incomprehensibility which is at the heart of all things, and the awe in the presence of this mystery. And this form of speech is continually meeting us. It is a formula adopted by many of the leading thinkers of the time.

It is certain that in many forms of religion this sense of mystery is very prominent. In parts of the Hindoo literature it stands out to the exclusion of everything besides. In the book of Job, in the creeds and worship of the mediæval church, we feel its power. Indeed there is perhaps no deep religious literature that does not sooner or later give utterance to it. Tertullian uttered the principle of this form of thought when he cried, "It is credible because it is foolish. It is certain because it is impossible." He knew that human thought could not comprehend the infinite. He knew that when the divine truth appeared to him it would stretch before him vast and immeasurable. So when among the familiar facts of life, among the familiar truths of thought, there arose one shadowy and huge, not to be defined, not to be taken in by the gaze of the grandest soul, he felt that it was for that very reason divine, and he worshiped before it. Balboa and his brave followers, after their dreary and toilsome pilgrimage through the wilderness of the Isthmus, reached a height from which an ocean different from the one that they had left behind them burst upon their gaze. They shouted, in glad surprise, "The sea! the sea!" and their leader, rearing the cross, poured out their common thanksgiving to God. How did they know that it was the sea? Did they discern the navies of the world floating upon it? Did they see the rich shores of India skirting its farthest edge? Did they see

the capitals of the world drawing tribute from it? Did they see all this, and did they by these marks know that it was the ocean? Nothing of all this they saw; only a hazy stretch of water with no boundary line. They believed that it was the ocean because they could not see across it. In such a spirit cried that reverent soul of whom I spoke. "It is credible because it is impossible."

Mystery, then, has its place in religion, but, according to Herbert Spencer, religion is all mystery. This involves two statements. The first is that the only element common to all religions is the sense of mystery; the second is that in this recognition lie all the truth and power of religion.

The highest flight of religious ecstasy, then, has been the recognition of the insoluble mystery; the fullest praise to God, in fact, as well as in theory, has been to say to him, "We know nothing of thee or of thy attributes." Strangely must one have listened to the utterances of religious souls through all the history of the world, to gain from them an impression like this. The prayers and hymns, in which the very life of the purest and noblest souls has uttered itself, have indeed recognized a mystery, but they have been filled with a sense of something that was not mystery. Moreover, the mystery in the presence of which these souls have bowed themselves was not the cold abstraction of mystery. It was not simply the Unknowable. The mystery grew out of and gathered about that which was known. Men did not begin with the mystery, and seek to bridge it over with fine words. They began with what was known, with what was simple and clear as the facts of daily life; but this stretched, as they gazed upon it, till it assumed measureless proportions; and what was simple as a child's thought overawed them with its infinite vastness. So the waves of the ocean ripple up the beach, and the child may run races with them, or may dig his little wells for them to fill; but he who launches on the ocean finds it stretching before him and beneath him and about him with a vastness that the imagination cannot grasp.

To the religious thinker the mystery was always a mystery of something. With Paul it was love that furnished the mystery. He bade us know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. He knew what love was well enough; he had sung its praises as

no one else had done. It was only the measurelessness of the love that he could not comprehend. Sometimes it has been the collision of two mighty principles that caused the mystery, each of which was clear enough, and each of which was felt to be supreme by its own right; but the reign of each seemed to dethrone the other, and the awed soul could simply yield its allegiance to each, and watch the strife in which it could be neither neutral nor partisan. Sometimes the mystery has arisen from the conflict of truth with prejudice and mistake that claimed the sanctity of truth. But, whatever has been the source of the mystery, knowledge, positive faith, has been its centre. The strains that uttered the sense of mystery have formed only a deep undertone to the songs that chanted the real faith and aspiration of the soul.

Herbert Spencer says, with a certain truth, that it is as religion is developed that the sense of mystery becomes more strong. A better statement would be that it is as the simple natural religious faith is beginning to spend itself, is beginning to pass into speculation, that this sense becomes marked. At the birth of a religion, at the moment when it is most religious, then it is most full of confidence, and sees the horizon most clear about it. Even when the reflective stage of which I spoke begins, this simple confidence, in most cases, still is prominent. David was full of trust in the Lord who was his shepherd, who cared for him as he cared for his flocks. Job, coming later, was filled with the awe of the Unknown and the Unknowable; yet even Job cried with a confident earnestness that the sweetest strains of our modern song strive to echo for us, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I do not remember that Jesus, with whom religion entered upon a new life, ever spoke of the Unknowable. He lived like a child in the sunlight of a father's smile. With Paul the reflective stage had already begun; yet he could say, with a careful thoughtfulness that added weight to his words, "Now I know in part." Even when the simplicity of religion became overlaid with questioning, the old confidence was not lost. Augustine did much to draw about the Christian spirit the mists of speculation, to torment it with insoluble riddles. Yet, when bewildered by the mysteries of infinitude he had exclaimed, "Who art thou, then, my God?" he

could answer, "What but the Lord God, . . . most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just."

The same is true of other religions. The Hindoo religion began with hymns full of confidence in themselves and in their object. The later hymns first began to utter the voice of questioning and of awe before the Unknown. It was centuries later that the Unknowable was put in the place of God; and to be incomprehensible was felt to be the *proprium* of divinity, so that it was defined when it was called the undefinable. This was the transformation of religion into philosophy. It was not the development of religion: it was its decay. But the religious heart of the nation could not rest with this. Religion again affirmed itself, — a religion that had its darkness and its terror and its mystery, but which had also its faith and its promise.

Thus in all forms of religion the central and essential thing has been something other than mystery. The element that is the common bond between all religions is not negative, but positive. Men have believed that there was a power about them or above them,— a power distinct from and mightier than the ordinary forces of nature, to which they could trust. Sometimes, as with the poor fetich-worshiper, it dwelt in the stocks and stones of earth; sometimes, as with the polytheist, it was broken up into shining points; sometimes, as with the monotheist, it was gathered about one luminous centre; sometimes, as with the Hebrew, it was a power "that made for righteousness;" sometimes, as with John, it was love, or, as with Jesus, it was spirit. One nation has called it by one name and another by another; one has perceived it more dimly, another more clearly; one has attached one limitation to it, another has attached another; sometimes it has reflected more and sometimes less of our human imperfections, as the deep midnight heaven reflects the glare of a city's lamps, — but all have united in this, that there was something that one could trust to. Out from all limitations and contradictions appeared this fact of a power of helpfulness. So the tenderness and sympathy of Buddha shone out from the black despair that formed the background of his teaching. So the love of Jesus shone out from the dark mystery of the mediæval creeds. Men may pray to a mystery,

but they cannot praise it; they may bring offerings to it, but they cannot trust it; they may seek in ways chosen at random to soothe it, or win its favor, but they cannot love it: and take out of religion praise and trust and love, and not only its best beauty, but its best reality, will be gone.

But though the element common to all religions is knowledge rather than ignorance, the known rather than the unknowable, perhaps the other part of the statement of Herbert Spencer is true. Perhaps all this has been a mistake, and all the truth there has been in religion has been that minor part, namely, the sense of awe in the presence of mystery. Here it may be helpful to notice the sense in which the phrase that speaks of the unknowable is used by those who would make religion consist wholly in the recognition of this. To state the proposition in its most simple and general terms, it is this: Take away all that we know from any object and we should not know what was left. To state the proposition in a phrase that would be better recognized by those who use it, we are familiar with relations, but of that which is behind and within relations, we know nothing. We do not know what anything is in itself. We use the word "force," but the thought we attach to it involves contradictions. The word stands for something that is unknown by us. We do not even know our own souls. Spirit is as unknowable as matter. I think that if all this were fairly understood, the phrase that speaks of religion as having to do merely with the Unknowable would lose for many much of its terror. If it were understood that God is unknowable in the sense that our own souls are unknowable, I think that many would be content to leave the matter so.

Here we meet a fact that may throw still more light upon our theme. Herbert Spencer, and those who agree with him, show that the words "matter" and "force," and kindred terms, stand simply for the Unknowable, and yet they continue to use them. The reason for this is that the course of things is the same as it would be if the words stood for something known. They are thus relatively, though not actually, true. Your watch may be wholly wrong, and yet relatively right. You cannot tell the time by it, but you can measure off by it the hours and minutes as they pass. After, then, all this demonstration that science as well as religion

ends in a mystery, science keeps on its old course as if nothing had happened. It uses its old words. It talks about time and space, and force and motion, as if the words had a meaning and a true one. Religion alone is expected to be bound by the new order. If it ventures to use its old words it is reproved for its presumption.

But why, I would ask, may not religion, as well as science, use its words, recognizing the relative truth that is in them? Few thinking men, however strong their religious faith, have, I think, used the terms of religion, accepting them as true in their gross literalness. Here is the source of the contradiction which Herbert Spencer has pointed out between the professions both of knowledge and ignorance on the part of religious thinkers. The knowledge was relative, but yet practically real. God's ways are not as our ways. Our love is but a symbol of his love, our righteousness of his righteousness, our spirituality of his nature. But though the words are relative, they are relatively true. The course of things is the same as if they were true. If there is "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," if without us, and yet more clearly within us, it upholds the right and marks the evil with its condemnation, why should we not call it holy? If it confers upon us all the blessings of life, and when these outward goods are lost, it bestows, often, a still greater blessing, why should we not call it good? If it chooses the best ways to reach its chosen ends, if under its guidance all things fit together to form a perfect whole, why should we not call it wise? If the soul feels it nearer to it than itself, if it finds in it a tender and sublime companionship, if there flows from it a helpful sympathy in sorrow, and in gladness a blessing sweeter than the joy, why should it not ascribe to it the attribute of love? And when it has used in regard to it the words "holiness," "wisdom," and "love," why need it hesitate to use in regard to it the word "spirit?"* We use these words because

* Mr. Fiske, in his valuable work entitled Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, says, "Provided we bear in mind the symbolic character of our words, we may say that 'God is Spirit'" (vol. ii., p. 449). This is an important concession. I do not see, however, why reasoning similar to that by which this result was reached would not justify, with a like qualification, a like use of terms expressive of the highest spiritual activity.

they are the best we have, and the truest because they are the best. When we speak of God under these terms, we speak with far more truth than when we speak of him simply as a power, or even as an unknowable power. If we know that the terms of spirit represent him more nearly than the terms of matter, then we speak of him most truly when we speak of him in the terms of spirit. When we look through these symbols we are looking towards him; when we approach him through these we are drawing near him. One who is lost in some vast cavern may wander hopelessly till he sees in one direction a gray glimmering that shows him in what direction he must turn to reach the outer light. This gray glimmering is not the day-light, but it points towards the day-light; and the wanderer who follows it, pressing in the direction where the darkness is least dense, is pressing towards the light. According to the very terms of the system which remands religion to the realm of the Unknowable, we may then have a practical working knowledge of religious truth, just as we have of scientific truth.

But I further claim for this knowledge that it is something more than merely a working formula. This may be illustrated, first, by the fact that there is absolutely no mystery without some knowledge. We could not even speak of the Unknowable without we had some knowledge of that of which we speak. The unknown is absolutely nothing till it is seen in connection with the known, just as the known is worth little till it is seen against the great background of the unknown. "Science," cries the ancient philosopher, "is born of wonder." "Nay," answers the modern, "wonder is born of science," and both are right. I have spoken of the mystery of the ocean, but I think that one does not get the fullest sense of this mystery and this sublimity when one is far out at sea, floating upon the ocean, shut in only by the circle of the horizon. For myself, I have felt the vastness and the infinitude of the ocean, much more while standing upon the shore and looking out upon its pathless waste, and seeing the waves roll up, one after another, the sloping beach, or beat with the might of their gigantic strength against some rocky barrier, than I have when sailing on mid-ocean: for it is where land and water meet that we feel the sublimity of the land, which would bind the ocean, and the sublimity of the ocean which will not be bound! Thus it is

in religion and in thought. The point of sublimity, nay, the point of real knowledge, is the point where the known and the unknown, the plain and the incomprehensible, touch one another.

There is, I repeat, no mystery without knowledge; and the more pressing the mystery the sharper and clearer must be the knowledge out of which it springs. The brute recognizes no mystery because its knowledge is insufficient. A single illustration will make this clear. I will suppose that none of you have ever heard the word "asymptote." When you hear the word for the the first time it suggests no mystery, because it suggests no meaning. I explain the word to you. I tell you that an asymptote is a line which is continually approaching a curved line, but that however long the lines might be drawn they would never meet. With this explanation you begin to see something of the mystery that the word involves. But still the mystery does not press upon you, for my words in regard to it sound foolish, and you attach little meaning to them. But if you study mathematics for yourself, if you study the mathematical formula for this line, if you see it proved by absolute demonstration that the one line is always approaching the other but can never reach it, then you will feel the full power of the mystery, because you have at last reached some full and definite knowledge.

Our knowledge, then, though partial, must be real. This will appear more clearly, if in the next place we examine more closely the sense in which our knowledge is denied. We know, it is said, things only in their relations, and not as they are in themselves. But things exist only in relations; out of these they are nothing. If we know them out of these relations we should know them falsely. We know of soul only that it thinks and feels. Its very being is to think and feel; apart from thinking and feeling it is nothing. If we know of anything only its relations to ourselves, we know so much about it really and truly. An object really is, even in the slightest and weakest manifestations of itself, just as the ocean is in every little wave that ripples and breaks at your feet. When you see these you see the ocean; when you touch them you touch the ocean. You are asked what you know of your dearest friend in himself; you know his smile, his form, his voice, his love, his nobleness, but these, you are told, are attributes only. But you know that your friend is in those words and

tones and looks and acts that are so dear to you. They are all manifestations and revelations of him.

You do not know God in himself. Thank him that you have no necessity to do this, for the universe is full of his manifestation of himself.

The simple fact that throws light on these mixed questions and may solve our doubts is this, that *God is in the known as much and as truly as he is in the unknown.* If we could fairly take this thought into our minds we should have the truth of religion. If we could take it into our hearts, we should have the reality of religion.

Since all things proceed from God all things must be full of him and must bear some revelation of him. His presence is in the world about us and the heavens over us, in the past behind us, and in the future before us. The little flower that opens at our feet comes forth from this unseen power that we call God, and brings its revelation. The magnificent order of the universe, the majestic regularity of the earth and the heavens, are simply manifestations and revelations of him. Some see God mainly in this order and regularity. When they trace out a law they feel that they have discovered the footsteps of God. Others see him in the uncomprehended and incomprehensible. The grand truth is that God is in both. The mother's love that watched over your childhood was a revelation of God. It was his love that looked through her eyes and sheltered you in her arms. The love of Christ was a revelation of God. Jesus was no stranger and foreigner. He also came forth from the great power which is within and behind and above all things. Can you comeprehend the height and the depth, the length and the broadth of the love of God, which was manifested in Jesus Christ, that which Paul tells us passes knowledge. Its height is as high as heaven, its depth is as deep as sin, its length is as long as eternity, its breadth as broad as humanity. Thus Jesus loved. His love stooped to the lowest sinners, it stooped to those who mocked and crucified him. It lifted them up with its last prayer to God. This was the love of God, for without God Jesus was nothing.

But is there not evil as well as good in the universe, and does not this also manifest God? Did not Judas as well as Jesus come forth from him?

You go through the galleries of a sculptor. You see works in every degree and stage of completion. Here is a block of marble where you can see, just hinted at, some form of man. Here is one where the form has half emerged. Here, one that as yet is only pitted and disfigured by the master's blows. Here, at last, you reach the perfect triumph of his skill. It stands light, graceful, beautiful, instinct with a life higher than human. Do you doubt in which work the master displays himself? Such an artist's gallery is the world. Now the spirit is buried in the sensual, now half revealed through it. Here it stands in its unveiled splendor. Do you doubt which best displays the spirit and power of Him who is all in all? He is in all, but you cannot find him in all. You do not know the method of his art. You do not understand the blows, sharp and terrible often, that are needed to evolve beauty out of the formless. But though you know not the method of his art, you recognize its end, and you recognize the master in this end.

But God does not manifest himself outside of us alone, but within us also. His life is in us, and in him we live. Our spirit somehow answers to his spirit. The deeps of our being answer to the deeps of his, as the waters of the sheltered bay feel the drawings of the tidal flow of the ocean.

Such is the relation between mystery and knowledge, the known and the unknowable, in religion. We need them both.

We need the sense of mystery to humble our spirits, and to awaken them by its mighty challenge. We need the simplicity of religion to be the light and comfort and strength of our lives; and with all the mystery let us never forget the limitation of the mystery. There is a sense in which love is always love, and right is always right, and reason always reason. There is a vast formula of love that will take in the love of God as well as the love of the child. We may not comprehend this love, but we can recognize it, and know something of what it is. The child lies in its mother's arms. It cannot comprehend the source and strength and compass of her love. Yet it recognizes that love. It rests in it, and is content. In like manner may we rest peaceful and content, while we know that love that passeth knowledge.

C. C. Everett.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

THE two volumes of Mr. Adams' Memoirs now before us cover the period from August, 1814, to February, 1820, and include minute accounts of the negotiations at Ghent, of his visit to Paris during a part of the Hundred Days, of his mission to Great Britain, and of the first two years and a half of his services as Secretary of State. As a contribution to political history they have a considerably higher value than the first two volumes; but as a revelation of personal character they are of much less interest. There is abundant detail as to what the writer did and said as a public man, but very little as to what he thought and how he felt in his more private relations. The student of American history will often and carefully consult the volumes; but no one will ever read them for amusement. Probably no man ever had less love of the humorous and less fondness for personal gossip than Mr. Adams; and of the numerous stories and anecdotes which he must have heard at table or in society, in London and in Washington, not half a dozen are reported in these volumes. The preservation of even this small number is apparently due to the legal or political character of the stories, with a single exception, rather than to their intrinsic excellence. That Mr. Adams should have thought no others of sufficient interest to be noted down is a fact which throws considerable light on the character of his mind, and on his failure to secure, like Mr. Clay and others of his contemporaries, a personal following of strongly attached political friends.

Of the books which he read during these years we learn very little. While engaged in the negotiations at Ghent he records, at two dates, his habit of beginning the day by reading five chapters in the Bible, and at the earlier date he adds, that he had just finished reading the Old Testament in course. Near the close of

* Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1794 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vols. III. and IV. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874-75. 8vo.

his residence at the Court of Great Britain, he mentions reading two of Bishop Horsley's sermons on the Forty-fifth Psalm, the doctrines of which he regarded as "odious." "When the Bishop tells me," he writes, "that 'it is the mere cant of puritanism to allege the precept of mutual forgiveness, the prohibition of returning evil for evil, and of resisting persecution, as reprobating religious wars,' and at the same time contends that 'the peaceable submission of the subject to the very worst of kings is one of the most peremptory precepts of Christianity,' I hold him to be preaching doctrines false, pernicious, and damnable, for which, if eternal punishment could be compatible with a merciful and benevolent dispenser of it, the Bishop would be a promising candidate for it. For if there be one species of perverseness more detestable than any other, it is that which inculcates vicious principle under the sanctified garb of religious instruction. But so it is, and so it always will be, with priests who are at the same time Lords. Horsley was not worse than Massillon. In merely human enmities there is nothing so remorseless as in the rancors of a Bishop." After his return to the United States, he read again Plato's Phædo, which he calls a "delicious but unseasonable occupation," adding, — "The arguments of Socrates to prove the immortality of the soul are so weak that they hardly deserve the name of arguments." "One idea only," he continues, "appears to me to have weight; that is, the spiritual, simple, uncompounded nature of the soul, and the inference from it that the soul is therefore not subject to death." At a later period he writes, "I received the package of books which I have been expecting from Boston, — the Cicero and Tacitus given me by Wells and Lilly in return for the Ernesti edition of mine, which they had to print their Cicero from. I cannot indulge myself in the luxury of giving two hours a day to these writers; but to live without having a Cicero and a Tacitus at hand seems to me as if it was a privation of one of my limbs."

His religious turn of mind is repeatedly shown throughout these volumes, as it was also one of the most marked characteristics in the first two volumes; but there is still very little to indicate what were his exact theological opinions. He frequently refers to God's providential government in the affairs of men; and in one

place he takes occasion to explain that by "chance" he always understands "a superintending Providence." Of the clergy of the Church of England he had a very poor opinion. Having heard, while in London, a sermon in behalf of a charity school for boys, in which the preacher was careful to enumerate among the advantages of the school, "its tendency to preserve the boys from the infection of Methodism, or dissent from that most excellent and perfect Church, the Church of England," he puts on record his opinion that "there is something in the dress, in the gait, in the deportment, in the expression of countenance, and, above all, in the eye, of these clergymen of the most excellent Church, that imports arrogance, intolerance, and all that is the reverse of Christian humility. They will quote the words of the Publican with the tone of the Pharisee, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' with an air as if they meant to take the kingdom of heaven by violence." While in Europe his habits of attendance at church appear to have been a good deal relaxed; and during the first two years of his residence in Washington, he did not regularly attend any church, "partly because I have permitted the week to encroach too much upon the Sabbath, and have not been sufficiently attentive to the duties of the day, but chiefly because, although the churches here are numerous and diversified, not one of them is of the Independent Congregational class to which I belong, the church to which I was bred, and in which I will die. And although I can frequent without scruple the church of any other sect of Christians, and join with cheerfulness in the social worship of all without subscribing implicitly to the doctrines of any, yet here in Washington none of the preachers has had an attraction powerful enough to draw me permanently to his church." Finally, in spite of his strong dislike of the Church of England, he gave the preference to the Episcopal clergyman, "and spoke to him for a pew."

Of two of our famous Boston ministers we have slight glimpses in the diary. In September, 1818, at a dinner at the house of Mr. George Blake, the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, he met Horace Holley, the eloquent and greatly admired minister of the Hollis Street Church. "After dinner," he writes, "I became involved in a conversation with him upon religious

topics, which almost became a controversy. The consequence was, that the table-talk was almost engrossed by us, and the attention of the whole table was turned to us, much to my disadvantage, the topic being one upon which he was much more exercised and better prepared than I was. Mr. Webster, Mr. A. H. Everett, and one or two others occasionally relieved me by asking a question; but Holley was quite a match for us all." In February, 1820, in the midst of the intense excitement connected with the discussion of the Missouri Question, he attended divine service at the Capitol, and heard Edward Everett, then Professor of Greek in Harvard College, "a young man of shining talents and of illustrious promise." The sermon was on the Shortness of Time, from 1 Corinthians vii. 29, and he thought he never before had heard so splendid a sermon, or been so much impressed with the truth that nothing remains stale or trite under the hands of a man of genius. Mr. Everett's composition seemed to him "more rich, more varied, more copious, more magnificent than was that of Buckminster. There were passages that reminded me, perhaps, too much of Massillon, but the whole sermon was equal to any of the best that Massillon ever wrote. It abounded in splendid imagery, in deep pathos, in cutting satire, in profound reflections of morals, in coruscations of wit, in thunderbolts of feeling. His manner of speaking was slow, and his articulation distinct, perhaps to excess." It is no wonder that the New England hearers were filled with enthusiasm, especially when they thought of the general inferiority of their representatives in Congress to the chosen champions of the South. "Mr. King told me he had never heard anything like it. The southern auditors approved more coolly. Mr. Clay, with whom I walked, after the service, to call upon Chief Justice Marshall, told me that, although Everett had a fine fancy and a chaste style of composition, his manner was too theatrical, and he liked Mr. Holley's manner better."

The other traits in Mr. Adams' personal character illustrated in these volumes will be best shown in connection with the transactions in which they were exhibited. We shall, however, in this article pass very lightly over his public life, reserving for another occasion any examination of those parts of it which we may wish

to discuss, and shall select from his diary only those passages which best illustrate his personal feelings, or may be supposed most likely to interest the reader.

All of the American Commissioners appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain reached Ghent in the latter part of June or the first days of July, 1814; but it was not until the evening of the 6th of August, that the British Commissioners arrived. The representatives of the United States were Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell, the American minister to Sweden. The representatives of Great Britain were Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, afterward a distinguished member of the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, and Dr. William Adams. Of the last three, Mr. Adams seems to have disliked his homonym the most, and to have had also a strong prejudice against Mr. Goulburn. After recording what he himself said at one of the conferences, he adds, "Mr. Goulburn and Dr. Adams immediately took fire, and Goulburn lost all control of his temper. He has always in such cases a sort of convulsive agitation about him, and the tone in which he speaks is more insulting than the language that he uses." The conferences commenced on the 8th of August; but, partly in consequence of the alleged necessity on the part of the British Commissioners to refer many questions to their principals, and partly, we suspect, to the want of harmony among the American Commissioners, the treaty was not completed and signed until the 24th of December. "I cannot close the record of this day," Mr. Adams wrote in his diary, "without an humble offering of gratitude to God for the conclusion to which it has pleased him to bring the negotiations for peace at this place, and a fervent prayer that its result may be propitious to the welfare, the best interests, and the union of my country." The treaty was not altogether satisfactory. The objects for which the war was begun by the administration of Mr. Madison were not obtained; the British claim to exercise a right of search was not yielded or modified; and our Commissioners were content to accept the *status ante bellum* as the best basis they could secure. But the treaty was as good a one as we had any right to expect under the circumstances in which it was negotiated. Mr. Adams' previous experience in diplomacy was of

much value, and throughout the negotiations he exhibited great knowledge and ability and an earnest zeal in the defense of American interests. He was the uncompromising advocate of our rights in the fisheries, as Mr. Clay was of our exclusive right to navigate the Mississippi. The former on more than one occasion told his colleagues that, without further instructions, he would not sign any treaty which did not, either directly or indirectly, recognize the American rights in the fisheries, and even intimated a doubt as to what he should do in the event of receiving new instructions; and the latter had "an insuperable objection to the renewal of the right to the British of navigating the Mississippi," which he declared, with a far-reaching sagacity, "was destined to form a most important part of the interests of the American Union." In the end each obtained the object which he had so much at heart, but only after much discussion and many hasty words in their private conferences on the British proposals.

From the first there was a want of harmony among our Commissioners, and there is too much evidence that personal jealousies sometimes crept in to aggravate differences arising from doubts as to the expediency of one or another proposition. With Mr. Clay Mr. Adams had very little sympathy, and their tastes and habits were utterly unlike. Of Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Bayard he writes, "In discussing with them I cannot always restrain the irritability of my temper." Three days after the date of this entry, when referring to one of the articles which he had drawn up, he writes, "It was agreed to adopt this article, though with objections to almost every word in which I had drawn it up. This is a severity with which I alone am treated in our discussions by all my colleagues. Almost everything written by any of the rest is rejected or agreed to with very little criticism, verbal or substantial. But every line that I write passes a gauntlet of objections by every one of my colleagues, which finally issues for the most part, in the rejection of it all. I write and propose a great deal more than all the rest together, Mr. Gallatin excepted. I have in the end, I believe, not more than my fifth part in the papers, as we despatch them." But, even while recording this, he seems to have been conscious where the real trouble lay, for he adds, "This must be in a great measure the fault of my composition, and I ought to

endeavor to correct the general fault from which it proceeds." Yet on the next page we read, "In this debate I had continued evidence of two things. One, that if any one member objects to anything I have written, all the rest support him in it, and I never can get it through. The other, that if I object to anything written by Mr. Gallatin, unless he voluntarily abandons it every other member supports him, and my objection is utterly unavailing." The simple fact is, that Mr. Adams was a very diffuse writer, often clumsy and inelegant in expression, and not always careful about giving offense to his opponents. Of his prolixity we have an amusing illustration not long before the treaty was concluded. The British Commissioners had desired our Commissioners to present in writing their ultimatum on two points, — the jurisdiction over Moose Island in Passamaquoddy Bay, and the claims to the fisheries. On discussing the substance of the note to be sent, it was thought by both Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin "that a note in a single page would be sufficient. I said it would be enough if we were to yield the points in controversy, but if we were to stand out upon them it would be necessary to send a note of sixteen pages." On another occasion, referring to the answer to one of the British notes, he allows us to discover what would have been the tone of many of his notes, if he had been sole Commissioner. "At the meeting, Mr. Gallatin produced his draft, and I read parts of mine. They differed much in the tone of the composition. The tone of all the British notes is arrogant, overbearing, and offensive. The tone of ours is neither so bold nor so spirited as I think it should be. It is too much on the defensive, and too excessive in the caution to say nothing irritating. I have seldom been able to prevail upon my colleagues to insert anything in the style of retort upon the harsh and reproachful matter which we receive. And they are now so resolved to make the present note short, that they appeared to reject everything I had written, and even much of Mr. Gallatin's draft."

Shortly after the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Adams left Ghent, and proceeded by way of Brussels to Paris, where he arrived on the 4th of February, 1815, a little more than three weeks before Napoleon landed at Cannes. He remained in Paris until the 16th of May, when he bade farewell forever to that gay

and fickle city, and went to London to assume the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Great Britain. It was not to be expected that Mr. Adams' diary would throw any new light on the state of France or of Paris during this memorable period; but he was a keen observer, hungry for information, and he saw all that a stranger could well see. He mingled with the excessive crowds which thronged the theatres in February; was one of the very small audiences in March, when the orchestras played "Henri Quatre" and "Gabrielle," and "the pillars of the Palais Royal were plastered with appeals to arms against Bonaparte;" and he joined the throngs which rushed to the same theatres in April, when every one was shouting "Vive l'Empereur," and clamoring for "Le Chant du Départ" and the "Marseillaise" between the acts. The record of three days tells the whole story, and points the moral. On the 19th of March, Mr. Adams "went out half an hour before dinner, and walked round by the Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel, where a great concourse of people was assembled. The king was going out to review the troops, who are to march out to-morrow morning to meet Napoleon. No appearance of anything like defection to the royal cause was discernible, but the countenances of the attendants at the Tuileries marked dejection." The next day, he found "most of the shops in the street shut, it being the Monday of Passion-week. There was a great crowd of people upon the Boulevards, but the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' had already been substituted for those of 'Vive le Roi!'" On Tuesday, the 21st, he writes, "I walked out on the Boulevards, and saw some of the troops entering the city. I had found by my newspaper, which was brought me, this morning, with the title of 'Journal de l'Empire,' that the Emperor had arrived between eight and nine o'clock last evening at the Palace of the Tuileries, at the head of the same troops which had been sent out in the morning to oppose him." Continuing his walk through the Place Vendôme and the garden of the Tuileries, he saw the emperor reviewing several regiments of cavalry which had joined his standard: "I mixed with the crowd of people," he proceeds, "heard their cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and heard their conversations among themselves. The troops were the same garrison of Paris which had been sent out against Napoleon,

and who entered the city with him last evening. The front of their helmets and the clasps of their belts were still glowing with the arms of the Bourbons, the three flower de luces." And to this he adds a remark which every reader will appreciate, — "The crowd were laughing and joking, and talking about the Rhine, the natural boundary of France, and swearing vengeance against the Prussians." But Mr. Adams was not deceived by such frivolous talk. On the 6th of May, only six weeks before the battle of Waterloo, and less than two months before Blücher entered Paris, he writes, "War appears now to be certain, which the allies will profess to wage only against Napoleon Bonaparte. The first thought and object of the inhabitants of Paris will be to save themselves. They have no attachment to either the Bourbons or to Napoleon. They will submit quietly to the victorious party, and will do nothing in support of either. If the same spirit should prevail throughout France, Napoleon will soon be overthrown."

Mr. Adams reached London on the 25th of May, and remained there as representative of the United States for a little more than two years. His first duty was, in connection with Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin, as one of the Commissioners for negotiating a treaty of commerce with the government to which he was accredited. The negotiations had been already commenced when he arrived, and were completed within four or five weeks afterward, but not without a renewal of the heart-burnings and the dissensions which had occurred at Ghent. On the conclusion of the treaty a question arose between Mr. Adams and his colleagues as to the form in which the two copies should be drawn up for signing. In the British draft the British Government and Plenipotentiaries were named first. Mr. Adams insisted that in our counterpart the order should be reversed, and the United States named first; but both Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin thought it a matter of no importance, and were averse to throwing the whole business into confusion for what they regarded as a mere punctilio. At length the discussion became painfully animated. But Mr. Adams insisted on his point, which was finally yielded by his colleagues. The American counterpart was drawn up according to his directions, and was signed by the British Plenipotentiaries without objection.

No minister could have been more watchful of the interests of his country than Mr. Adams was during his residence in London; but we need not retrace the history of the conferences and notes which formed the regular routine of his diplomatic life, and which can present very few attractions to readers not specially interested in the questions discussed. Of the statesmen with whom he was brought into official relations, or whom he saw in Parliament or in society, we have occasional notices, but much less is said about them than we hoped to find. Of Lord Castlereagh, with whom Mr. Adams was necessarily brought into more frequent intercourse than with any other person in England, we merely read in the account of their first interview, "His deportment is sufficiently graceful, and his person is handsome. His manner was cold, but not absolutely repulsive." "He seems to me scarcely ever to have a distinct remembrance of anything," is the shrewd observation at a later period. "He speaks with tolerable fluency," we read in another place, "but is greatly deficient in precision. His sentences are never grammatical or congruent. They begin with a fire and end with a waterfall. If his speeches were taken down word for word as they are delivered, they would make nonsense; and this is the reason why the opposition have, or affect, so much contempt for his understanding. But although his sentences are ill-constructed, so that like Gonzales' Commonwealth, their latter end forgets their beginning, yet they generally do make out to convey an idea to the mind of the hearers, and that idea is often strong enough to make an impression." The Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, is described as "a man of remarkable mildness of manner." On the other hand, we are not at all surprised that Mr. Adams should say of Mr. Canning, who was then in Spain, that he "had a little too much wit for a Minister of State." At a later date, in an account of a dinner at the French Ambassador's, we read, "Mr. Canning came late, after the company had sat down to table. He made acquaintance with me by asking me to help him to a dish that was before me, and to take a glass of wine with him. After dinner, at his request, the Earl of Liverpool formally introduced me to him. This gentleman, whose celebrity is great, and whose talents are perhaps greater than those of any other member of the Cabinet, has been invariably

noted for the bitterness of his inveteracy against the United States, and I suppose considers it a rule of personal courtesy to make up by an excess of civility for the rancor which he has so constantly manifested against us." The account of Brougham is amusing, for its failure to recognize his most striking characteristic. "Mr. Brougham is not a man of wit," we are told, "but has taste and learning, great information, indefatigable industry, and a moderate portion of eloquence." Peel is described as "quite a young man, but already in high repute, and likely to become the most distinguished personage in the kingdom;" and one of his speeches in the House of Commons, in May, 1817, is pronounced "one of the most eloquent that I ever heard." It was against the Catholic claims, of which, it will be remembered, Peel was, twelve years afterward, the successful champion; and it "had the effect to make the worse appear the better reason. It far more than outweighed all the speeches in their favor. It was heard with the most undivided attention, and at its close was long and loudly cheered from every part of the house. Its style and manner were altogether temperate, but persuasive; energetic, but without vehemence; the language elegant and plain, but moderately ornamented; the sentiments so liberal that they almost disguised the illiberality of the cause."

We have, also, two or three notices of John Wilson Croker, of whose review of Macaulay's "History of England" it was once wittily said, that "he meant murder, but committed suicide." In February, 1817, Mr. Adams writes, "Croker is one of the scavengers of the ministry, a Quarterly Reviewer, a Courier scribbler, and, above all, an inveterate and rancorous enemy to America. He is Secretary to the Admiralty, and obtained from the Lords an increase of his salary for a whole quarter, on pretext of the two days of Algerine war." In May, on occasion of a visit of Mr. Adams to the House of Commons, Croker came under the gallery, and spoke to him. "He was courteous in his compliments," Mr. Adams writes, "and hoped our countries would continue long in cordial friendship with each other, as they ought never to have any differences other than as brothers. Croker's real sentiments with regard to America are so well known, and he knows they are so well known, that I set down his kind words to me neither to the

account of politeness nor of hypocrisy, but simply to that of impudence, for which he is highly renowned." Of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., we have an equally unfavorable portrait. "The character of this person," we read, "is a composition of obtundity and of frivolity. He is a Falstaff without the wit, and a Prince Henry without the compunctions. His only talent is that of mimicry, which he exercises without regard to dignity or decorum, to the fitness of his own character or the feelings of others. His supreme delight is to expose persons dependent upon him to ridicule, and to enjoy their mortification."

But by far the most interesting passage in the English portion of the diary is the account of a conversation with Sir James Mackintosh, whom Mr. Adams met at a dinner-party at Holland House, in the summer of 1816. "I said two or three silly things," is Mr. Adams' confession, "and was altogether stiff and dull beyond my usual measure." At the outset Mackintosh, who was then engaged in the preparation of his "History of England" from the Revolution of 1688, asked him if he thought Dr. Franklin was "sincere in the professions which he made here, that he lamented the Revolution which was to separate the colonies from Great Britain; which he said he did the day before he last left London, even to tears. I told him I did not believe Dr. Franklin wished for the Revolution — nor Washington. He asked me if any of the leading men had. I said, perhaps my father, Samuel Adams, and James Otis. He asked me if we had any popular writers in America. I said, none. Any good history of the Revolution? I mentioned Gordon, Ramsay, and Marshall's 'Life of Washington.' He said he had met in India several masters of American merchant vessels, particularly from Salem, and found from them that America had two strong characters of English descent, — a multitude of newspapers, and stage-coaches. He also told me that he had last year introduced Walter Scott to Mr. Clay, the first of his admirers that he had ever seen from Kentucky." A discussion about the merits of the "Waverley Novels" then ensued, in the course of which Mackintosh said "he was himself a Scotchman, and he understood that whatever other contests there might be about other qualities, the palm of pedantry was universally awarded to his country." They then talked about the "prin-

ciple of legitimacy," which Mr. Adams was told was "merely the fashion of the day." "Hoadley was made a Bishop in the reign of George the Second, and Horsley, who somewhere called Hoadley the Republican Bishop, was made a Bishop in the reign of George the Third — the first for preaching against the principles of legitimacy, and the second for preaching in favor of them."

In March, 1817, Mr. Adams was nominated by Mr. Monroe as Secretary of State, and confirmed by the Senate. He had already received intimations from his mother, and from other sources, that the appointment was likely to be tendered to him; and when the official notification came he was able to signify at once his acceptance, and to make arrangements for leaving England. On the 15th of June he embarked at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight; and on the 6th of August he landed in New York, after an absence from home of eight years. Having spent a few days in New York, he proceeded to Boston and Quincy, for a short visit before entering on his new duties. Travelling in those days was much easier and more expeditious than it had been in the last century; but still the journey from New York to Boston was a long and tedious one. Three times a week, a steamboat left New York at seven o'clock in the morning, for New Haven, where she arrived at five or six in the afternoon. The passengers were immediately transferred to another steamboat which left at once for New London, reaching that place at five or six o'clock the next morning. There stages were waiting to take the passengers through Providence to Boston; and if no accident occurred they usually arrived before midnight, "making a complete passage from New York to Boston in forty hours." Mr. Adams reached the wharf too late for the steamboat, and was obliged to go to Providence in a sailing vessel. His journey, therefore, occupied a little more than three days. On walking around Boston he "witnessed with delight its great increase and improvements" during his absence. "The Central wharf, New Cornhill, and Common Street [now called Tremont Street] are three great masses of buildings erected within that time, and there are so many others of less extent, but contributing equally to the elegance and comfort of the place, that they compose scarcely less than half the town."

He reached Washington on Saturday afternoon, September 20th; and immediately after breakfast on Monday morning he entered on the duties of his office. The feelings with which he became a member of the administration are well expressed in a letter written to his mother in the preceding April. "I am aware," he writes, "that by the experience of our history under the present Constitution, Mr. Jefferson alone, of our four Presidents, has had the good fortune of a Cabinet harmonizing with each other and with him throughout the whole period of his administration. I know something of the difficulty of moving smoothly along with associates equal in trust, justly confident of their abilities, disdainful of influence yet eager to exercise it, impatient of control, and opposing real stubborn resistance to surmises and phantoms of encroachment; and I see that in the nature of the thing an American President's Cabinet must be composed of such materials. For myself, I shall enter upon the functions of my office with a deep sense of the necessity of union with my colleagues, and with a suitable impression that my place is subordinate; that my duty will be to support, and not to counteract or oppose, the President's administration, and that if from any cause I should find my efforts to that end ineffectual, it will be my duty seasonably to withdraw from the public service and leave to more competent persons the performance of duties to which I should find myself inadequate." In this passage we have the key to the whole of his course while in office under Mr. Monroe.

In reading this portion of Mr. Adams' diary one is most of all impressed by his laborious industry. The mere keeping of so minute a journal must have required no small amount of time and labor; but it was the least of his occupations. A great variety of new and intricate questions connected with either our foreign or our domestic policy had to be considered; instructions were to be drawn up for our ministers to other powers, — to some on their appointment, and to others in the ordinary course of the Secretary's duties; a difficult and embarrassing negotiation was to be carried on with the Spanish ambassador, for the settlement of our claims against Spain and for the acquisition of Florida; the course to be pursued by the administration in consequence of

Gen. Jackson's capture of Pensacola, and his execution of Ambrister and Arbuthnot, had to be determined on; and the policy in regard to the recognition of the independence of the Spanish Colonies had to be settled. There were, also, numerous private claims on the government to be investigated. To these questions, and to all the duties of his office, Mr. Adams gave the closest attention; and probably no Secretary of State was ever more industrious or ever devoted his time more unreservedly to the public service. From the first to the last he was loyal to his chief, and identified himself with the success of Mr. Monroe's administration. He can scarcely, indeed, have helped feeling his great superiority to Mr. Monroe, the most commonplace and insignificant of our early Presidents; but it would not be easy to find in the diary any passage from which this inference can be drawn; and it is not sustained by the general tone of remark. The most unfavorable comments on the head of the government which we remember to have noticed are these two, — one in January, 1818, the other near the close of that year. "There is slowness," Mr. Adams writes, under the earlier date, "want of decision, and a spirit of procrastination in the President, which perhaps arises more from his situation than his personal character." At the later period he writes, "The President takes impressions very hastily, and they are apt to unsettle his judgment for a short time." Elsewhere he writes, "There is what in vulgar language is called an undertow always working upon and about the President, — what used in England to be called a back-stairs influence, — of which he never says anything to me, and which I discover only by its effects." And in another place he recognizes the fact that Mr. Monroe had "no relish for literature and philosophy." But if we can trust the impression produced by reading this part of the diary, Mr. Adams had a real regard for the President.

With his associates in the Cabinet his relations were less satisfactory. Mr. Calhoun, at that time Secretary of War, is the only one of whom he writes with any degree of cordiality. In December, 1819, just on the eve of the discussion of the Missouri Question, he records in his diary that he told Mr. Calhoun "he expected more from him than from any other man living to the benefit of the public service of this country." Mr. Crawford and

Mr. Adams were both aspirants for the successorship to the Presidency on the close of Mr. Monroe's term of service; and it was natural that neither should look on the other with an admiring eye, though Mr. Adams, at least, was above petty intrigue. So early as March, 1818, Mr. A. H. Everett asked him if he was determined to do nothing with a view to promote his election to the Presidency. Mr. Adams replied he should do "absolutely nothing," and adds, "I never, by the most distant hint to any one, expressed a wish for any public office, and I should not now begin to ask for that which of all others ought to be most freely and spontaneously bestowed." But it is certain that he watched very closely both Mr. Crawford and Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The evidences of his distrust of the former are very numerous. In April, 1818, he writes, "This is not the first time that I have seen the drift of Crawford's advice. While he is assiduously making friends to himself, he has no objection to my making as many enemies to myself as circumstances will admit." In the following January he records the opinion that "Crawford's interest and stimulus of personal ambition, prematurely roused by his having been started as a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Monroe at the late election, now pushes him not only to contribute in running down Jackson as a formidable rival, but even to counteract, as much as is in his power, the general success of the administration, and particularly that of the Department of State." In November he writes that Crawford "takes special care to recommend no measures which could bring a breath of unpopularity upon his own department. He advances other opinions more for the sake of being in collision with mine than from any special attachment to them as his own. I ought to lay it down as a rule to myself never to oppose any opinion advanced by Crawford in the Cabinet, when I know that without my opposition the President will not adopt it." A little later he says, the President "sees, and I see with pain, that upon all subjects of eminent importance, Crawford's opinion is becoming whatever is not mine." And finally, in January, 1820, he writes, "Every act and thought of Crawford looks to the next Presidency. All his springs of action work not upon the present, but upon the future, and yet his path in the department is now beset with

thorns, from which he shrinks, and which I think he will not ward off with success."

There are also notices of other prominent statesmen, or opinions about them, which are worth citing. In March, 1818, Mr. Adams refers to John Forsyth, then a member of the House of Representatives from Georgia, as "a man of mild, amiable disposition and good habits, but neither by weight of character, force of genius, nor keenness of spirit at all able to cope with Clay." A year later the same gentleman is described as "a man of some talents, but very intolerant." And in February, 1820, after he had been for some time Minister to Spain, Mr. Adams writes, "Forsyth was appointed to that mission by Crawford's influence, strongly against my inclination. He had neither the experience, nor the prudence, nor the sincerity, nor the delicacy of sentiment suited for such a station. But it suited Crawford's views that Forsyth should be pushed forward, and he was so." Of Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President in the administration of Mr. Van Buren, we read, "Johnson is a man who can refuse no favor to any person. He would recommend two persons for one and the same place, rather than say no to any one of them." In February, 1820, another celebrated man is brought under our notice in the diary. In that month Mr. Adams went into the House of Representatives, and heard John Randolph speak between three and four hours on the Missouri Question. "His speech, as usual, had neither beginning, middle, nor end," we are told. "Egotism, Virginian aristocracy, slave-scourging liberty, religion, literature, science, wit, fancy, generous feelings and malignant passions constitute a chaos in his mind, from which nothing orderly can ever flow. The House was in committee of the whole, Cobb, of Georgia, in the chair. Clay, the Speaker, twice called Randolph to order. The chairman pronounced him not in order. He disputed the call and the decision as long as he could, and then, as if yielding, said he would try t'other tack. It was useless to call him to order: he can no more keep order than he can keep silence." Rufus King, then a Senator from New York, Mr. Adams thought, was the only man from the free States, in either House of Congress, "able to cope in powers of the mind with William Pinkney or James Barbour."

On the question of slavery Mr. Adams' views were early formed,

and they are clearly indicated in numerous passages in his diary; but he does not seem to have sympathized altogether with the opposition to the admission of Missouri, and he freely expressed the opinion that there must be a compromise between the two parties. He did not doubt the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in any of the new States where it did not already exist; but he thought it was impracticable to attempt its exclusion from Arkansas and Missouri. His hatred of slavery itself was as strong then as it was at any later period of his life. "Never since human sentiments and human conduct were influenced by human speech was there a theme for eloquence like the free side of this question now before the Congress of this Union," is his language. And after lamenting that the most eloquent orators were on the other side, he adds, "Oh, if but one man could arise with a genius capable of comprehending, a heart capable of supporting, and an utterance capable of communicating those eternal truths that belong to this question, to lay bare in all its nakedness that outrage upon the goodness of God, human slavery, now is the time and this is the occasion, upon which such a man will perform the duties of an angel upon earth!"

Of his special services in the Department of State, and of the general character of his administration of it, we shall speak when we reach the close of his second term in office. The history of those years, we suppose, will fill the greater part of the next two volumes; and in those volumes we shall, without doubt, witness also the gathering of the clans for the Presidential contest of 1824–25.

C. C. Smith.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, WITH NOTICES, OF REV. DR. CHANNING.

THE proposition of the American Unitarian Association to raise twenty thousand dollars as a fund for the circulation of the works of Channing, and the publication of the marvellously cheap one-dollar edition of his works,* with the offer to give any settled minister in this country not owning his works a copy of it, lead to a review of his character and influence. I wish to add, also, a few reminiscences to those given in a former number of this magazine. The recent publication of the correspondence between Dr. Channing and Miss Aiken gives us gleams from the inner life of that great man, of intense interest. We have so long been quickened and elevated by his varied public productions that we earnestly desire to know more of his private thought and experience. It is much to see anything of the hidden motions of a spirit so sensitive to all that is pure, noble, broad, and tender in this our common life. We instinctively catch with eagerness every word that reveals to us the man himself.

This popular interest is enhanced in those who were privileged with a personal knowledge of Dr. Channing. Can we ever forget that slight frame, gliding through the street, in mid-winter muffled so closely against the air, an apparent youth in the garb of a man? We are not surprised that he regarded himself as having for long years but the slenderest hold upon life. No wonder that often, from day to day, it required the tenderest nursing to keep the soul in the body. See him on Sunday, as he moves up the pulpit stairs; his debility fills you with sympathy and anxiety. He sinks exhausted on his seat, and when he rises to give out a hymn, he is too weak, you fear, for the service. The first tones of his voice, though feeble, are yet marked by an exquisite modulation; the prayer, low and reverential, stirs the hushed congre-

* The Works of William E. Channing, D.D. Complete in one volume. 8vo. pp. 931. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1875. Price $1.00.

gation to devoutness. After another hymn, read with more strength, is sung, he rises for the sermon. A few sentences are uttered, when you feel that out of all this weakness there are coming words of a divine energy. His eye kindles, his voice gains strength, and, forgetting his delicate figure, you are borne on, in progressive sway, assured that this man is a power to move and thrill, and inspire, such as God rarely sends upon earth.

Perhaps we have never had a more striking demonstration of the power of the human will over the body than this. Read the sermon on "Life a Divine Gift," * and you feel how essential health is to the harmonious exercise of the intellectual and moral nature. And yet the writer of that discourse was a life-long invalid. How did he, how could he have so risen above his physical frailty, and produced this series of world-renowned works? He had, it is true, the advantage on one side of a vigorous ancestry. His grandfather, William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, lived to the age of ninety-three, and two of his own brothers have already reached a good old age. We should give him credit, too, for great care of himself. His wise words may well be heeded by our students and writers, "The only true specifics for keeping health are exercise, temperance (in the large sense of the word), and cheerfulness.

The union of apparently conflicting elements in Dr. Channing was most striking. He combined great physical weakness with a still greater mental energy; in private conversation he seemed at times feeble, suffering, and dependent; his voice was low and his utterance difficult. If you did not notice his eyes, you would often think him languid, perhaps destitute of force. Being human, he, of course, showed the imperfection of our nature. Of a very ardent and excitable temperament, he was yet a model of self-control. I remember seeing but a single instance of the slightest loss of this power. At the council for the ordination of one of our young ministers, he was strenuous for a written certificate of church-membership from the candidate; and as, for a strong reason, that document could not be presented to the council, he was unwilling to give his vote for the ordination to proceed.

* The Perfect Life, pp. 123–151.

The discussion on this point elicited some feeling on his part. But, however any of us might at the present day dissent from his position, this incident gave proof of his thorough conscientiousness even in the least things; and that to an exalted spirituality he united firm adherence to what he regarded as important ecclesiastical forms.

Many illustrations might be given of the completeness and harmony of his moral and intellectual developments. With large ideality he combined practical good sense. He possessed a comprehensive mind, and large reasoning powers, and a capacity for nice discriminations in argument, and yet he was never cold and severe. His affections were deep and delicate, almost feminine indeed; Father Taylor once said to me, comparing him with one of our rare men who seemed at times somewhat cynical, "Dr. Channing is a sweet spirit." Reason and sensibility were never divorced either in his works or his character. To an unquestioned moral courage he joined a singular tenderness of spirit; he who was dauntless in every point of duty, and heroic in his public utterances, was sensitive as a little child in private intercourse.

So earnest was he in conversation on certain topics that we felt he must love disputation; he would question, and take the opposite side, and appear at times a pyrrhonist, so full was he of doubts. But all the while his aim was to elicit the truth, and the whole truth, on the subject before you. The inquirer, the seemingly almost denier in private would, in this way, at least reach conclusions, which in his discourses you heard him maintain with the deepest moral enthusiasm.

His tender tribute to his personal friend, Dr. Follen,* is an unconscious portraiture in many of its touching passages of his own personal experiences. To one privileged to know them both, sentence after sentence is a refrain of two noble spirits, who, we saw, must have drunk sorrows and joys from a common cup. Dr. Follen filled the pulpit of Federal Street Church for a time, during the illness and absence abroad of the colleague pastor. Although not in full sympathy with Garrison, he was a decided abolitionist. I have by me the records of our anti-slavery society formed to

* Channing's Works, new edition, pp. 607–618.

temper the course of those who were thought harsh in their language toward the South. Being secretary of this association, I became somewhat intimate with Dr. Follen, and know well how thorough and pronounced were his abolition principles. He did not hesitate indeed to write and speak on this subject in public as well as in private. Dr. Channing was in perfect sympathy with him; and he desired him as his temporary associate in the pulpit. He expressed this wish to the standing committee of his society. "By no means," one of its prominent members was reported to have said, "by no means can we consent to have our pulpit occupied by an abolitionist." If this account be true, it illustrates remarkably the state of public opinion at that time on the anti-slavery question, and shows the marvellous revolution produced in it by the recent emancipation of the colored race on our soil.

The prophetic spirit of Dr. Channing, everywhere discernible, is seen in one of his letters to Miss Aiken, in which he replies to some suggestion of hers in regard to American slavery. He saw in the power of Christian principles, a force that he felt confident must ultimately lead to its abolition. Referring to influences of a milder nature, he says that, to effect great reforms, "convulsions" are sometimes "necessary." "If men resist a beneficent renovation, the same awful Providence, which has in times past shaken the social state, will again heave it from its foundations." But little did he apparently imagine the end of American slavery was so near, when, in 1842, he gave that glorious address on emancipation in the West Indies, and in his inspiring peroration offered the kindling petition, "Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness and love, for which the faithful have so long yearned! Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong," — little could he have conceived that in his own loved country, and within the very generation then passing, his sublime prayer would be answered.

Dr. Channing combined great hopefulness with the wisdom of caution. In one of his letters to Miss Aiken he alludes to her inquiry about transcendentalism in America. With appreciation of the character and spirit of its friends, he criticises their movement. "We have," he says, "some noble-minded men, chiefly

young, who are dissatisfied with the present, have thrown off all tradition, and talk of deriving all truth from their own souls. They have some great truths at bottom, but of course wanting the modification which always comes from looking over the whole ground and seeing what is due to other truths. One discussion has risen out of this movement, respecting the place which miracles hold in Christianity. This school rests the religion wholly on internal evidence."

This passage recalls an incident which occurred about the time this letter was written. A controversy had occurred between Prof. Norton, who advocated with zeal the supernatural claims of Christianity, and Rev. George Ripley, of Boston, who defended the transcendental view of this question. Happening to occupy Dr. Channing's pulpit one Sunday afternoon at this period, and, sympathizing somewhat with the newly advanced ideas, I preached on the paramount authority of consciousness in the province of religion. After the services the doctor, with that kindness which always marked his deportment toward the young men of the profession, and with an admirable candor, said to me, "I agree with you on the great value of the evidence of consciousness, but I attach much importance also to the argument for Christianity drawn from its miracles." Probably we did not differ essentially in our estimate of these two sources of evidence; in any event, his criticism furnished me a good lesson, needed how often by the inexperienced preacher, on the necessity of guarding statements in the pulpit against possible misconceptions. He then said, "I wish I could invite you home with me; but the morning's preaching has so exhausted me that I am unfitted, as I usually am on Sunday, for conversation." His frank manner of avowing his physical weakness, and at the same time showing his regard for the feelings of others, could not but be well received.

A passage in one of his letters is quite important as serving to correct an erroneous impression held by some persons during his life in regard to his estimate of himself and his own works. A friend once spoke to me of his undue self-esteem, and referred to his very frequent use of the pronoun in the first person singular. But this judgment was singularly unjust, as is made manifest in many ways. Why should not one speak of himself simply and

naturally as he would of another? There is often more self-consciousness and real egotism betrayed in a studied avoidance of the frank speaking of self, than in a direct utterance of what is felt and thought on the subject. In one's private letters he is quite sure to give his true opinion of himself. And how is it in the case before us? "You ask," he says to Miss Aiken, "about my great work. I have nothing great about me, but the undeveloped within." In another place he writes, self-distrustfully, yet as we now see without good reason, "Pardon my egotism," — "I see far higher reputations fading away; and who am I that I should live? Providence is to raise up higher lights. . . . What better can we ask?"

Who that ever spent an hour with Dr. Channing in private could accuse him of egotism? When about to be ordained, knowing that he had preached on several similar occasions before, I suggested that possibly he might render us a similar service. One of the committee of our parish accompanied me to his house on Mount Vernon Street in the evening to ask this favor; we found him seated with his family quietly engaged with a book, his accustomed shade over his eyes. He rose with the volume in his hands, and, laying that aside, spoke in a tone full of kindness, and with perfect simplicity, and even humility in his manner. He was preparing, he said, a sermon for the annual election, which compelled him to decline our request. But it was done with a consideration and a gentleness of manner never to be forgotten.

No man appreciated all genuine work more than he, or sympathized more deeply with the laboring classes. Some have imagined he was largely a theorist, not to say inclined at times to mere sentiment. But this allegation or suspicion did him great injustice. He was a friend to the poor, and sometimes visited them in their lowly abodes. It was his delicate health, and his absorption in the great work of his study and his pen, that alone prevented him from rendering them more personal attention. He wrote much, and how wisely and well, in behalf of the laboring classes; but this was not all. He had an eye to see many of their individual hardships, and did see them. I recollect the interest he took in the hackmen of Boston; and that he expressed a wish to have something done to relieve them of their exposure

while waiting in storm and cold, not only at places of public amusement, but often in private dwellings for those who, amid their own plenty and comfort, were inconsiderate of this exposed and suffering class.

We have seen an increased care for the needs of the laborer in many directions since the death of this great philanthropist; and not a little of it may be traced to the influence of his writings. That system of lecturing, by which valuable courses have been given before our mechanics' associations and other similar bodies, may be traced largely to his example in giving two lectures, one prepared for a meeting of mechanic apprentices, and the other of adults, delivered many years ago before the "Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association." His broad and inspiring views on the great subject of "Self-culture" awakened a marvellous interest, at the time, both through this country and Great Britain, in the elevation of the laborer. To this stimulus we owe largely the eloquent addresses of Robertson in England, and of an uncounted company who by the pen and the voice have followed in this bright train.

Some of the best thoughts of Dr. Channing may be found in his "Remarks on Education." We received an impulse from them in those early days of the new departure on that great subject. We had not then heard the ripe wisdom of Wayland, one of the grandest of our New England educators in the pulpit and the university. It was many years before Horace Mann so roused us of his generation on this grand theme of a higher public-school education. As we look back on his noble figure, that classic brow, that eye of fire, that brave front, the impersonation of dauntless reform, and think what a work he did for Massachusetts schools and for the cause of education throughout our whole country, we see, in the distance beyond, the frail form of Channing, and remember the thrilling tones in which he spoke on the same high topic.

On no subject was he more wise and true than on that of self-culture. If we look at the lecture he gave before the "Franklin Association," we see how he at once rises above that low view which makes it the chief object of education to prepare one to earn a livelihood by his vocation. "You tell me," he says,

"that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer that man is a greater name than president or king. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations, which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade?"

He carried the same broad idea into the Sunday school; nothing seems to him so objectionable as false ideas of God, heaven, and duty, and mechanical modes of moral and religious instruction. The teacher is to act on free beings, and he must bring out the latent powers of the child. He must be so taught that he will love the truth and seek it above all earthly treasures. It was my privilege to hear his discourse preached in his own church of an evening, on the office of the Sunday school. As he proceeded, and spoke of the three great principles to be awakened in the child's character, he seemed rising from height to height. "Spirituality," how by that word, he put to flight the vagaries of a low, materialistic theology, and lifted us into the pure and celestial region where Christ dwelt even while on earth. "Disinterestedness," as he spoke on that great theme, we thought nothing so mean as selfishness, and formed purposes of bursting its dread bands from our own souls. And when the series of great truths culminated in the "infinity of the prospect" opened before men by Christianity, we realized the narrow, murky vale in which our minds habitually dwell. The preacher bore us with himself to those mountain-heights where Christ stood, where he uttered the imperishable words, "He that believeth on me shall never die." The darkness of night and nature around us slowly vanished, and I felt, as never before, that verily in the Lord Jesus life and immortality were brought to light.

Theodore Parker said he was conscious of his immortality. Few men ever wrote or spoke on this topic like Channing. He reasoned most cogently upon it; his sermon on "Immortality"

is a compact argument; it is, as was said of another production, "logic on fire." That on the "Future Life" is more intuitional; we seem, as we read it, to see heaven's door opened, and amid throngs of the glorified, the faces of dear friends beam, one after another, upon our vision. I recollect well one occasion, when Dr. Channing officiated at a funeral, and made it throughout his prayer a theme of thanksgiving that the pure spirit had entered its heavenly home. All tears seemed to be dried up in the bright sun of the everlasting world. His bosom friend, Dr. Tuckerman, who was present, congratulated him on lifting even the mourning circle out of their griefs into the calm and joyous certainties of the celestial sphere. Often did one rise, as he uttered the word "immortality" in the pulpit, into the same blessed faith.

It was always to be observed of Channing, that he took the largest view of which the subject before him was susceptible. Instead of limiting himself, as so many do, to personal relations and to the narrow bounds of time and circumstance, he passed easily and naturally out to the broadest fields and the widest range. He was never content with what is tame, commonplace, and conventional. He prized the more limited affections; never did a man enjoy and preserve friends better than he; Story, Tuckerman, Phillips, Follen, and others, — what a noble company known to fame, were in that circle; and of rare and devout women many tender hearts were in communion with his. The matchless sermon on a "Future Life," a boon to untold multitudes in their personal bereavement, was written after the loss of "a very dear friend." To his nearest circle his own death was a sad loss; for each year of his life he partook of its joys, with more and more zest. But not confined to this, he was a patriot, early and late, constant in his love, his labors, and his prayers for his own land. And beyond all these and other limitations he was in the broadest sense a genuine philanthropist. Everything which touched the great interests of humanity entered his particular soul, and employed his consecrated time.

Whatever subject he takes up, if his treatment of it begin with a single nation, it soon spreads out to other lands, and includes the entire race. At a moment when England and America are

threatened with war, he gives a lecture on that great curse of humanity, and says in the preface to it, "The relations between these countries cannot become hostile, without deranging, more or less, the intercourse of all other communities, and bringing evils on the whole Christian world." In that most wise, comprehensive, and practical "Address on Temperance," delivered in 1837, we are to notice first, his interest in the occasion. It was given on "the day appointed for the simultaneous meeting of the friends of temperance throughout the world." In the exordium he rejoices to see before him, "representatives of various societies for the promotion of temperance." And he eloquently exclaims, "What a noble testimony does this meeting bear to the spirit and influences of the Christian faith!" And he speaks of it as "now manifesting itself more and more, in new and increasing efforts of philanthropy for the redemption of the world from every form of evil." So did his broad spirit in his last, crowning, and glorious effort pass beyond his own country, and exult in emancipation in the British West Indies because it was, as he said, "an era in the annals of philanthropy."

It was a happy thought of the editor of the volume of Channing's sermons published in 1872, to give as its title "The Perfect Life." Nothing short of perfection should be associated with the aims, efforts, and productions of this great man. We are glad to know that they were written, too, in the last ten years of his life. It is fitting that the successive series of his public discourses should culminate, after having taken us through the long range of his more abstract and profound productions, and given us also the bright line of thought, imagery, illustration, affection, — all that goes to make up the effective practical sermon, — it is fitting that this grand series of inspiring words should culminate in the simple, tender, and friendly strains of this last gift of his public utterances, and this end and purpose of the whole, "The Perfect Life."

What we have said of the breadth of Channing's views in his public utterances is true also of his private conversation. In those gatherings of friends and acquaintances where topics of social interest were discussed, however wise the remarks of others, he usually had a wisdom beyond theirs. Men of large thought and

liberal culture, and from various callings and professions might he present, and say excellent things. And yet you saw by the doubts he suggested, the limits he set up, his hard questions, his sharp criticisms and bold objections, that he saw depths of the subject below your own best vision. He might at last come to acquiesce in your opinion; but it would be only after a delay, and after a persistence and firmness of opposition, which, gentle and kind as his manner always was, promised you, for long reaches, anything but a final assent.

This same temper appeared, indeed, in some of his writings. He took on some subjects a singularly independent ground. For example, in regard to associations, which in his day were becoming more and more frequently formed, his earnest advocacy of personal independence of thought and action led him to oppose many of these, and some which were quite popular. "No man," he says, "should part with his individuality." "No process is so fatal as that which would cast all men into one mold." He contrasts strongly the claims of family, neighborhood, country, and humanity with those of missions, peace, and charitable societies, and warns us against artificial associations when compared with those of nature. While he commends all good institutions of this kind, he thinks much harm is done by others. He specifies the "General Union to Promote the Observance of the Sabbath," and thinks it may tend in the end to foster intolerance and oppression. It is manifest he would, if now among us, sternly oppose the association for introducing points of religious belief into the Constitution of the United States. Indeed, he signed a petition, I recollect, against punishing by law Abner Kneeland for his atheistic utterances.

Dr. Channing, instead of being narrowed, as many of us are, by advancing years, was less and less limited and sectarian in his views and feelings. In that noble "Discourse on the Church," preached the very year before his death, we see how he spurns all ecclesiastical fetters and every mere denominational barrier. And the same year he writes, "I speak as an independent Christian." "I can endure no sectarian bonds." "With Dr. Priestley I have less sympathy than with many of the Orthodox." Indeed, one cannot but think that, had he lived to our day, had

he shared in the action of our recent convention at Saratoga, and were he now in his pulpit, and using his weighty pen, he would be in the front rank of the present Unitarian movement; he would rejoice in the growing indications of harmony and fellowship between the spiritual and evangelical portions of long-separated Christian bodies.

Such men as Channing do not grow old with the lapse of years. We who saw him, on and on, from his early manhood to his closing days, remember how little he changed, even in personal appearance, with the approach of age. It seemed to one who looked on him in his meridian, that he felt more the effects of toil and time, and his face was more pallid and care-worn than in the last year of his life. At that time his countenance grew more radiant, and he manifestly felt more at ease, and enjoyed this world as he never had before. It is touching to read his own language on this subject: "I enjoy fine weather as I did not in my youth." "I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds." "I am waking up more to the mysteries of harmony." That last summer, and when nearly sixty-three years old, amid the exquisite beauties of Lenox, he writes, "Here I am finding life a sweet cup as I approach what we called its dregs."

We are not surprised at the glow of youthfulness in one so elastic and hopeful as Dr. Channing. Gloom had no resting-place in his nature. With his views of the all-embracing goodness of God, how could he droop and despond under his beneficent Providence? Looking, as he did, upon man as the child of a heavenly Father, and the whole race as embosomed in his love, the future was to him full of cheering anticipations. In the high and broad development of his own personal character, and his conscious connection with the entire race, he could not but see tokens of its glorious capacities and progress.

And here we reach the ground we have for believing that the works of Channing are to have a permanent place in the history of humanity. Their circulation is not limited to his own country, but will extend as far as the English language is spoken and written. Nor will they stop here: already they have been, in whole or in part, translated in France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and

even in Iceland. Many causes will contribute to their diffusion and perpetuity.

Writings which cover so wide a range of topics are suited to meet the wants of every people and every age. It is rare to find in so large a field so very little of a merely local or temporary interest. They treat of religion; and that is a subject of interest to every human being. They embrace the world-wide classes of men, and concern all alike. Education is discussed in them, and the lowest and the highest of our race have a stake in that. Temperance is here treated, and its tremendous issues reach every class of society. "Self-culture," who has no lot or part in that? War is of interest to every nation and tribe on earth; and when dare we hope these wise counsels will be no longer needed to call men to lay aside its cruel works, and live together as brethren? As we write we can see the effect of his works on the great "International Association," which is aiming to establish a code of laws binding on the commonwealth of nations, by which their disputes shall be settled, like the differences of individuals, not by the sword, but by legal arbitration. Let Channing's abhorrence of this barbarous custom, and his inculcations of righteousness and peace prevail, and then, through his, and other Christian and pacific influences, the world will at last exhibit what he yearned and prayed and labored to accomplish, — a universal peace.

The impression Dr. Channing produced personally was not so much that of genius as of rare goodness. The corner-stone of his character was, I think, conscientiousness. He appeared not alone to do, but think and feel, only what he regarded as right. This predominant trait he expresses in a letter. With all his power, and culture, and mental superiority, he says, as he draws near the close of his life, "I am less and less a worshiper of mere intellect." The moral and spiritual nature, common to the lofty and the lowly alike, and its largest development, he more and more prized as the true end of man's life. His writings will spread and have a permanent influence because they show daily the identity of all minds with that of God, and their identity through him with each other. These two principles are universal, and they must therefore be everlasting.

A. B. Muzzey.

EZRA STILES GANNETT.*

We give below the title of a very valuable and excellent book. It has been prepared with great care and skill. It is not so much a collection of facts as a living portraiture from the mind of the writer. And yet the features are those of the father as we saw and knew him. They are neither glorified nor distorted by any undue reverence or mistaken judgment or unskillful treatment on the part of the son. We have never read a biography, so entirely the product of the author's mind, which was more entirely true as a likeness. There are no exaggerations, no false colorings, no concealment of blemishes. If the whole effect is somewhat softened, as compared with the living subject, if death and time have done something to throw an ideal element of dignity and gentleness around the good man whom we knew in the excitements or depressions of a laborious and exhausting life, the result of it all is to give a truer picture of what he did and was than could be gained from any number of nakedly realistic or photographic impressions. The atmosphere of tender, conscientious, self-sacrificing devotion which surrounded and permeated his whole nature, and gave its character to what he did and said, could not be separated from any portrait of the man without impairing its truthfulness. We knew Dr. Gannett, not intimately, but well, for more than forty years. We have been in the habit of meeting him under a great variety of circumstances, — sometimes in very delicate situations, where his feelings were deeply and painfully tried. Our personal relations were always pleasant, and often confidential. We knew him as thoroughly as we knew any man who was already in the pulpit before we had begun to prepare for college. And we can say, with perfect sincerity, that this biography conforms in every particular to the conceptions we had of him before. It has added greatly to our knowledge of him. It has intensified our

* Ezra Stiles Gannett. Unitarian Minister in Boston, 1824–71. A Memoir. By his son, William C. Gannett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

impressions of him. In some respects it has brought us closer to him. But it has not changed our estimate of him.

The memoir seems to us to be, as far as possible in such a case, just what it should be. There is no excess of admiration. The feeling throughout is subdued and chastened. Nor, on the other hand, is there any affectation of coldness or indifference. Reverently, gently, tenderly the whole subject is treated. Scenes and actions from the past are brought vividly before us. Our memory of incidents half-forgotten is refreshed. Times of trial, of painful controversy, of energetic and successful labor, or of weariness and despondency, are revived. Through it all, the central figure is shown to us with filial tenderness, with loving sympathy, with a delicate appreciation, but with a most perfect impartiality, as if to the son, in that father's presence, it had been an impossibility to say one word beyond the truth. This quality alone would make it one of the most satisfactory memoirs that we have ever read. The writer hardly appears. Dr. Gannett, the times in which he lived, the men with whom he was associated, the changes in religious sentiment and action that were going on around him, and his relation to them, are presented clearly and strongly, and with a fairness that in almost every instance commands our confidence and assent.

And while the memoir is eminently truthful, it is also exceedingly interesting. As a psychological study, the life of Dr. Gannett is worthy of careful investigation. In his capabilities and his limitations, in what he did and what he failed to do, as an example and as a warning, his life, as here presented, may be recommended, for the lessons it teaches, to every one, but especially to every Christian minister.

We do not propose to give even a slight sketch of the character or the life of Dr. Gannett. For all that is wanted in that respect, we refer our readers to the admirable work before us. We shall only touch upon a few points which, it seems to us, may here be dwelt upon with interest and profit. Dr. Gannett was the most self-sacrificing of men, but not the most self-controlled. He gave his whole heart and life to his profession for the good of others, and yet was reproaching himself all his life long, and not without reason, for his short-comings. We know of no man in the pro-

fession who labored so hard and so constantly as he did, and yet, because of one or two minor failings which he never summoned resolution enough to subdue, he carried through life a sense of weariness which everywhere embarrassed, depressed, and weakened him. When in the Divinity School, he writes, in his private journal, "Sat up all night to finish dissertation, from ten P.M. to six A.M. wrote steadily without once closing my eyes." In going to Philadelphia, fifty years ago, to give the right-hand of fellowship to his friend and classmate, William H. Furness, he left his party before reaching the city, and spent the night at a hotel without using his bed at all, in writing what he was to deliver the next day at the ordination. And the last sermon that he ever wrote was written, part of it at least, in the night. No man in the world was ever more conscientious than he was, or more ready to spend and be spent in the service of God and man. No man had a keener delight in the exercise of his intellect, and no good and sane man lived more than he did under a shadow of humiliation and self-reproach. He believed in God. He had no doubts in regard to the great truths of Christianity, as he understood them. He was an effective preacher and a most faithful pastor. But through his ministry of almost fifty years, hope, encouragement, the thought or the prospect of success, had only the smallest place among the motives which led him onward. He had mind enough, strength of will, firmness of moral purpose, and the inward restlessness which propels men to action as a necessity of their being: but there was almost always a strange despondency following every earnest effort, and filling him with gloom. This predisposition or habit of his nature makes his life, upon the whole, a very sad one.

He had the gift of eloquence and the temperament which usually goes with it. Any one who looks carefully into the lives of very eloquent men may see at what a price their great distinction is purchased. The excitement, the enthusiasm, the exaltation, mental and physical, by which they gain such an ascendancy over those who hear them, — moving and swaying them as if they were parts of their own organization, — are almost always followed by periods of fearful depression. Fisher Ames was probably the most eloquent of all our statesmen. No speech in either branch of our national legislature ever produced a greater impression in

the delivery than the speech which he delivered on Jay's Treaty in 1796. The strongest men were overpowered by it. John Adams and Judge Iredell, sitting side by side, could express their emotions only by interjections and tears. "Not a dry eye, I believe, in the house," said Mr. Adams. And yet this wonderful burst of eloquence was followed by a period of disheartening exhaustion. Unlike Fisher Ames, Daniel Webster had a powerful physical structure, but we have heard of the terrific gloom which sometimes settled upon him in connection with his greatest efforts, and made his friends almost afraid to come near him while the fit was on him. Edmund Burke and Robert Hall, who rose at times to the sublimest pitch of eloquence, were subject also to periods of depression which for the time almost destroyed the control of their reason over them. In the great and mournful trial that is now going on in Brooklyn, the most pathetic words that have come to us are those in which the great preacher has alluded to the gloom and horror which usually accompanies the reaction after the glow and ecstasy of his Sunday services, — the heavens opening above him in joy and exultation on Sunday, to be succeeded by darkness and despair when the excitement has passed away.

Facts like these are to be borne in mind when we sit in judgment on a life like Dr. Gannett's. Eloquent statesmen and lawyers may, two or three times in a year, be called to exercise their highest powers. But congregations require that the minister should do his best every Sunday. The demand is one that, if complied with, must wear out the strongest constitution. Only the greatest possible physical vigor, and the greatest care by relaxation and amusement to recruit his exhausted energies, can enable a minister to bring his highest faculties into healthy activity, week after week, for more than three-quarters of the year. Dr. Gannett had the temperament and the gift of eloquence, — its elation, its enthusiasm, its inspiration, — the glow and the rush onwards swifter than by any steps of logic. He had its power of rising above himself, to move, persuade, excite, and he bore also the penalty that comes in the reaction which follows the exercise of such powers. It is easy to say that he ought to have spared himself; that, when he had become utterly exhausted, he should have given a day or two entirely to amusement and rest,— thus refresh-

ing himself, husbanding his physical and mental strength, till the new emergency had come. Thus he might have entered his study fresh and strong on Thursday or Friday morning, instead of coming weary and jaded on Saturday night, to prepare for Sunday. If he could have done this we cannot tell with what increasing wisdom and power he might have written and spoken. It is easy to say this and more than this. But we must not speak too confidently without understanding entirely his temperament, and the difficult and embarrassing situation in which he was placed during the early years of his ministry.

Dr. Channing, who had the gift of eloquence in as high a degree as any one that we have ever known, exercised this judicious care over himself. It had not always been so. Early in life he had wasted his strength by overdoing. But, in his later years, it was only by a wise and constant reference to what his physical condition would allow that he was able to accomplish what he did. But the very precautions that he was obliged to take stood in the way of the lessons which he endeavored, with fatherly solicitude, to impress upon his colleague. The younger minister was obliged to be always ready, sometimes not knowing till he had entered the church whether he was to preach or not.

"To stand by the side of the first preacher of Boston, the man whom the citizens revered, whom the 'brethren' hailed as chief, whom strangers sought out on the Sundays! To rise in the pulpit and meet the disappointed faces of the audience hoping to hear his elder; not to know, perhaps, till the church hour, in consequence of the frail minister's uncertain health, whether his own Saturday night's sermon was to be read or not; to have the youthful sermons and services contrasted week by week with the other's deep thought, his chastened words, his wonderful manner, — all this might make even a young and bold heart shrink."

No other young man of that day would probably have gone through the trying ordeal more successfully than he did. Dr. Dewey is the only preacher we have ever known who, Sunday after Sunday, and from the beginning to the end of the year, with few intermissions and exchanges, while still a young man, could meet his people always on the same high table-land of thought and emotion. And he broke down in health while yet in the early maturity of life, and was obliged always afterwards to measure the amount of original work he did by his physical strength. But

Dr. Gannett worked on in the same pulpit forty-five years, seldom doing justice to himself, disheartened as he was most of the time by a sense of weariness and insufficiency while not actually under the high pressure of public speaking. He did a great deal. Few men have done so much. But there was, most of the time, a jaded condition of body and mind, and sometimes there were violent and dangerous attacks which obliged him to give up all work for a season.

He never learned how to spare himself. When he came from the pulpit weary and depressed, instead of seeking refreshment or rest, he engaged immediately in other and sometimes hardly less exhausting labors. And so it went on through the year, and year after year. In this matter he was not alone. If he had been, it would be hardly worth our while to dwell here on the painful theme. We have known other ministers of rare ability following in the same path, — taking perhaps a vacation while their churches are empty during the summer, but, during the active part of the year, allowing themselves no time for relaxation or rest, — fresh and vigorous in the autumn, but wearing themselves down by unrelenting work, till, with all their intellectual and spiritual endowments, they become, before the spring is ended, hardly better than an unruly combination of discordant and depressing nervous sensibilities.

This is a very sad, but instructive, side of Dr. Gannett, as we knew him, and as we find him in the truthful portraiture that is here placed before us. In spite of it all, he did a great work. Few of the eminent men with whom he was associated did so much. He threw himself with his whole soul into whatever he undertook. He wrote with remarkable clearness and force. His earliest writings have no marks of immaturity. There is less difference between what he wrote at the age of twenty-four and what he wrote more than forty years afterwards than we remember to have noticed in any other instance.

There was the same early maturity in his theological opinions. He looked with disturbed interest, but with little personal sympathy, on the changes which Christian scholars and thinkers were passing through, — changes which affected the foundations of their belief. His own theological views were hardly affected at all by

intellectual processes which, in some important respects, were gradually undermining and revolutionizing the ideas of the Protestant world. To himself, and to those accepting his fundamental statement of facts, his doctrines were clearly defined. They were examined again and again, reproduced and re-enforced, with deepening convictions, with renewed emotions, with chastened hopes, looking rather to the throne of God than to any earthly tribunal for a righteous decision, but always the same views. With all his earnestness and intellectual strength and absolute truthfulness of mind and integrity of moral purpose, he could not sympathize with the new intellectual movements that were going on in the church and community, or enter into them so as to meet the present wants of some of the most conscientious and most gifted young men and women who were growing up around him. They honored and loved him. But intellectually and spiritually they lived in a different world from that in which he lived. His logical exactness, his clearly defined doctrines, his interpretations of Scripture, bringing everything within the reach of the understanding, failed to satisfy them. In thirty years, a new generation comes upon the stage, and any minister in a large city finds himself, in that length of time, surrounded by parishioners who have been attracted to his church by their personal and religious affinities. Very earnest friends had remained with him or gathered round him. But, to his self-distrusting and affectionate nature, the pain and discouragement caused by those who went away were not removed by the new friends who came in to fill their places.

Dr. Gannett was not a scholar. But he was a hard-working, conscientious, intelligent student, within a limited sphere. He did not go out into broad fields of speculation, or welcome or even understand the novel views and speculations which were such a joy and inspiration to some of his associates. The old expositors, who helped him so effectually in his early studies when he was struggling against the Calvinistic tendencies of his early training, continued to be his instructors to the end. The great works of historical and biblical criticism, which have almost created a new science within the present century, made little impression on him. In what should have been the most progressive of Christian de-

nominations, he remained essentially unchanged. In an age hungering and thirsting for novelties, he adhered to his first convictions, feeling that the old was better than the new. This came from no unwillingness to change opinions which he had once adopted. With open mind he went over the ground many times, and always with substantially the same result. Not new truths, but great and solemn truths, were what he sought to impress upon his people.

"I have a growing conviction," said Dr. Channing, in 1822, "that the ministry is needed in countries where Christianity is established, not so much to communicate *new* truths, as to *quicken* the truths which lie dead in the multitude; and that the qualification of a minister on which usefulness chiefly depends is, that he should speak of religion from deep conviction, with life and power, with affectionate interest, with a soul possessed and kindled by the truth, — that he should inculcate religion, not as a tradition lodged passively in the intellect, but as a reality of which he has the same living persuasion as of the most affecting interests of the present state. When I consider the earnestness and devotion demanded by such a cause as Christianity, I feel most thoroughly my imperfections, and pray God that I may live to preach with a fresh experience of its power."

This passage describes Dr. Gannett's ministry. He did not repeat old sermons. He did not write out mechanically or by rote lessons which he had already learned. Every sermon came living from his mind as a new expression of some vital truth. It was wrought out of his own soul with intense earnestness. But he was not on the alert for new truths. He was not the prophet of a new and hidden gospel, but the preacher of an old and revealed religion. His office was to unfold, illustrate, and enforce what was already known, rather than to prophesy of better things to come.

Herein was a great contrast between the two men. No person who entered at all into his mind could be with Dr. Channing half an hour without feeling that he was, what Bunsen calls him, one of the great prophets of humanity. His eyes had a far-off look, as if they were reaching into the mysteries of the kingdom of God in the search after truths which had been kept secret from

the foundation of the world. He was reaching out, in all directions, — in philosophy, science, poetry, philanthrophy, religion, — for higher truths, better methods, more comprehensive views, while at the same time he was seeking to realize in his own life the truths to which he had already attained. He kept himself in communication with the foremost minds of the age in all departments of thought. His preparations for the pulpit sometimes seemed like a succession of trials or experiments to reach after and embody some great truth in advance of all that he had yet gained. Sometimes his sermons were only the exercises by which he was working his way upward towards these higher and broader views. They were not so much well-grounded conclusions as studies, such as painters make, as helps towards mature and complete conceptions of the highest truth and beauty that can be attained.

It is interesting to read the comments of the younger man on experiments of this kind in the preaching of his senior. The following extract is from his private journal: —

"*Jan.* 5, 1840. — Dr. Channing preached a sermon of uncommon power, but of doubtful utility, in defense and illustration of the doctrine that the glory of Christianity consists not in anything peculiar to itself, but in what it has in common with the teachings 'of reason and nature;' its most important truths — e.g., the being and unity of God, human immortality, and the presence and the aid of the Divine Spirit — being only clearer declarations of what had been whispered by these other teachers. Even the character of Christ and the character of God, Dr. C. thought, were excellent and glorious rather for what they had in common with other good beings than for any attribute which they alone possessed. The discourse was powerful and bold; but, without more qualification than Dr. C. introduced, I doubt if it was not suited to do more harm than good."

Dr. Channing was exceedingly careful not to publish anything which did not contain the results of his most careful and deliberately formed convictions. What struck us most in his publications, as they came out during his later years, was the comprehensiveness of his views. When he wrote on the Roman Catholic Church, or on slavery, his article or little volume seemed to include all that was vital belonging to the subject. But his life was one perpetual reaching after something higher, deeper, better than had

yet been attained. And so not unfrequently, perhaps, his sermons were little more than studies by the way. But they were studies pointing towards something greater than had yet been reached, and their power lay in the inspiration of the prophet who stood gazing into the infinite depth of spiritual life and truth, while he was himself transformed into the image of what he saw.

Dr. Channing was more a philosopher than a logician, more a poet than a philosopher, and more a seer or prophet than a poet. But Dr. Gannett was a logician and a man of great practical ability. He knew how to organize Christian ideas into Christian institutions. He knew how to illustrate and enforce Christian precepts by turning them into Christian acts. We first met him in the autumn of 1831, as a member of the Boston school-committee, where his services were of great value. In all practical matters, relating to education, to public or private charities, or to the moral and religious improvement of society, no minister in Boston probably has done a greater work than he. He did not, indeed, like Dr. Tuckerman, inaugurate a new form of ministry to the poor, but, by establishing the Boston Fraternity of Churches, he multiplied and strengthened the hands of those who should engage in that work, and greatly enlarged the sphere of their labors. The annual collation given to Unitarian ministers and their wives was first suggested and carried into effect by his hospitable mind. We cannot think, with James Freeman Clarke, that in losing him we lost "the last man who had a sense of ministerial brotherhood." There are still very warm and unreserved affections binding together those who are laboring as Christian brethren in the same sacred calling. We think there are young men to-day, who feel this bond of ministerial brotherhood as strongly as any who have gone before them, though the looser methods of entering the profession, and the looser relation of its members to their calling and their work, have not been without an influence on the relation of its members to one another. But we agree most cordially with Dr. Clarke when he goes on to say of Dr. Gannett: —

"He believed with all his heart in the brotherhood of the clergy. No man ever stood by his order as heartily as he. How he loved the meeting of ministers! how he welcomed them to his hospitable table! what loyalty he manifested to all his brethren! He never could think ill of a brother minister. He always gave to them 'the benefit of clergy'!

When a young man passed from the ranks of the divinity students into that of the ministers, he felt himself welcomed by that cordial hand to a new sphere."

There was something very grand and very beautiful in the attitude of Dr. Gannett towards his brethren, and the hospitable welcome with which he drew them into his home. Other ministers had their particular friends who filled up their spare rooms. He certainly had his life-long friends from whom no length of time or divergences of belief or conflicting views of duty ever estranged him. But there was always room left or made for less familiar forms. Other ministers might single out for their hospitality distinguished or gifted men, whom any one would be glad to entertain, and who perhaps gave more than they received. But Dr. Gannett sought out the unknown and the neglected. And there was no air of condescension in his bearing towards them. He received them with all the heartiness and fullness of his generous and hospitable nature. A poor minister from the country, an ordinary, aged minister and his wife from a foreign land, good as gold, but very uninteresting to most persons, were taken into his house, and kept there, week after week, treated all the while as if he had been entertaining angels *not* unawares. The hospitality which he thus extended was free, liberal, generous. It was in accordance with that of which it is said, "For they cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just." And the most bountiful and beautiful thing about it was the host himself, — the keen delight, the heartiness, the joy with which he ministered to the happiness of his guests and infused into them his own spirit of brotherly welcome and gladness. Elsewhere, and on other occasions, there were anxieties, apprehensions, questionings, a look and a tone of discouragement or sadness. But in the discharge of his hospitable duties, in welcoming and entertaining his guests, we never saw any of these painful intruders throw so much as a shadow over his most sensitive features, or tinge with their sombre coloring the tones of his most delicate and expressive organs of speech. Such hospitality as this was to "the brethren," and the feelings and habits which prompted to it, are, we fear, hardly to be found among us since Dr. Gannett died.

The most touching passages in the memoir relate to Dr. Gannett's home. Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which the life that was lived there is placed before us. The betrothal, the marriage, the Christian spirit that filled the home, the shadow that soon fell upon it, the separation, the loneliness of the traveler in a strange land, the young wife following after him, the new lives that came to enrich and gladden their lives, the sudden and repeated bereavements, the faithful memories of the past, and the gentle pathos which henceforth infused itself into all his domestic relations, make themselves felt as they are introduced by the lightest touches, and give a singular charm to the book.

We know not where to find a more delightful picture of a Christian home than we find here in a passage which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting. It is Sunday evening.

"In the twilight, as the father rested on the couch or in the great arm-chair, the children had their best hour with him: in younger days, reciting Dr. Channing's little catechism; when older, giving memories of the sermons, or telling what they had read, and saying favorite hymns, among which the mother's never were forgotten. Sunday evening the table must be more plentiful, to honor the likely guest; and after tea, if no engagement called him forth, the circle was apt to be enlarged by parish-callers. One lonely waif there was, of Boston fame for friendlessness, who knew that, if Dr. Gannett were only in, there would be a pleasant Sunday evening in his dreary week, and some one who would listen to him patiently while the words fell slow and large in separate drops. No wonder that he came for years so regularly.

"It was a home of principles rather than of rules and strict exactitudes. Life seemed to shape itself as a matter of course to the father's standard and his necessary work. Not his convenience, but his work,—that was the centre round which all revolved. There might have been more careless grace in household ways; for the mother-aunt and the elder children felt the pressure of his tired mood, and learned to watch and wait upon his sensitiveness. Henry, the youngest, with his impetuous loving ways burst in upon the shadows without knowing their existence; which made his going the more bitter loss. But, shadowed or unshadowed, there was always in the house a presence that stood for perfect truthfulness, for hourly self-denials and active thoughtfulness for others, for frank humility in confessing wrong or ignorance or failure. The children saw a grown-up man, their father, trying like a child with them to be and do just right. To live with him, and doubt that there were such things in the world as supreme sincerity and unselfishness, would have been to doubt that the sun shone in at the windows.

"Great was the respect for anniversaries, and great the children's corresponding expectation. Fourth of July brought the annual walk through the Common, the glasses of colored lemonade, the weights of the family registered in the memorandum-book, water-lilies, whips, and canes. To do less would have been unpatriotic. Blessed was the child who fell to his generous care that day. If the home provided none, the mall did. Thanksgiving was a grand family festival. To the young eyes the silent group of black puddings waiting in the dimness of the cellar had something awful about them. They brought to mind the Pyramids, and seemed almost as everlasting. The little pies and big rejoiced on every side. The entire quartette, mince and apple, squash and pumpkin, must glorify the table: not one should fail the yearning of the New England heart on that day. But the happy festival of all was New Year's Day, never forgotten even when the mother died, or the father was most ill. How good 'the parish' used to be, — to father and to children too! How promptly the door-bell was tended till certain packages sure to come in well-known handwriting had arrived! And how he wearied in the shops till the right gift was found for each one in the wide circle, inside and outside the house, that he remembered! The gifts would sometimes oddly mingle deference to another's rights of taste with honest disapproval of the taste. He would purchase no German books for a certain girl, — not he! — preferring she should read devotional English ones, yet duly put into her hands the money to buy her choice, knowing well what it would be. The birthdays, too, were very sacred, and no growing up wore out their sanctity. Bundles, carefully wrapped, were sure to set out for the absent son, wherever he might be.

"The constant giving, and the persónal economies which made it possible, were in curious contrast to each other. The black clothes reached a shiny old age before they were set free, and he fairly revelled in the cheapness of his Oak Hall summer suit. If friends had not been generous, he would hardly have known what ease meant; yet, to vanquish his sure impulse, one had to *argue* with him that refusal of the carriage or the Sunday grapes would be disloyal to a kind intent. He seemed to dislike taking almost as much as he rejoiced in giving and sharing. The very children had to become anonymous sometimes, to carry a point of comfort for him. Throughout the household-life there was the healthy pinch that keeps one braced with the sense of having just enough, and mindful, therefore, of the many who have less. A slight eater himself, almost a vegetarian by constitution, and trained to the sober solidities of Puritanic diet, he eschewed most dainties. Tea was the one great indulgence; for restoratives, peppermint if he felt badly, molasses and water with ginger in it if life were gladsome, until quite late in years. At times, when chatting with a brother-minister, he used to smoke a mild and cheap cigar. But a day came when the rest of the bunch went into the fire, and he never touched one afterwards: his boy was coming to an age when the example might be dangerous. Yet the outfit of ash-

pans, cigar-cases, and the amber-tubes, was presently made over to the innocent!"

Dr. Gannett was the man to engage in a forlorn hope. Where a disagreeable duty was to be done, he was ready to do it. He used sometimes great plainness of speech, and then helped to do the thing which he had declared to be impossible. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, told his people of an incident like this: —

"Thirty-six years ago, when I was a beginner here, and we were about to make an appeal for help to our New England friends, he heard that I was going there for that purpose, and with his frank honesty he wrote me a long letter. I have it yet, and read it over only a few weeks since. He advised me not to undertake any such thing: 'You will only bring disappointment upon yourself and your cause. You may beg your tongue off, and little will come of it.' That was not encouraging, but it did me good, for it showed there was no easy task before me. I went on, certainly expecting no help from him. But he no sooner saw me than he entered into all my thoughts and plans; and to him, more than to all others put together, we owed whatever success we gained."

A similar, and yet different, incident is told in the memoir: —

"The habits of a friend, whom he had recommended to the pulpits, came to his knowledge, and he felt obliged to speak of them at the Association. S. found himself cut off from preaching, and was intensely angry with him. The scholar, sick and moneyless, used to get young Wendte to do his errands and ask assistance here and there. One day, in a rain-storm, bound on some such mission, the boy met Dr. Gannett. 'Why, where are you going in this rain?' — 'For the doctor.' — 'Is your mother sick?' — 'No, its S———.' His face fell. 'What is the matter?' Wendte described the poor man in his wretchedness. 'Where does he live?' They parted. The boy went on about his errand, and came back an hour afterwards to find Dr. Gannett already there. S. was out of bed, sitting in the chair, looking at him with tears in his eyes. The Doctor, lame as he was, had taken him up, made the bed, swept up the room, and from somewhere got a bowl of soup."

Late in his life he found out that some of the divinity students, at Cambridge, were injuring themselves by too meagre a diet. He set himself to work to raise the money to relieve their necessities: —

"To and fro among the Local Conferences he therefore went this autumn, asking for aid to establish a cheap club-table at their hall. Generous response was made to the appeal, and the table still exists. After dining one day with the young men, he notes with evident satisfac-

tion the bill of fare: 'Excellent dinner of roast beef, potatoes, squash, bread and butter, and baked Indian pudding, nicely served.' A well-timed 'Visitation;' for Indian pudding always transfigured dinner in his eyes. It was his last service for the school he had loved so long and well, — his last prolonged effort of any kind in public. The success repaid him, but its cost was speedier prostration for the volunteer."

The volume before us abounds in incidents full of interest, illustrating the life and character of Dr. Gannett. It gives the best account that we have seen, in a compact form, of the transcendental movement, and of the relation of the Boston ministers to Theodore Parker. This latter subject has been treated in the two biographies of Mr. Parker with a strange ignorance or disregard of facts, except as they were to be gained from Mr. Parker's partial and distorted statements, written in the heat and passion of the controversy. Not the least interesting portion of the memoir is that which relates to Dr. Gannett's conduct in regard to slavery. He opposed the course of the abolitionists with all his strength. He foresaw nothing but disorder, civil war, and disunion as the result of their agitation. And yet, no one who knew him well doubted his perfect conscientiousness. Probably the same qualities of mind which shut him out from any just appreciation of what was implied in transcendentalism, and which closed his mind to ideal conceptions of society as ruling influences in life, confined his views of duty to what might be reconciled to the existing order of things in a matter of such vast moment as slavery, and so intimately connected with interests and passions that might shake or even break asunder our whole national fabric. Yet, through it all he maintained the right of free speech for abolitionists. At a meeting of Unitarian ministers, where the Rev. S. J. May, amid no little uneasiness and disorder, had spoken of slavery, "some one rose," said Rev. S. W. Bush, "who wished to prove that the anti-slavery work was entirely outside of the ministerial work, that it belonged to politics, not religion. Again Mr. May was on his feet, entering his earnest protest against such atheism as that. A dozen ministers started up to refute him; they threatened to put a stop to the meeting if Mr. May was not silenced. At that moment a sound was heard from the midst of the audience, a hand fell with more than the weight of the speaker's gavel, and the uproar was quieted, as your father

rose, pale, emaciated, from recent illness, but with such a light in his eye, such power in that voice, as he said, 'Brethren, I suppose there is no one here less able to be present than myself; but I will sit till morning, before I see Brother May put down. I do not sympathize with him in many of his views or his ways of carrying them out, but I claim for him, as for all others, liberty of speech.' He sank exhausted into his seat, but those few words had thrilled every heart. Mr. May was accorded the floor, and, himself deeply touched by this plea for him, made only a short statement of his ideas and withdrew, leaving the subject for which the meeting had been called to be quietly discussed."

During the week in which Burns was arrested, tried, and sent back to slavery, Rev. John Parkman was his guest, and gives this account of him: —

"I was especially annoyed by the — as it seemed to me — indifferent and unfeeling way in which he spoke of the poor fugitive slave. 'What an ado about a mere single incident of slavery!' 'What good is going to come of all this excitement?' 'What is one man set against the continuance and safety of the Union?' he said, among other things. I finally proposed to him that we should not discuss the matter further. This state of things lasted two or three days. On the day when Burns was given up, the first person whom I met on entering his house was Dr. Gannett. 'Is it true that he has been surrendered?' he asked, in those plaintive tones which all who knew him well remember. On my replying, 'Yes,' he threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and then, in a voice broken by sobbing, burst out, 'O God, forgive this guilty nation! What will become of us? what dreadful judgments are in store for us?' He said more, that I do not remember exactly, but these particular words I am sure he used. He recovered himself in a few minutes, but was miserably depressed through the whole day. I met no one during that week who seemed to take so much to heart the event which made it so sad and memorable."

Two things above all others occupied Dr. Gannett's mind and heart and time, — his office as the minister of the Federal Street Society, and the Unitarian denomination. He was a painstaking, eloquent, faithful minister of the parish more than forty-seven years. In 1870 his people voted to release him from his active duties, only asking that he would remain as senior pastor, "in order," they say —

"That the church may continue to enjoy the benediction of his presence, and the members of the society, whose steps he has so long and

faithfully guided in the Christian way, may have him among them during the remainder of his earthly life, to encourage, comfort, and inspire them."

But it was hard for the good man to withdraw. He had continued his labors too long, and brought upon himself a morbid condition of body and mind. He could not reconcile himself to a release from care and work. He mourned over his inactivity with bitter self-reproach. His friend, Dr. James Walker, older and wiser than himself, wrote to him in his contented, cheerful way. After speaking of their early associates, he says —

"Well, the company is pretty much all gone, and they are beginning to blow out the candles; and I, for one, am content to follow.

"I have now been laid on the shelf for ten years, and you may like to know how it seems to an old stager. A thousand times better than I expected it would. Indeed, until the death of my wife, which left me quite alone in the world, and except for that event, I can certainly say, with Mr. Quincy, that the happiest period of my life has been since I laid down the burden of all public cares. I welcome you, therefore, to what seems to me to be a most natural, appropriate, and happy close of an anxious and busy life, — a few years of comparative leisure and rest in which to settle up our accounts with this world, and prepare for the next. What we want is to be rid of the chafe and fret of responsibilities, to which we feel ourselves becoming more and more unequal. There is no one in the whole circle of my acquaintances who better deserves this boon than yourself, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I do."

But he could not so accept the situation. He was very sick. "No rest, no kindness, could possibly uplift at once the feeling of disgrace that overcame him." But, after a time, rest began to have its proper influence. "He had at last half learned the two lessons, — to deliberately rest, and to trace dark hours of the spirit to physical causes; so that all went more easily."

"It was a very happy day [Jan. 1, 1871] throughout, made so by the thoughtfulness of friends; and when the good-night hour came, he laid down his pen with a glad smile and peaceful, loving words. The clouds were surely breaking. The smile and peace gave promise of serene months to come. 'At evening time there shall be light.'"

"The summer passed most happily. He had not been so happy for years." He was among the mountains, "reading and riding and working out of doors, — holding service every Sunday." And suddenly, on a Saturday evening, the light which was dawning

upon him here was lost in the light of eternity. To him the words which he spoke of his friend and classmate, Edward B. Hall, were fulfilled: —

"Alive, *alive*, more conscious of life than he could be while with us; with undimmed sight and renewed strength; welcomed by those who had gone before him; surrounded by the holy and happy ones in whose society the intimacies of earth are not forgotten, though the sympathies of the soul be quickened; gazing on that face, radiant with light, which he loved to study as he saw it through the gloom of crucifixion, or prostrate in the rapture of adoration before Him who is at once hidden and revealed by the ineffable glory; drinking in with delight the knowledge which on every side invites his enjoyment, or moving in rapid flight to execute the errands of Divine grace on which he is sent through realms of being that have never passed across the astronomer's field of vision, or bending in fond ministries of influence over those whom he has left to bear a little longer life's toil and peril, — so will we think of him. And, as our thoughts climb up to the blessed experience of which he is now a partaker, our ears shall be unsealed, and the echo of that salutation which greeted him when he passed through the flaming gates into the celestial abodes shall fall like heavenly music on our spirits, — 'Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

One other cause was as dear almost to his heart as the duties of his parish, and that was the cause of Unitarianism. He identified himself with it. His soul was bound up in it. As preacher and editor, in season and out of season, he did what he could for it. He did more than any one else to make the Unitarian Association a working body. He was its secretary, and afterwards its president, for several years. And his interest in it and his labors for it were not intermitted or abated when he ceased to be its leading officer. There was a moral force about him, a downright honesty and truthfulness, an intellectual clearness and strength, an intrepidity to engage in enterprises which no one else would touch, a capacity for labor and a persistency in it, a devotedness of heart and life, which made him for more than thirty years, more than any other man, the impersonation and expounder of what was understood by Unitarianism forty years ago, and more than any other man the organizing and working force by which it has gained for itself a name among Christian denominations.

J. H. Morison.

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

UNITARIANISM.

In another part of our review we have spoken of Dr. Gannett's intense interest in Unitarianism; but during the latter part of his life he spoke of it with disheartened tone. And not without reason. Unitarianism, as it was forty years ago, and as it always was to Dr. Gannett, has already ceased to exist. No one man's interpretation of Christianity can exhaust the subject so as to last forever. No one age or generation or class of thinkers can take up into its Christian consciousness, thought, and life, all that is contained in the thought and life of Jesus. As the fields around us must with every year, by the efforts of new labors, by continually improved methods and processes of culture, bring forth new harvests, so must our Christian religion yield new harvests of spiritual truth and life to the new generations who come to it with a more advanced intellectual and spiritual culture, with improved methods of investigation, and new facilities for the practical application of its precepts. It takes a century to unfold the germs of strength and majesty which are contained in an acorn. It must take many centuries to unfold, in all their fullness and in all their bearings, the principles of divine truth and duty which lie enclosed in the words and the acts of Jesus. Each new generation of thinkers may go deeper and find, in its hidden life, more living and life-giving germs of thought and life. And as the world is brought more entirely under their influence, the foremost minds will be able to make new applications, and by new experiments prepare the way for yet farther and more beneficent developments of what is holy and divine. So long as Unitarians are true to their fundamental principles — their allegiance to Christ, and their freedom in the investigation and application of truth — they may go on, from generation to generation, with the sympathy and co-operation of the foremost Christian disciples and teachers throughout the world. For they will keep themselves in communication with the foremost minds in every department of inquiry and cul

ture, and catch from them, as from mountain-peaks, the earliest light of each new day. Thus, in their own explorations and experiences, and through the attainments of others, they will be among the first to welcome a deeper meaning, a diviner life, a more transcendent grace and beauty, a more transforming and uplifting power in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Two dangers lie in our way. One is lest we should fix on our specific temporary interpretation of Christianity as a finality The very name Unitarian, by fixing our minds on a single doctrine, has, to some extent, the influence of a creed upon us. But if the interpretation of the doctrine of the Trinity, as held, for example, by Dr. Gannett, is to set limits to our thought on this great subject, and is to be one of the immovable landmarks of our denomination, then we are untrue to the freedom which we claim as one of the fundamental principles of our faith. Even on this subject, as we advance in intelligence, and learn to look, at once with clearer powers of vision and more reverently, into the mind of Jesus and his relation to God and to man, we may have conceptions of God, in his attributes, his working, and his manifestations of himself, that will lift us far above all our present dogmatic statements on this subject. And so with the other great doctrines of our religion.

The other danger is suggested by Mr. Gannett near the end of his chapter on "Transcendentalism." He tells us that the two fundamental principles of our denomination, freedom in the search after truth and allegiance to Christ, are inconsistent with one another; "because," he says, "the first is illimitable, while the other is professedly its limit." "Free inquiry," he says, "stays by no beliefs, and, of course, by no names, until the perfect truth is reached — which who shall formulate?" Is this statement correct? The scientific inquirer believes in nature and its orderly processes or workings. Nature and the laws of nature, in this sense, as opening a realm through which by his belief in them all further investigations are to be made, put up no bars to his absolute freedom in the search after truth. What nature, in its broadest sense, is, or what the laws of nature are, he cannot say, even while he uses these words and the faith implied in them as essential conditions on which all his inquiries are made. So much as he already

knows is embodied in words and in beliefs, and is thus made the instrument by which he may extend his inquiries and his knowledge even into the meaning of the words themselves.

Now, suppose that Jesus is, as we believe that he is, in the realm of spiritual truth and life what nature is in the material world; that he is the medium by which God reveals himself and his spiritual truths and laws, as physical nature is the medium through which he reveals himself and his laws in their relation to the physical world. Let us suppose this to be true in the one case, as the scientific inquirer supposes it to be true in the other. By the supposition, we accept Jesus as the teacher of absolute truth. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see it all, just as the eyes of the scientific inquirer are holden that he cannot see all that nature has to reveal. But we believe that it is in him as the other truth is in nature. This faith in him helps us on to a deeper comprehension of the truth as it is in him. Instead of impairing our liberty, it furnishes us with the means of advancing our inquiries and seeking after wider and grander generalizations of the truth. If the absolute truth in regard to God and man was made known to Jesus, and is embodied in his words and life, as the truths of physical science are embodied in the outward universe, then, in the knowledge of that truth and the laws of our spiritual being, we shall be set free from the limitations of time and sense. The truth will make us free.

There is, therefore, no necessary inconsistency between allegiance to Christ and perfect freedom in the search after truth.

But then we are assuming the fact that Christ holds the place of Mediator between God and man; and is not this assumption an infringement of liberty? To those who stand outside of Christianity it is. In our reasoning with them, we make no such assumption. Till they recognize the divine mission of Jesus, we must reason with them on other grounds. All that we wish to say now is, that, if the supposition is true, our doctrine of allegiance to Christ imposes no fetters, and is no infringement of perfect liberty. And, as this supposition is a possible one, there is no necessary inconsistency between the two fundamental principles of our denomination.

Our first axiom is freedom in the search after truth. If Jesus

Christ was only a man of extraordinary genius, if the Gospels, in all that transcends our experience of human power, are made up of myths, and we are to sit in judgment on the word instead of being judged by it, then our freedom of inquiry will carry us beyond Christianity, and bring our Christian professions and hopes to an end. As a Christian denomination we shall cease to exist. Our views will go out into endless speculations, and be like the steam which escapes from an engine in folds grandly illuminated by the morning sun, beautifully ineffective as they expand with boundless freedom, and vanish away into the infinite depths of space.

But if, as we solemnly believe, Jesus came into the world to reveal the absolute truth relating to God and man; if the words which he spoke are spirit and life to the souls of men; if he is, in a transcendent degree, the resurrection and the life to those who live and believe in him; if he lived in such oneness with God that his thought comes to us as the thought of God, and his life as the life of God, unfolding itself to us under human conditions, the word made flesh, the divine intelligence manifesting itself through a human soul and life, — then in his life and teachings there are no limitations. There will always be room for the largest liberty. The deepest thought and experiences of to-day only prepare us for a deeper insight to-morrow into "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Our capacity for receiving is the only thing that sets bounds to our attainments. Such truths, as they are in Jesus, can never be outgrown. They reach from earth to heaven. They lay hold on the powers of the world to come. They adapt themselves to every stage and condition of human progress. They lift us up through higher experiences to higher points of view, and enable us to see them in more effective workings and in grander relations. Our interpretation of the words and life of Jesus will grow with our growth, and help us on to higher conceptions and a diviner life, till we are "filled with all the fullness of God."

Here, to our mind, is the office of the Unitarian denomination. It may choose all knowledge for its province, and bring the highest intelligence it gains in every department of thought to throw new light on the gospel; as every new discovery in nature may throw new light on other fields of inquiry, and help to expand the

whole realm of science. Every new vision of joy or beauty unfolded to the imagination of the poet may furnish a new illustration for our Christian faith. Every new advance in social science, and in the application of higher principles of duty to the conduct of men for the well-being of all, will give a new meaning and vitality to the precepts of Jesus. And we shall never leave Christianity behind. Our present interpretation of it we may leave behind. Like other great conquerors, he carries his kingdom with him in his onward march. Every new domain of truth and righteousness that we subdue becomes a part of his dominion, and enlarges our conception of the nature and extent of his kingdom, till all "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

Here is the field of intellectual and spiritual progress, reaching, not out of Christianity into something broader and better, but into the boundless realms of life and thought which it is opening before us as we advance. Here is a field broad enough and rich enough to satisfy the longings of the greatest minds for generations yet unborn. The beatitudes can never be outgrown. The providence of God as taught by Jesus may have a thousand different interpretations put upon it, leading to a broader and fuller comprehension of what he meant; but the doctrine itself, as shown in his word and life, is one that we can never get beyond. The love of God or the love of man, as taught by Jesus, may have ten thousand illustrations of its meaning as it comes to be applied to every human act and relation; but it will only grow more clear and vital and real when a hundred generations have, one after another, been growing more truly into its spirit.

Here is the work in which the foremost minds of the world are to take the lead. If the Unitarian denomination is equal to the task, it will carry on its victorious standard into new realms of thought. But it must be something more than a reverberation from the past. It must do something more than circulate the works of Dr. Channing, admirable as they are. They are still a power for good among men. The world has not yet come up to them. But the great man became less and less interested in Unitarianism, as he once regarded it. He was constantly outgrowing his own thought, and advancing into higher conceptions

of Christian truth and life. As a fixed idea, or system of ideas, he had little confidence in Unitarianism. But he had unbounded faith in an expansive, progressive Christianity, which, from age to age, should adapt itself to the highest thought and civilization of the times, and help men forward to still higher experiences and views. He would have been humiliated by the thought that forty years after his death we should have nothing better than he had given to lead men into a fitting understanding of the truth which shall make them free. Our congregations must seek for something higher than popular gifts in their preachers. Great scholars, accustomed to trace the evolution and recession or succession of ideas in the progress of the ages, profound thinkers, men who go down into the mind and heart of Jesus, and convert what they find there into the means of doing greater acts than his, men of deep spiritual intuitions, and men who, from the closeness of their walk with God, carry into their ministrations something of the sanctity and light which they have caught from him, must have a welcome and a sphere among them. Our young men must see visions and our old men dream dreams of a diviner thought and life than have yet been realized upon the earth. Then we shall have a name, because we shall have a mission to fulfill.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Fifty years ago, a few gentlemen met in Boston, during anniversary week, and without previous advertising or general notice given, proceeded to form a new organization for the promotion of "pure Christianity." So quietly was it done, that it seems hardly to have created a ripple in the even flow of anniversary meetings, "The Christian Register" of that day not so much as mentioning for several weeks the formation of the new society. Ministers who had not happened to be in Boston, as Dr. Channing, were surprised and doubtful when they heard of it. Yet there was no lack of deliberation and earnest purpose in the men who formed the new organization. Some of them had long been earnestly pleading for such a union, while dearly-learned distrust of ecclesiastical organizations, and dread of forming a new sect, made others slow to favor it. These men, however, thought it important to recognize the changed circumstances in which a considerable

portion of the churches of New England found themselves at this stage of the Unitarian controversy. By the action of councils and ministerial associations these churches had been excluded from the fellowship of the Congregationalist body. The existing societies for church extension and missionary activity were such as adopted views and engaged in work which they had come definitely to abandon. Besides, many of these men were anxious for a new agency to extend the influence of those views of Christianity which they had come to regard essential to the defense of religion and the well-being of society. More largely than at present, the need was felt of justifying Unitarian opinions by showing their accordance with Scripture and reason. But the men who formed the Association felt, not only their separation from other Christian organizations, but their isolation from each other. They organized to do their part in the religious work and teaching of their generation, and to gain the strength of co-operative action; not for self-defense, or the attainment of partisan ends. The first circular of the Executive Committee says, on this point, —

"They wish it to be understood, that, in accordance with the second article of the Constitution, its efforts will be directed to the promotion of true religion throughout our country; intending by this not exclusively those views which distinguish the friends of this Association from other disciples of Jesus Christ, but those views in connection with the great doctrines and principles in which all Christians coincide, and which constitute the substance of our religion. We wish to diffuse the knowledge and influence of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour. Great good is anticipated from the co-operation of persons entertaining similar views who are no strangers to each other's religious sentiments. Interest will be awakened, confidence inspired, and efficiency produced by the concentration of labors."

The Association was organized by the choice, as officers, of men whose names are among the most familiar and honored of our Unitarian fathers. James Walker and Henry Ware, Jr., were among its first directors; Dr. Bancroft of Worcester was its first president, and Dr. Gannett, "with his whole heart in it," its first secretary. Its efforts were for several years mainly directed to the printing and circulation of books and tracts, and the support of a few missionaries in distant portions of the country. A good deal of activity was shown in the formation of auxiliary societies;

yet the receipts of the Association were for a long time very meagre and its work extremely limited. Men of great enthusiasm and large abilities were repeatedly put in charge of its executive offices, but the general distrust of associated religious effort well-nigh paralyzed their most urgent endeavors. Something was done for the spread of liberal Christian views, something more for the assistance of destitute and feeble churches, a little, but nothing adequate, for the planting of new churches in new and distant communities. As the fires of controversy cooled, the spirit of missionary enterprise ebbed, and only in feeble and fitful efforts was there any appearance among the liberal Christian churches of a united purpose or a common life. Such union as there was the Association conserved, and sought to strengthen. Such men as Henry Ware and Dr. Gannett, in its earlier days, and Charles Lowe, in its later, have created, by their zeal for the Unitarian faith, and their energy in urging united effort in church extension and in Christian philanthropy, such measure of denominational fellowship as exists among us, as well as having done much to deepen the sense of a common Christian life.

The expectations of those who formed the Unitarian Association have never been completely fulfilled. The increase of Unitarian churches has not been so great as must have seemed probable in the midst of the separations of the early years of controversy. The doctrines of Orthodoxy which seemed so clearly irrational and unscriptural have not been formally disowned and cast off to so great an extent as seemed inevitable fifty years ago.

On the other hand, Orthodox theology has been modified in the direction of rational doctrine to a degree that would then have seemed improbable, and Orthodox communities and churches have been pervaded and leavened, by liberal sentiments, to an extent far beyond what would be indicated by the changes which have been made in the symbols of faith. Within the last ten years there has been a growing cordiality of feeling towards Unitarians, and an open recognition of their essentially Christian position, on the part of many Orthodox people and ministers, which would, had it existed in the early part of this century, have greatly changed the aspects of the Unitarian controversy, and made the separation

which resulted from it very difficult if not impossible. In great part, this has been owing to general causes in the life of the community. Literature and society have been pervaded by a growing liberalism. Religious liberality has been in the air. The tendencies of the age have outrun any church or organization in hastening spiritual emancipation. Yet it is something to have worked, in however small a way, with larger forces which fifty years ago were hardly suspected by the mass of men to be powerful, or to be beneficent forces at all. It is something better to have done however little to direct these forces into helpful and Christian channels, to have helped a few even to see that rational investigation and spiritual disenthralment and development need not be disjoined from reverence and Christian faith.

The last ten years, too, have been the years of the Association's largest opportunity and most varied and widespread activity. At the close of the war, a spirit of generosity had been evoked and a habit of giving induced by the giant charities which the necessities of that period of struggle had organized. New fields of usefulness were opened to missionary effort, and a new sense of obligation for the advancement of every high cause prevailed, born of the sacrifices and heroic associations of the war. The Unitarian churches felt in some degree the common impulse, and were lifted by the common tide. That this tide should ebb somewhat was to have been expected; but the Unitarian Association at least has reason to rejoice in its rising, as the opportunity of greatly enlarged usefulness, and of finding a power and blessing in closer association and warmer union which cannot be wholly lost.

We will not venture to predict the probable future of the Association, nor cast the horoscope of its fortunes during the next fifty years. Yet, whatever these may be, a few things seem to us to be settled beyond question.

I. The Association in the future, as in the past, may be trusted to fairly represent in its policy and work the essential spirit and convictions of the Unitarian body. Not formally, but actually, it is the executive arm of our churches, so far as relates to their denominational enterprise and missionary work. While this does not commit it to a stationary policy, it forbids a revolutionary one. Good faith requires that its trusts should be administered in sub-

stantial accord with the intent of the founders, — a condition which can only be rightly modified through the modified convictions of those who naturally succeed to those trusts. Indeed, the fact that the Association must for the most part depend for its efficiency upon the stated contributions of the Unitarian community, is adequate assurance that it will not depart very far from the principles and the work which command the sympathy and confidence of that community. The fact that it is a voluntary association makes such divergence for any long time impossible. Any considerable or permanent change, then, whoever may invite or urge it, is likely to occur only through the legitimate means of discussion and the gradual growth of new convictions; since the Association could not misrepresent the thought or faith of the great body of the churches without forfeiting their confidence, and being left in a position as powerless as it would be absurd.

II. We believe that the word "Christianity" holds such large measure of the essential and vital power of religion, that the real efficiency and permanence of the Association's work for good in this country will be determined mainly by the earnestness and fidelity with which the import and substance of what that word contains are embodied in it, and the largeness of temper and directness of purpose with which this import and substance is commended and enforced. The new interpretations that should be welcomed, the adjacent and outlying provinces of truth that should be explored and annexed, the glad recognition of all life as sacred and all truth as divine, cannot change the eternal fact that the spirit of life that was in Christ Jesus is the way of true religious progress, and that men and churches work most effectively for the redemption of society and the true ends of human development when they work most freely and heartily in his name.

III. Finally, we are persuaded that the work of the Association gains effectiveness and practical value as it becomes definite and positive, less controversial and more constructive. We shall make a great mistake if we conceive that the intellectual work of religion in this generation or its work of emancipation is given mainly into our hands, or that our mission is chiefly to mediate between opposing extremes. Our principal work, as a branch of the church, is to administer religion honestly, and effectively as

may be, for the spiritual profit of ourselves and our children, and the advancement of righteousness, truth, and Christian living in the community. Let no one conceive that it is the fortunes of a sect that we are concerned to advance: it is Christianity, it is religion, it is righteousness, it is the true order of human life, than which we must be bound to no lower or lesser end in our denominational activities and our associated religious work.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

We have received a package of papers from a friend in England which shows us what is being done there for the liberties and higher education of women. Among them are copies of "Women and Work," edited by Emily Faithful; and of "The Woman Suffrage Journal," under the care of Lydia Becker. There is also a report of the "National Union" for improving the education of women of all classes, and a journal which is the organ of this Union. This society has for its President the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and a long list of vice-presidents among the most distinguished names, socially speaking, that can be found in England. We must take this patronage for no more than it is really worth: many of these names probably amount to nothing greater than figure-heads to the enterprise; but if we remember the olden times, when an earl's daughter could do nothing but embroider flags for her father's vassals, and would have been thought very unwomanly if she coveted a higher education, we must be thankful that these courtly people are so far emancipated from the prejudices of the past as to put their names to such a pamphlet as this. When we come down to persons on the central committee, we feel that work is being done there. Some of the men are professors in universities, or officers of other societies, and the women are connected with various branches of educational reform.

The society has accomplished a good deal of important work. They have, besides their regular journal, issued two pamphlets, — both written by women, Miss Isabella Tod and Mrs. William Grey, — on "The Education of Girls of the Middle Classes," and "The Study of Education as a Science." They have obtained money by special donations to found Union Scholarships for Girls

held at Dublin, Edinburgh, Belfast, Bedford College, London, Merton Hall, Cambridge, and other places. They have engaged courses of free lectures on physiology, botany, social science, and English constitutional history, — most of which have been given by cultivated and accomplished ladies. They have held several important public meetings. At the congress of the Social Science Association, in Glasgow, two papers were read, by Miss Manning and Miss Beale, on "Kindergarten Training," and "University Examinations for Girls;" and at the Church Congress, in Brighton, a day was set apart for discussing "The Higher Education of Women." At the request of the Union, an appeal was made to the University of London on the subject of admitting women to the examination and degrees, and also to the Endowed Schools Commissioners in regard to the appropriation of funds. Public schools for girls of the middle classes are in process of formation, and evening classes for working women who are occupied during the day. The Union has established branch associations all over the country, at such places as Cambridge, York, Birmingham, Leeds, Rugby, Edinburgh, Dublin, and many others. Cambridge seems to be the most important centre. The association there "aims to provide for all women who are able to reside in Cambridge a course of academic education, as complete and systematic as possible adapted to the existing state of girls' education, and in harmony with the official action which the university has taken for the improvement of that education, by instituting — originally for women only — the higher local examinations." Those who pass these examinations are encouraged to remain in Cambridge and complete these studies in any department which they may prefer. More than two-thirds of the professorial lectures there have been thrown open to women, and the other expense of private tuition is defrayed by the association. They are tested, after their studies are completed, by final examinations, which are virtually identical with the honor examinations of the university. Only a minority of the students go through this complete course. A considerable number, especially teachers, finish with the higher local examinations. York is a very important and active centre for this work; and a great deal has been accomplished there, not only for high education, but also by schools for

cookery, and other industrial pursuits. Dublin offers a great many advantages to women, through the Alexandra College, and Queen's Institute, where, in addition to the higher branches of education, there are classes in book-keeping, engraving on wood, painting on porcelain, telegraphy, law-writing, &c. We have not space here to say as much as we would like about the journal which this Union issues. We think it very valuable; and one article in particular, on "Endowments," we have noticed, as it takes the same views which we remember Mr. Lowe advanced two or three years ago on the subject of funded church parishes. The writer, a woman, thinks educational societies generally are more flourishing when there is little or no endowment. She instances the Gresham endowed lectures, with a good site, and paying high salaries. The lecturer declaims usually to the clerk, and a few curiosity-hunters. Such endowed societies for education and charities, she thinks, "wane in usefulness," because not "suiting their work and efforts to the wants and requirements of the existing generation."

We cannot help thinking that England is abreast with us, if not in advance, on many important questions. There, for instance, instead of establishing girls' colleges all over the country, the educators and reformers, through a powerful society and its branch associations, settle themselves down close on to venerable universities; and, instead of knocking for admission and being refused, as women do here at Harvard College, they prepare a corps of women in the very atmosphere of the classic shades, and, although no visible university door is grandly opened, the old prejudices are melting away, when the professors and their new pupils come face to face. A distinguished educator and Harvard professor in this country once gave us the outline of a very feasible plan which he had figured in his mind, in regard to the use of a certain endowment for women's education: he thought it might better be appropriated to buildings in the vicinity of Harvard College, where much expense of apparatus and teaching would be saved, than to be laid out on a separate college for women, with all its necessary requirements, and without the prestige of an old institution.

The two other journals of which we have spoken also show that women's political enfranchisement is having energetic and able

supporters in England, and encouraged by some of the best names, socially and morally, in the country. Here, again, we find they are not scattering their strength, but bringing slowly all their forces to bear on the one question first, — the right of widows and unmarried women of property to vote. Lord Arthur Russell, in a speech at Tavistock, opposes this movement on the ground that women will claim next to vote universally, and to sit in Parliament. He quotes Mr. Goldwin Smith, in support of his views, whose extravagant opinions, however, are not likely to carry great weight with them. Sir Arthur is answered by Miss Becker, the editor of "The Woman Suffrage Journal," which we have before us. To judge from her letter, we should say that her party were not prepared to push the cause to this furthest point; that they were chiefly anxious to establish the manifest right of which we have spoken, and would leave the rest to the public opinion of the future. Sir Robert Anstruther says, in regard to the possible claim of women to sit in the House of Commons, that "the claim was not likely to be made, but if it were it would be as easy to bar their sitting, and exclude them, as clergymen are now excluded." Mr. Forsyth, in a speech at Manchester, said "it appeared to him a very unworthy argument to say that they were to refuse to concede what was right in itself, because they might afterwards be called upon to refuse what was wrong." Many noble and wise women are connected with this movement whose speeches are calm and convincing, among whom is our own Miss Beedy, of St. Louis, who is an able and convincing speaker. A writer in this journal says some earnest words in answer to the charge that the activity of women for reform comes more from the spirit of self-assertion than self-denial, the crowning virtue of womanhood. We quote a portion of it.

"Women have an innate perception that their strength lies in self-denial, and in the influence that the admiration of this virtue brings. This truth has in some way become opposed, in the minds of many, to the prominent part that the suffrage would compel women to take in the business of the nation: if this idea can be shown satisfactorily to have no other foundation than misapprehension, I feel that it will not be labor entirely thrown away. . . . Is not this willingness of woman to put aside her most cherished retirement for the common good the very outcome of her womanhood, with its willingness for self-denial? Does it not show that she, ever quicker than her stronger brother to see the

signs of the times, is also able to conform herself to them, and meet them with the needful courage and sacrifice? Those who say that woman in demanding her rights is stepping from the beaten path of custom do not look deep enough: they gaze only at the surface instead of penetrating to the hidden depths below. Rather should all the world be quick to recognize that the present movement in the minds and hearts of women is but the force, so long accumulating, at length, by the pressure of circumstances, turning itself to account in action.

"Let us look at woman's influence, of which we hear so much, in which we believe so thoroughly, and which we are told will be so materially lessened by her assuming power in her own person. In what do those who talk thus suppose her power to consist? Surely they fail to recognize the fact that woman's influence rests on the respect and admiration she inspires from her obedience to the laws of love and charity. Do these doubters suppose that this respect and admiration is likely to be increased by calmly submitting to wrongs, not inflicted on herself only, or even principally, but on her, too often, most weak and defenseless sisters? Do they even suppose it complimentary to the penetration of men to admit that they are likely to be influenced less by brave, capable women, who, for their thought of true justice, will give up so much that is precious to them, than by those who only raise a feeble lip-protest against wrong and opression, but never stir hand or foot to remove the load?"

The Kidderminster weavers have made a great protest this past winter against the practice of allowing women to work on tapestries, and have obtained a law forbidding it. Miss Becker gives an account of a visit to Kidderminster one day, when she took occasion to go into the manufactories and try her hand at the work. Her impressions were that carpet making was much easier and pleasanter occupation than what is called women's work there. She experimented upon the thick chenille rugs done by hand-looms, which they are allowed to make, and she thought the work very fatiguing to all the muscles. She could not avoid the conclusion that the men reserved for themselves the looms driven by steam-power, and assign to women those which are worked by the bodily force of the weaver. "Women and Work," edited by Emily Faithful, is doing a great deal of good, especially in "The Industrial Bureau," a department of the paper which furnishes a complete guide to employments for women.

We have received of late, several valuable letters from abroad, from which we are tempted to quote, as what comes warm

from the pen gives us a more vivid impression than the printed word. One writer, in speaking of the state of Unitarianism in England, mirrors somewhat our attitude at this time. She says, —

"Another most remarkable thing to us is the near approach that the Congregationalists are just now making to us Unitarians. We have long felt that all the most intelligent of them are growing much more like ourselves in doctrine. But then they have always had their terrible trust deeds, which compel their ministers to preach in accordance with the Westminster Confession of Faith, and have made their congregations feel bound to keep silence on their heresy. Now, at last, their lips seem to be opening; there is a quiet rebellion against creeds and fetters. Probably with us, the change of opinion might not be so sudden and complete as it was with you; but the doctrinal trust-deeds once removed, they could instantly become the same as ourselves in the fundamental principle of the liberty of free inquiry both upon doctrines and the free interpretation of the Bible. And this, in fact, is all that is really important. We ought not to expect all sects to come over to one exact shade of opinions, but we do earnestly desire that they should all be as fearless and sincere as we ourselves try to be, in inquiry after truth in the highest matters."

Another correspondent speaks of a visit to Kossuth, in Turin. She writes, —

"There are stories of his living in abject poverty and utter discouragement and despair. I knew that this was not true, but it was delightful to find the reverse. I found him in a pretty villa, with a garden full of roses; a small conservatory was connected with the house, and round the front door were pots of beautiful plants. He met me most cordially in his study, to which I was conducted. Changed he certainly was, from the dark-haired man just passed the middle of life, to the old man of seventy, with snow-white hair and beard, but he was as beautiful in age as in youth, changed as one would wish, firm and vigorous still; fresher than in that old period of struggle, serene, peaceful; with a certain divine philosophy reviewing the events of his life, his country, and the world. He is much interested in America, and knows every step in our politics. A sad look sometimes came over his face as he alluded to himself as still an exile, but again a radiant smile succeeded it, as he quoted Shakespeare, and I heard the old tones in his voice, so musical. He has lost his wife and only daughter, but he has two fine sons in good positions."

A third correspondent our readers will recognize as Prof. Bracciforti, of Milan. He writes, —

"Through the kindness and liberality of my English friends, and some little contribution from my own countrymen, I was enabled to open a Unitarian hall in Milan. It will not hold conveniently more than a hundred persons, but it is situated in a very central part of the city, and is decently fitted up and hung with pictures representing the Passion of the Lord, or as we say, 'La Via Crucis.' High above, opposite the entrance door, stands a cross with the following inscription, 'For Instruction and for Work, and for the Worship of God the Father.' This Unitarian hall was opened by Italians and foreigners, free-inquirers, Israelites, Catholics, and Protestants. It is a fact that several Italians belonging to these different classes have subscribed a small sum towards defraying the expenses. Among them the principal and two professors of the Milanese scientific and literary academy, one of the Milanese deputies to the Chamber of Parliament, and the editors of three of our most important daily papers, 'La Perseveranza,' 'Il Secolo,' and 'Il Corriere di Milano.' In this Unitarian hall I conduct two services every Sunday. One at one o'clock for the children, and another at eight for adults. The attendance of the people, at my evening service, is considerable, at least when compared with the usual attendance at the places of Orthodox Protestants in Milan. There are on an average forty or fifty persons present. These are small results; yet I think it my duty to strive and work on humbly and faithfully as long as my friends enable me to work at all. I hold it very important to make our Unitarian hall in Milan fulfill more and more the purposes mentioned in the inscription. It ought to become a school and a working place of some sort or other during the week. Among the subscribers, there is a lady who is one of the most active and intelligent members of the directory of the Female Professional School in Milan. Should our English or American friends concur in my views, and bestow on the Unitarian hall, suppose, a sewing machine, I could prevail upon her to devote some hours a week to such poor girls as want to learn its use. I should also like having there free courses of modern languages for the poor. I could take upon myself the teaching of the English language, and could occasionally help the French and German teachers. In order to make our hall in Milan what in my opinion it ought to be, I want the co-operation of our French, German, English, and American brethren of liberal Christianity. What the world needs most to see is, the spirit of Christ redeeming mankind from misery and degradation. To this end we are called to preach in our daily life, in our schools, work-shops, mills, and factories, by letting mercy and righteousness, the light of our heavenly Father, far outshine, nay, put to shame, the glimmering light of the children of this world.

"Monsignor Panelli, the archbishop of Lydda, called to see me when lately passing through Milan. He was once a Papal missionary in the East, where he passed over to the Greek Church, and was consecrated archbishop of Lydda *in partibus infidelium*. Having had the impru-

dence of trusting the promises of pardon made him by the Papal Nuncio at Constantinople, and returned to Rome, when the Pope was still ruling there, he was arrested by the Inquisition, and recovered his liberty only when Victor Emmanuel took possession of the seven-hilled city. Monsignor Panelli is the chief of the Old Catholic movement in Italy, and lately visited Russia, Germany, and England. I gave him letters of introduction to the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and to Rev. James Martineau. I thank you for your kind letter and wishes which I most heartily reciprocate. Heavenly Charles Lowe, forever associated in my memory with that short interview we had in the Hotel de Milan, will never cease to inspire and encourage me in my too many weak hours of misgivings and dispondency.

I am sincerely yours, FERDINAND BRACCIFORTI."

We have since learned that Monsignor Panelli has opened a chapel at Rome for Old Catholic services.

We received a letter about Christmas time from our friend Mr. Dall in India. We regret to say that we have neglected to give his message that the Calcutta box arrived safely, and that the presents were to be distributed to the best pupils during the holidays. Mr. Dall is always active, publishing earnest pamphlets and giving lectures, or writing graphic letters to the journals, to keep the Hindoo mind awake on the subject of Christianity. We have before us a collection of sacred songs for use in schools; a tract, setting forth what Jesus said and did, with passages from his conversation and life, and simple comments upon them; a lecture given to a theological society of Hindoos on "The Natural Foundations of all Religion;" and an account of the rise and progress of the Brahmo Somaj of India, prepared at the request of Bengali friends and printed by them. Mr. Dall explains his position as a member of that society, feeling that he can agree to all they do and more, and that in the course of time they must come to recognize Jesus, whom they now hold in reverence, as their actual Leader. He quotes, in defense of his course, the words of some eminent orthodox men. Dr. Jardine, of the Established Church of Scotland, says before a conference that "there is much in this movement that the Christian Church can approve," and that "the Rev. C. H. Dall, a Unitarian missionary of Calcutta, became a member of the society, being without doubt desirous of bringing them nearer to Christ." Dr. Mitchell, of

the Free Church of Scotland, says "the coldness of the missionaries has repelled them from Christian influence," and Mr. Dall himself states that the doctrine that Jesus is the Almighty God has made them often unwilling to hear his name spoken in their meetings.

The learned Pundit Surushutti, of Tabalpore, delivered a lecture upon Hindostan, — its present and past, — of which we have an interesting extract. The facts, or perhaps theories, which he sets forth, must have somewhat surprised the common Hindoo mind. He began his lecture with a short prayer in Sanscrit. He then declared that they were all Aryans. The place they lived in was called Aryaburto, meaning "residence of superior men." "What a pity," he said, "that we have forgotten that name! Do we not feel ashamed to call ourselves Hindoos? What is the meaning of the word? There is no such word in Sanscrit, nor anywhere in the Vedas. It is an Arabic word, and means "slave," "robber." The Mahometans, out of hatred, called us by that name, and now, if we do not say we are Hindoos, we are abused from every quarter, and called traitors to our ancestors." The learned Pundit then went on to talk about the Aryans, and represented their ideas and practices as completely at variance with those of modern India. They had, he said, only one God, and no form of idolatry. There were eleven *luckshuns*, or rules, which had been perverted. 1. To have mercy; but the Hindoo observed it by not killing a fly. 2. Strength of mind. 3. Forgiveness of enemies. 4. Purity. The Hindoo observed this law only by bathing in certain holy rivers. 5. Honesty. 6. Resist temptation. 7. Check our passions. 8. Be wise. 9. Gain knowledge. 10. Speak the truth. 11. Avoid anger. The Pundit gave a much better account of women in those times. Very early marriages were forbidden. They were allowed to go out without a veil, and were on the same footing as men in society. Mahometan power had changed all this. They had five branches of education, among which was medical science; and the parents were obliged by their sovereigns to send their girls to school.

Mr. Dall is proposing to visit America this spring, and will probably be here about the time of our anniversaries. He will receive, we are sure, a cordial welcome from all our churches.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Christian Dogmatics. A Text-book for Academical Instruction and Private Study. By J. T. Van Oosterzee, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch, by John Watson Watson, B.A., Vicar of Newburgh, Lancashire, and Maurice J. Evans, B.A., Stratford-upon-Avon. In two volumes, pp. 818. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

In these handsome volumes we have the first installment of the theological part of the Theological and Philosophical Library, edited by Profs. H. B. Smith and Philip Schaff. The work itself has been selected for translation from the Dutch for good reasons, since both in ability and in the ground which it occupies it is worthy of note, although hardly equal in merit to "The History of Philosophy," by Ueberweg, which has been previously published in the same series.

Dr. Van Oosterzee has long been one of the most distinguished preachers in Holland, and is perhaps the leading representative in that country of the moderate orthodox party. The curious fact has been stated, by Rev. P. J. Wicksteed, in "The London Inquirer," that his first theological publication, thirty years ago, was a rejection of the proof by miracle, appealing to the emotional nature in man as the supreme arbiter of the truth of Christianity. The Utrecht professor soon receded, however, from this ground, and has long been one of the foremost champions in his country of a conservative school of religious thought.

As an exponent of the system of moderate orthodoxy, we know no better work; and it is specially to be commended in this regard to the thinkers whose views this review represents, from the clearness of arrangement and style with which it sets forth the positions from which we dissent, as well as those in which we agree. The apologetic character of the treatise is very marked. Dr. Van Oosterzee evidently feels that the tide is running strongly against him; and it is interesting to see with what arguments he breasts what he feels to be its strongest current.

After an excellent sketch of the history of Christian dogmatics, whose only defect is its almost exclusive mention of German and Dutch theological works, in modern times, he discusses the apologetic foundation, the nature, &c., of religion, the idea and character of a

revelation, and the Bible. The Bible, he affirms, is a human book, to be freely investigated by the critical faculty; but the results of such inquiry, guided by right reason, re-affirm the popular theory of the canonical books. "The value of the different parts of Scripture is fixed by their greater or less degree of relation to Christ." The "Christian consciousness" is allowed to verify, but not to originate, revealed truth, — that being found in the Scriptures alone.

On this apologetic foundation the author builds his superstructure, Theological (of God), Anthropological (of man), Christological (of Jesus Christ), Soteriological (of redemption and the kingdom), Ecclesiological (of the church), and Eschatological (of the last things). The whole arrangement is crystal-clear. Each chapter is subdivided into sections, at the head of which is a brief paragraph summing up the view maintained, which is followed by an elaboration of them, in several pages of smaller type, after which is given a list of books for the student to consult, and one of points of inquiry to be further investigated. Some of these "points" are rather curious than profitable, and not unlike the famous question of the schoolmen, "How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?" but most of them are suggestive for thoughtful study. The terminology occasionally is fantastic, as when he terms Adam and Eve "the protoplasts," and makes religion "Christo-centric."

In his theological conclusions, Dr. Van Osterzee departs very little from the accepted positions of the old theology. He lays great stress on the doctrine of the Trinity, "the bulwark of Christian Theism," which he thinks that candid Unitarians admit to be rather taught by Scripture than their own views! His Anthropology is built on the original holiness and subsequent fall of man. Here he controverts Darwinism, and makes the mistake of thinking that the doctrine of evolution, if proved, would produce a calamitous result on "the revealed mystery of the incarnation of the Logos." The sinful state of all our race "makes us deserving of God's holy displeasure," yet is somehow different from "guilt." He believes in the sacrificial character of Christ's death, but does not clearly explain its effect; holds the doctrine of election, but not in the extreme form; lays great stress on the doctrine of Satan and devils, yet admits that "salvation, in the end, depends upon belief in Christ, not upon belief in the Devil." In church polity he is a moderate Presbyterian. His closing word is a denial of restorationism, though he holds that "for those who, from no fault of their own, knew not the gospel, opportunity will exist even in the separate state for hearing of the way of life."

The Spirit and the Word of Christ, and their Permanent Lessons. By G. Vance Smith, B. A. (Lond.), Philos. and Theol. Doct., Minister of St. Saviourgate Chapel, York. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1874.

This little book is compact with a clear, concise survey of "the ministry of Christ, more especially as viewed in its practical, moral, and religious aspects, and including some notice of such connected circumstances as might seem to illustrate the spirit and purpose of our Lord's teaching." It was written, Dr. Smith tells us, at the request of a friend who publishes it at his own expense. It is such a treatise as we have a right to expect from our Unitarian representative on the committee of revisers of the English Version, calm and scholarly, with more concessions to the negative school of criticism than all will agree in, but with positive Christian faith and affirmation, — a book written with the direct practical purpose of making men see in the words and life of Christ "the true solution for some of the most urgent and perplexing problems of our time." In ten brief chapters he draws the outline of the teachings of Christ, and shows their divergence from the views of current Orthodoxy; he also discusses the origin of the Gospels, and of the Logos-doctrine, and the doctrines of the Atonement and of Baptismal Regeneration.

Dr. Smith closes his sketch of the ministry of Christ with the cross, omitting all discussion of the resurrection; yet, since that supreme event of the gospel both seals its testimony and is the only thing which can explain the first beginning of the Christian Church, we cannot but think that the survey is left incomplete, without including it. He states his conclusion to be adverse to the historical authority of the Fourth Gospel, although his space will not allow him to give the critical reasons therefor, for which he refers his readers to his work on "The Bible and Popular Theology." He does not discard the miracles, but lays little stress on them for the purpose of his argument. Several full notes on disputed doctrinal texts and phrases are added.

(For sale by the American Unitarian Association. Price, $1.00.)

The Book of Ardâ Vîrâf. Pahlavî Text, with transliteration, translation, introduction, and glossary, by Destur Hoshangji Jamaspji Asa, Prof. Martin Haug, and Dr. E. W. West. Bombay: Gov. Central Book Depot. London: Trübner & Co. 1872, 1874. Two vols., 8vo., pp. lxxxviii. 316, viii. 350.

Lord Byron, writing from Venice, in 1816, informs Mr. Murray that he has begun to learn Armenian, and assigns the following rea-

son for attempting to acquire this "difficult, but not invincible," language: "I found it necessary to twist my mind round some severer study, and this, as being the hardest I could devise here, will be a file for the serpent." Had his lordship been in a position to choose Pahlavi for "blunting," and persisted in its use, we are confident that, if there is any virtue in such remedies, he would have been permanently relieved from the sharp gnawings of that serpent's tooth. Recurring to the same subject, in a paper evidently intended to be the preface to an Armenian grammar which he had helped Padre Paschal prepare for English students, he adds that the state of his mind "required study, and study of a nature which should leave little scope for the imagination, and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit." Unfortunately for the successful scientific prosecution of Pahlavi, European scholars have too often sought to facilitate the pursuit by giving scope to the imagination, — a procedure of which perhaps one of the most striking examples may be found in Prof. Spiegel's Grammar of the Huzvâresh Language (Grammatik der Huzvâresh-Sprache), published in Vienna in 1856. If his theory of the origin of many of the grammatical forms be correct, Pahlavi must represent the very rubbish of Babel, a conglomeration of the miscellaneous refuse of speech; and we can conceive of such a hotch-potch coming into existence only as the handiwork of clumsy pedants, like the curate and schoolmaster in "Love's Labor Lost," who, having "been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps," did not know what other disposition to make of their ill-gotten spoils. Rather than be forced to accept or assume such a ridiculous genesis for any tongue that has ever come to be seriously spoken and written among men, we prefer to question the correctness of Prof. Spiegel's views, and to query whether any valuable results are to be attained by this indiscriminate rummaging for odds and ends in the universal "alms-basket of words."

A noteworthy characteristic of Prof. Haug's investigations is their trustworthiness. He sticks to facts, and shows an instinctive aversion to all vaporous speculations. He ventures forward only as he feels solid ground under him; and does not spend his strength in running after the will-o'-the-wisps which hover over quagmires. If he, nevertheless, keeps in the front rank of pioneers, it is because he knows in what direction to advance, and has the firm foot which finds firm footing. This same feature marks, in a pre-eminent degree, the labors of his assistant, Dr. West, who, in severe caution, scientific exactness, palæographic skill, and perfect freedom from humbuggery,

has no superior and few equals among living linguists. This last quality will appear all the more admirable when we consider the strong temptations which beset the specialist engaged in a rare and intricate branch of study to indulge in brilliant generalizations and baseless conjectures; and when we call to mind the almost irreparable mischief which the tendency to supply a lack of positive knowledge, by more or less cunning guesses and surmises, has wrought in nearly every department of philological research, and particularly of Oriental learning.

In an essay on Pahlavî, published in 1870 as the introduction to his edition of "An Old Pahlavî-Pâzand Glossary," Prof. Haug gave the first comprehensive and consistent account of the age, origin, and character of this very enigmatical and anomalous language. In the same volume Dr. West suggested some general rules tending to systematize and simplify the pronunciation and transliteration of Pahlavî words. In the edition of the Ardâ-Vîrâf-Nâmak now before us, the editors have made still further progress in the same direction by adopting a uniform system of transliteration, based on the orthography of the Sazanian inscriptions, so far as this can be ascertained, supplemented by hints from the traditional pronunciation of the Parsis as preserved in old Pâzand writings and corrected by an etymological comparison of the words with their known equivalents in cognate languages. This third source of knowledge is extremely important, and has been especially developed by Prof. Haug, who has given a clear and succinct statement of the manner in which these etymological investigations should be conducted and the limits within which they must be confined. Pahlavî, as the fruit of a union between a lineal descendant of ancient Persian and some scion of Semitic stock resembling Chaldee, has inherited the peculiarities of both parents. An explanation of the Semitic features must be sought, therefore, in Chaldee and Syriac rather than in Hebrew, Arabic, or Ethiopic; whilst the Iranian traits which appear in words relating to the Parsis and their religion must be traced directly to Zend; Iranian words, on the other hand, which are not specially Parsi, are to be traced to Persian, the Zend equivalent being only incidentally consulted for the purpose of determining with greater nicety the value of the vowels. Thus at least a foundation has been laid for a rational and strictly scientific transliteration of the complicated and ambiguous Pahlavî character; and there is some satisfaction in feeling that what has been done will not have to be undone.

The glossary, which is chiefly the work of Dr. West, is not limited

to the Ardâ Vîrâf Nâmak, and the two tales contained in the same volume, but extends to portions of the Dinkard and Nirangistan, and may therefore be found useful in reading other Pahlavî texts. The arrangement of the words corresponds to the alphabetical order of the original Pahlavî letters; Dr. West has also appended, very thoughtfully, an alphabetical index of transliterations and some excellent notes on Pahlavî grammar, from which we are confident the beginner will derive much comfort and encouragement. With these helps, the earnest student who wishes to acquire some knowledge of what was once the official language of the throne and the altar, the language in which Sazanian kings published their decrees, and Zoroastrian priests wrote their commentaries on the sacred books, may set about the task with a reasonable hope that his labors will not be wholly in vain; and the man of leisure and culture who is paying the penalty of intellectual dilettanteism, and feels as though his "mind wanted something craggy to break upon," may also devote himself with profit to this strangest and most obscure of Oriental dialects. In view, too, of the fact that young men of real philological ability have been often deterred from entering upon the less difficult study of Zend by reading the sheer nonsense which even eminent expositors of the Avesta have made of Zoroaster's teachings, we must regard it as a good omen for the future of Pahlavî studies in Europe that the pioneer work has fallen into the hands of such competent and conscientious scholars as the editors of "The Book of Ardâ Vîrâf." E. P. E.

Christian Belief and Life. By Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

A welcome gift is this Easter offering of the college professor and pastor. His are sermons which it does one good, in every sense of the phrase, to read, as well as to hear. They are specimens of the best kind of pulpit eloquence: clear, vigorous, direct, strongly argued, finely expressed, appealing at once to the reason, the conscience, and the devout sentiment of the hearer, presenting the sound and rich thoughts in fitting and graceful words, "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The volume, as we are told in the preface, "consists of sermons delivered in the chapel of Harvard University, and most of them prepared for that purpose." We may well congratulate the University on its splendid succession of wise and gifted preachers still maintain-

ing its eminence in one whom, by a singular felicity, all denominations delight to honor, and whose college pastorate has been so abundantly fruitful of good influences and good works. Every one who reads these discourses will recognize their happy adaptation, direct or indirect, to the special audience — a somewhat difficult one for the preacher — for which they were written; and yet they are not above the heads of any intelligent, miscellaneous congregation, so that, while they will meet the wants and the tastes of the best educated, "the common people" can hear them "gladly." They are the serious, sincere, earnest addresses from the pulpit of a refined and cultivated Christian teacher to a refined and cultivated assembly, composed chiefly of the officers of the University and of young men preparing amid and through their academical studies for the duties and responsibilities of professional or business life. It seems to us that they are models of their kind for the end in view.

We welcome the publication of this volume that people may know exactly what sort of preaching the college chapel furnishes to the college students who may choose to attend it; how truly Christian, edifying, and instructive, as well as unsectarian. The freedom which is allowed to the college students in religious matters and in Sunday worship is in harmony with the undenominational position which Harvard has long and faithfully aimed to maintain. But we cannot help wishing sometimes, — though vainly in the present state of things, — that the whole body of students could be gathered on Sunday in the college chapel, as they were in old times, to listen together to such preaching as Dr. Peabody's. We are sure they could not find better for their minds or their hearts, instead of scattering, as they now do, far and wide, in loose attendance at church, or perhaps none at all.

In these discourses of the college preacher there is a happy union of simplicity with depth of thought; of religious fervor with calm good sense and knowledge of men and things; of logical force with rhetorical beauty; of clear statement with felicitous illustration. Many of the subjects are chosen with direct reference to the bearing of modern scientific theories on religious questions, or in answer to the objections and doubts of the unbelievers and skeptics of the day, or in vindication of the gospel history and in setting forth the transcendent claims of Jesus to our faith, reverence, and love.

The sermons, too, have what may be noticed by the way, as one element of their wise adaptation to an audience always impatient of prolixity and diffuseness, the rare merit of brevity and condensation

of thought and oneness of aim. Dr. Peabody does not scatter his fire.

It is not easy to say, where all are so good, which are the most excellent. Among those which treat of, or allude to, recent scientific theories and discussions, the ones entitled "The Creator" and "The Spirit in Man," are of special interest and power. Of these, of the three which precede them, one on "Conversation," full of wise and useful suggestions, one on "Preparation for the Future," and one entitled "Hebrew, Greek and Latin," with the text taken from the inscription on the cross, of which Dr. Peabody has made a most felicitous use, we might say, "he has kept the best wine to the last," if he had not brought out for us so much of kindred excellence besides; as in the discourses on "Reasons for Unbelief," "The Efficacy of Prayer," "Discipline of Life," "Jesus and the Common People," "The Peace of Christ," &c.

Here is what he says of the evolution theory: —

"My present design is to show you that the evolution theory, if admitted in full, is not of itself sufficient to account for things as they are. It may define the mode of creation; but it cannot supersede the Creator. Though I am not its disciple, I have no hostility to it. Whatever be its fate, whether it shall not ultimately take its place among established scientific verities, it has corrected and elevated the conceptions of thinking men and women as to the origin of the universe. The ideas of specific creation used to be almost as mechanical as those associated with any human artificer and his works. Plants, animals, and man were supposed to have been made and started into being very much as the figures in a puppet-show might be manufactured and put in action. But now, enlightened theologians, no less than philosophers, conceive of a progressive creation rather than of successive acts of creation; of types and races of organized being at every stage contingent on and modified by conditions of soil and atmosphere; in fine, of development, though not in a single line, and not without the controlling purpose of an all-wise and all-mighty Creator."

"If creation was development, it was none the less creation. If all forms of being have been evolved from primeval atoms by natural laws, there still remains the question, Whence these laws? whence these plastic tendencies? For in the atoms or monads must have been lodged the germs of life in all its varied forms of motion, instinct, intelligence, reason, will, philosophy, love, piety. While I see no adequate proof of this, and must therefore — till better advised — adhere to my old faith in specific creation, I cannot in thought take my stand beyond the æons of development in the immeasurable past, and behold the nebulous mass whence should spring by successive evolutions all the beauty, harmony,

and glory of the outward universe, all the great minds and noble souls that constitute a richer, grander universe, without feeling the shaping breath of the Infinite Spirit brooding over the weltering chaos, — without beholding the Eternal Wisdom endowing these lifeless atoms with their plastic *nisus*, ordaining their courses, combinations, and issues, holding in prescience and purpose all that they were to become in the lapse of untold ages. If where everything is infinite, the distinction of more or less could be affirmed, I should even say that, did I see reason for resolving all specific creations into one, it would only give me a more vast and overwhelming sense of the immeasurable power, wisdom, providence, love of the Creator."

From the discourse on "Conversation" we quote a single extract:

"We need to train ourselves to bear our part in social intercourse. We should keep ourselves conversant with all the current interests, all the dominant topics of the time, and should exercise our own minds upon them; so that we may not reproduce the stale and hackneyed common-places of the daily press or the talk of the street, but may offer views that bear the stamp of thought, and have, at least in form and phrase, something peculiarly our own. We should not evade the labor, always pleasant when habitual, of discussing topics of interest, maintaining and defending our own opinions, and drawing out in friendly skirmish diverging or opposing opinions or arguments."

"If we would talk well, we must throw ourselves unreservedly into social intercourse, instead of keeping up our own insulated trains of thought, listening by snatches, and answering at hap-hazard. If we want to meditate, let it be in solitude. If we talk, that is our work for the time being, and we should put into it the best that there is in us. If the theme be grave, let it have our ripest thoughts in well-weighed utterance; if gay, let us contribute whatever we can of mirth pure, chaste, and kindly, — of wit, without petulance or malice, — of humor, always free from sarcasm and ill-nature. Best of all is the commingling of the grave and the gay, — the discussion of subjects worthy of our interest as intelligent, responsible, immortal beings, with the lambent play of imagination, fancy, and the lighter and more festive elements of social intercourse, — that gravity may not lapse into dullness, nor gayety evanesce into levity and folly."

The genial piety of the author is expressed in more than one passage like the following: —

"The appellative *father*, in its use in human families, suggests no thought of rigidness or severity. It implies immeasurably more than a willingness to forgive and to benefit. It denotes an incessant outflow of genial feeling, a glow whose warmth is comfort and whose light is joy, a minute and appreciating sympathy with all that interests the child, a par-

ticipation — not in mere form, but with a full heart — in the gay and festive aspects of young life, a relish for its laughter and its frolic. Does it seem to you irreverent to ascribe this type of fatherhood to God? Whence comes it, if not from him? Do you say that it belongs to human infirmity? How is it, then, that the greatest, strongest, and best men have the profoundest sympathy with childhood? I am reminded of Luther, doing battle for the truth with all the powers of earth and hell, a man at whose mighty word civilized humanity was thrown into solution, to crystallize into new forms, one whose name will gain fresh honors till the word of God — bound till he gave it free course — shall have emancipated the world from error and sin, — yet joining in the sports of his children with the keenest relish, and writing to them from the scenes of his fiercest conflicts letters brimful of fun and frolic, as of tenderness and love. So far is this from dwarfing the colossal magnificence of his character, as its portrait has come down to our times, that we recognize nothing in humanity more grand, more glorious, more godlike than these gentle, fond affections which make the strong man as a little child.

"I ask again, Whence comes this genial love? Let the apostle answer: 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father.' But God gives nothing good which is not in himself, which flows not from his own nature. All that is lovely and genial in the parental relation has its own source, its archetype in him, — else it could not be in man."

"How vast is our receptivity of gladness! How kindly the necessity — not only in childhood and youth, but under our severest cares and labors, and even under the burden of many years — of recreation and pleasure! How blessed the inseparable alternation of the festive and the serious aspects and experiences of life, and the influence of the former over the latter, so that the fuller our draughts of joy, the greater is our power of persistent duty, labor, and endurance! Mirth is in itself so spontaneous, so pure, so healthful, fed from so many and various sources of divine benignity, so underlying even the rough and stony and dusty ways of life, that I cannot believe it earthly in its scope and destiny. There must be room and food for it in every stage of our being. Not that I would leave it unhallowed here; but when most hallowed, it is not suppressed, nay, rather it is then most enduring, salient, irrepressible. The capacity for it is given, that it may be hallowed, — that rejoicing first of all in God, we may take in to the full the joy-giving ministries of his creation and his providence, and may feel to the utmost the genial flow of his everlasting love. Let, then, our glad use of what God has bestowed for our happiness be limited only by the work that he has given us to do; and then our work and our play, our mirthful and and our serious hours, shall bear equal part in training us for the joy of the divine presence in heaven, and for the service that shall only enhance the perfectness of that joy."

Sermons, like these, so learned and scholarly, yet without any parade of learning and scholarship, so earnest and devout, so wise and practical, so eloquent and impressive, so excellent both in substance and in form, do honor both to the preacher and to the liberal faith, of which, on the conservative side, but under no party trammels, he is one of the richest products and the most honored and accomplished representatives.

Dress Reform. A Series of Lectures Delivered in Boston. Edited by Abba G. Woolson. Pp. 263. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This valuable book is a worthy lineal descendant of the dainty American volume, "What to Wear," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the ampler English one, "Dress as a Fine Art," by Mrs. Cherryfield. Before these, the books written upon this special topic were mainly descriptive and historical, — such as Fairholt and Planche's "History of British Costume." These later books, representing the advance of thought in this direction, concern themselves chiefly with the physiologic and hygienic facts and principles involved in the question of woman's dress, and urge the moral obligation upon all thoughtful people of following the lead of these. The later books are distinguished, also, from the earlier criticisms of "The Spectator," and other caustic writings, by the absence of reliance upon ridicule as the main weapon of attack upon the follies of fashion.

The book before us is the compilation, by one already well known to the literary world through her essays on "Woman in American Society," and by her lectures, of the papers read in Boston, more than a year ago, by able women physicians of the city, under the auspices of the Dress Reform Committee, of the New England Woman's Club, and repeated, many of them, in the suburbs. To these lectures Mrs. Woolson has added lively and readable pages from her own pen, upon the æsthetic points involved in this discussion, with clear-cut descriptions of the new under-garments devised and recommended by the Committee, and of their practical adjustment. It will be seen, then, that it is a book to meet the higher culture and purpose of our time, — a book which no thoughtful woman can afford to do without. It may not be amiss to quote, as a precedent to those who wish to be pioneers of "the more excellent way" among neighbor and kin, the example of an enthusiastic believer in its ideas, who keeps her own copy of the book on its travels through "the circuit" of her neighborhood, and has entered on the purchase

of her second dozen, as gifts to nearer friends! It is pleasant to recall the fact that Mrs. Cherryfield's earlier book, replete as it is with forcible protests against the transgression by fashion of all rules of pure taste and of fine art in its zeal for mere novelty; and with even such audacious words of our despised "Bloomer costume" as these, "It is impossible for any person to deny that it was by far the most elegant, the most modest, and the most convenient," — that, with all this, the volume made its way among the forty thousand readers of "The London Art Journal." It was reprinted in this country by Jewett & Co., but is now nearly out of the market, — a fact to be the more regretted since its fine illustrations of ancient and modern costumes, and the admirable enforcement in the text of their chief merits and defects, were very valuable.

These later books cover with great care and earnestness the same, and broader ground than Mrs. Cherryfield, in their general principles and statements, — reinforced, however, by the practical showing of "how to do it," in a way that is neither prosy nor commonplace. And as they do not enter upon the vexed question of the external dress, by suggestion of any special costume, they will not encounter the opposition which such a bugbear would arouse.

We will spare our readers all attempts to illustrate the style and drift of this volume by quotations, — a treatment that would be especially difficult and unfair where there are so many writers to be quoted or omitted. We commend it as a whole, and as sure to repay the conscientious reader. Mrs. Woolson says, in the closing page, "Hitherto it has been dress reform made possible: hereafter it will be dress reform made easy." And to that end nothing could be more helpful or acceptable than her own book.

Running to Waste. The Story of a Tomboy. By George M. Baker. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

We wish we could speak of this book in the terms of unqualified approbation that its purpose serves; but it belongs to a class altogether too widely circulated among children at the present day. It is too sensational in character, and too unrefined in expression. There is a certain class of young people, and a class who will largely read this book, who do not need any further instruction in slang, nor to have any more avenues opened, by the suggestion of new pranks, for the exercise of their mischievous propensities: a class that do not need encouragement in insurbordination, contempt of elders, resistance to authority, so much as to be taught the duty of obedience, of

respect, of submission. The tendency of this book is to harm that class.

The book opens with an adventure which encourages the idea that disregard of the rights of others is no sin, but a capital joke. The heroine and her brother are caught robbing an orchard; and, as the story is told, they are represented as engaged in a highly laudable enterprise, and the owner of the orchard in protecting his property is made ridiculous as a testy, fussy, pompous personage, intruding without authority where he had no right to interfere. There are many attempts at wit in the book, but most of them are of the same nature, holding up the old to the ridicule of the young, calling attention to their peculiarities of speech or disposition, and making them speak in a way to lead the reader to infer that uncouthness of speech is a natural accompaniment of age.

We do not mean to say that the book is without merit. There are some valuable lessons taught in it, and the last part is better than the beginning; but, believing that more than half of the books written for children at the present day give them instruction and views of life which are misleading, we are compelled to protest, and must, however reluctantly, include this in our condemnation. The crusade against injudicious — to use no stronger term — books for children cannot be too soon begun or too unrelentingly waged.

Sacred Dramas. By Rev. James Boxer. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We do not look with much favor upon attempts to dramatize Scripture incidents. The narrative seems to lose its dramatic force and natural simplicity and beauty when the attempt is made to enlarge upon it. The three dramas in this volume do not appear to be an exception to the rule. They are "Naaman the Syrian," "The Finding of Moses," and "Jephthah's Daughter," — and the first is by far the best.

The first of these "character lectures," as the author calls them, was prepared, he tells us, to control and guide a dramatic taste he could not suppress, and prevent it from being vitiated; and the others were prepared to meet a demand created by the first. They all seem to us wanting in a true dramatic spirit, and we should think they must have proved tedious in representation.

The book is excellently printed, and will doubtless commend itself to many who object to the secular drama, and will find in the subjects of these merit enough to compensate for any dullness or failure in their treatment.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. All just and trustworthy criticism of the Sacred Books, which Christians use as well as Jews, depends upon the interpretation of that ancient tongue which the faithful Israelite was once taught to accept as the very voice of God. If Jehovah has articulate speech, this speech certainly is the grand and rolling Hebrew. We note, then, as a theological book, the new and convenient manual which Dr. F. I. Grundt has prepared as a preliminary work to the larger treatises of Ewald and Boettcher, — "Hebraeische Elementargrammatik." It is for beginners, and contains the helps which they need in the study of Hebrew, — full tables of nouns and verbs, a lexicon, and systematically arranged schemes for translation and punctuation. It is a work for beginners, but it is also solid and instructive even for advanced scholars in the sacred tongue. It is a singular fact, that, while the Hebrew would seem to be the simplest and most stable of all languages used by civilized men, each grammarian has some new idea in his demonstration of its form and structure.

2. Dr. William Volck, Professor of Semitic Tongues in the University of Dorpat, in a very clear and eloquent style, discusses the contribution of these tongues to the interpretation of the Old Testament, — "Die Bedeutung der Semitischen Philologie für die alttestamentliche Exegese." He praises Gesenius and Ewald as the pioneers in the wise study of Hebrew; Hupfeld, Olshausen, and Boettcher as carrying this into other fields; and DeSacy and Fleischer as opening the treasures of the Arabic language. The full meaning of the ancient Scripture is now understood in the knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, and even Egyptian, as Semitic words are discovered in the Papyrus Inscriptions. The special passages of the Old Testament, on which the Semitic discoveries in Chaldea and Egypt throw light, are the accounts of the flood, of the plain of Shinar, of Chedorlaomer, of Joseph and his kindred in Egypt, of the history of the later kings in the books of Chronicles, and of the narrative in the Book of Daniel. Volck finds, moreover, that there is a distinct relation between the Semitic and Aryan tongues, enough to prove that they are variations and descendants of one original tongue. His essay was an academical "Festrede," on the anniversary of the foundation of the University. It has already reached a second edition. The general tone is conservative.

3. Jew and Christian work in harmony in the new lexicon of the later Hebrew and Chaldee, a specimen number of which is before us, — "Neuhebräisches und Chaldäisches Woerterbuch ueber die Tal-

mudim und Midraschim von Rabbiner Dr. J. Levy nebst Beitraegen von Professor Dr. H. L. Fleischer." The excellences and peculiarities claimed for this dictionary are that it treats with fullness and science the characteristic words of the Rabbins, and distinguishes their meaning from the meaning of similar words in the Biblical Hebrew; that it gives great attention to the proper rendering and derivation of the Chaldee tongue; that the Jerusalem Talmud has as much heed as the later and more pretentious Babylonish Talmud; and the various readings and improvements are given. Rabbi Levy has the chief charge of the dictionary. But Prof. Fleischer, "the Nestor of Oriental studies," brings Persian and Arabic to throw light upon the Rabbinical and Chaldee. In the specimen which has been sent out, there are Syriac, Arabic, and Greek illustrations, admirably printed, and an affluence of learning, — quotations alike from the Bible and the Talmud. It is curious to notice the Greek and even Latin words in their Hebrew dress, — such words as "basileus" and "vestis." The dictionary will be published in from twelve to fifteen parts, of one hundred and twelve quarto pages each, and will make when finished three thick volumes. The subscription price is six "marks" for each part, — about one dollar and fifty cents of our money.

4. Much ado has been made in the discussion of the origin and genuineness of the testimony of "Old Papias," as he is affectionately called; and the passage from his writings which Eusebius quotes has been taken too often as conclusive about the Gospels of Mark and Matthew. Dr. William Weiffenbach, in his careful monograph, "Das Papias-fragment bei Eusebius, H. E., III. 39, 3–4, eingehend exegetisch Untersucht," effectually disposes of the testimony of this credulous and superstitious bishop. He proves that Eusebius is wrong in supposing that Papias got his knowledge at first hand, or directly from any apostolic source; that it was certainly second-hand, and probably only third-hand, knowledge; that Papias was contemporary with Aristion and the Presbyter John, a very different person from the Apostle John. Weiffenbach is a careful critic and an accomplished scholar of New Testament and later Greek. He differs from Holtzmann, however, in his critical judgments. His writing is too diffuse, and he makes more of the theme than it deserves. The real value of Papias as an authority may be judged from the fragment which Irenæus quotes, the words of Jesus about the vine and its clusters, reminding one of Mohammed's heavenly vision.

5. The Life of John Gossner which Bethmann Hollweg, and Proch now more than once, wrote some years ago, has again, from

new documents, been brought out by Hermann Dalton. But Dalton fails to show how and why this suffering Catholic became a Protestant. Gossner was a remarkable man, and Catholics still claim him as an evidence that pietism is as natural in their communion as in the Methodist or Moravian. No Wesleyan zealot or mediæval monk could have a more burning love for the name and person of Christ than this practical worker. His fate was checkered. The Jesuits slandered and persecuted him, drove him out of Munich, and hindered his work in Russia. His long life of eighty-five years had suffering and joy enough for many lives. He is best known as a religious philanthropist. His preaching had more fervor than ideas, and he outlived his pulpit popularity in Berlin, where he began to preach at the age of fifty-seven. But his missionary activity, the preachers whom he sent to Africa and to India, and cared for in their mission, — these are his eulogists. There is no record of any Protestant doing a work so large and costly. He was a praying man, but he did not, like Müller, pretend that his work was all done, and that his support all came, through the power of prayer.

6. Robert Proeltz takes up indignantly the cudgels against the cynic and pessimist Hartmann, as the temper of this critic is shown in his libels upon the drama which has been so long classed as one of the chief of Shakespeare's tragedies (Romeo und Julia im Lichte der Philosophie der Unbewussten). He resents the idea that this *love* is a mere animal passion, without ideality, without depth or nobleness, hostile to all truth, patriotism, or high morality. He holds that only a low estimate of virtue will find here the rash disobedience of an immature school-girl, the sign of a bad nature. Juliet is pure, true, angelic in her beauty and innocence, and much more than a passionate fool. If Herr Proeltz were a better writer, his plea would be more effective. But his long sentences, and his involved phraseology, obscure his meaning. Gervinus and Goethe reason more convincingly. No pure-minded reader of the drama, indeed, will feel the force of Hartmann's harsh criticism.

7. The indefatigable Titus Tobler, to whom itineraries of the Holy Land pilgrims come as readily as new planets to the telescope of the astronomer Watson, gives a fresh lot of these in his "Descriptiones terrae sanctae ex saeculo viii. ix. xii. et xv.," edited from old manuscripts and documents. As an editor of this kind of material, Tobler has no superior. Nothing escapes his sharp-sighted eye, and he knows how to detect blunders as well as to point out beauties. We have here the story of St. Willibald, who saw *buffaloes* in the

valley of the Jordan, and *petroleum* in the markets, as long ago as the eighth century; of an unknown writer, in A.D. 810, who tells of a convent with mosaic pictures of Peter and Paul, and of seven thousand seven hundred steps to the top of Sinai; of "Bernard Monadrus," in A.D. 865, who saw the words which Christ wrote on the stone when he forgave the adulterous woman, and who is the first to mention the sacred Easter fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; of John of Wirzberg, who identifies Cana with the modern "Kenna El Djelil;" and a remarkable topography of Jerusalem, in the French language, about the end of the twelfth century. The volume is a solid one, like all works of the learned antiquary.

8. The Herr von Gauvain has a noble name. He is one of that excellent class who love allegory, and devote their dull wit and their religious prejudice to preaching which is verse in form but prose in substance. Ecclesiastical and civil things in Germany are going to wreck and ruin, and Herr von Gauvain is moved in spirit to come to the rescue. "Sündfluth und Arche," "Deluge and Ark," is the title of his octavo of two hundred and fifty pages. The Deluge is the German legislation about the Church, the wicked attempts to bind the word of God and deny the rights of the priesthood. But the poet is not a Catholic, and he does not show the Roman Church as the Ark of Safety. This will be in a new and more orthodox Lutheran community, which shall bring into new prominence the Evangelical doctrine. He utters the voice of the pious in these gushing and fervid verses, which might fit into the missionary work of such men as Moody and Sankey in their wandering mission. It is not probable that this kind of protest will frighten Bismarck or King William more than the louder thunder of the Vatican. It compares with the Syllabus and the Papal Letter as the chatter of the jackdaw with the scream of the eagle.

9. German theology is represented in this American land more by homilies and addresses than by solid works of critical or historical learning. A specimen of this is shown in the twelve "Tischreden" of Rabbi H. Hochheimer, of Baltimore, delivered at the December anniversaries of the Israelite Benevolent Society on their festal evening, the Chanuka Fast. They are not such "table-talks" as those of Martin Luther. They are not sportive or witty or coarse or vehement or controversial. The only jest that they make is an antithesis between Saul going out to find the ass and coming back a king, and the Spanish people seeking a king and only finding an ass. The topic of all the addresses is Wohlthætigkeit, benevolence, the chief of the

virtues, the peculiarly Jewish virtue, which Christians borrowed from Jews, which the Jews have always exhibited, which is their virtue in liberty as much as in bondage, in prosperity as much as in adversity. In giving gifts Israel has always been God's people, his child. There are many forms of Jewish ritual, but the best prayer of the Hebrew race is in its acts of kindness to its poor, in its practical brotherly love. Rabbi Hochheimer believes in his race, and sees for them a glorious future in the land where they are princes on the exchange and their synagogues are temples. He calls Israel, and not Rome, which he abhors, the "Niobe of Nations."

Le Sentiment de la Nature avant le Christianisme. Par Victor de Laprade.

Although this book was published in 1866, it has never been much read in this country, — partly perhaps because, on first turning its leaves, the reader feels it to be pervaded by vague sentiment to which he ought enthusiastically to respond, and cannot. This duty weighs upon his mind most strongly in the hundred pages of introduction, in which the general history of the evolution of the arts is treated in glowing language, and with fanciful theory. But as it is impossible to establish by facts any prehistoric theory concerning the moral nature of man, one reads and dissents.

Thus Laprade considers that primitive speech was knowledge itself; that primitive science was universal, with inspiration as its principle, and the sentiment of nature as its occasion and form; and the mere naming of an object, without cataloguing its attributes, an intellectual act. Then comes the statement that the hymn was the earliest poetical thought, combining both action and knowledge in itself, — with the litany, as seen in the oldest Greek hymns, for its type. How this original synthesis was broken, is his question.

When speech was no longer sufficient, and the faculties and functions of man became divided, the arts were compelled to produce themselves. The idea of an immaterial God had checked the growth of architecture, statuary, and painting; but with the determination of religious sentiment into special forms of cult, the rise of caste and industries, men embodied their pantheistic thoughts of God in the immense hypogeia of India, which found their parallel in the early vague and confused sentiment of nature. With the temples came the lyric, and then the epic expression of thought. As architecture arose in Egypt, the sentiment of nature was modified and restrained. Gradually statuary, freeing itself from architecture, broke the primi-

tive unity of art and worship, and man, in the Hellenic period, became the ideal. The sentiment of universal substance gave way to that of human personality. Christianity reduced and subdivided still more this sentiment of nature. Nature must even be mortified. Yet Christ was the principle of the new art. No longer the external man was the hero of statuary, but the internal man must be represented through the medium of painting. Then came the reaction: painting glided towards landscape, the drama towards the opera, physics became independent of metaphysics, and nature again was depicted. Music, arising from sensibility alone, is an expression of the sentiment of nature: each interprets it for himself, placing himself under the control of the external world, as it is an utterance of life in its varied movements. Poetry always has been, and will be, immortal while music is the art of the present. Primitive science embraced the whole: modern science divides, and makes progress possible. Nature only becomes matter by its separation from the ideal; and by this revolt of the material element against the moral principle science and art are alike injured. Science is now religion, music, art, and poetry.

After these generalizations, Laprade returns to detail and fact, and traces the progress of the arts in their Eastern development, quoting largely from the Vedas. Pantheism, he argues, inspired poets rather than artists; for the sentiment of the Infinite and the doctrine of the annihilation of self precluded the study of form, translating itself into art chiefly by immense edifices. He contrasts the Iliad and the Ramayana, and shows that in Homer man is very human, and religion wanting. For one gift bequeathed by the Indies we refuse gratitude. Terror and grotesqueness, born there from the vastness of nature, were incorporated into religious sentiment, and, though ignored by the Greeks, descended upon the middle ages, and then upon us, in a spiritualized form, as our modern melancholy. No dramatic element exists in the Vedas: all is lyric and descriptive: nor could it be otherwise, when God and nature, and not man, are the prime factors.

An examination of Egypt shows that architecture is its pre-eminent art. The column and its kindred architecture are without mathematical regularity because preserving the forms of organic life. It is the representation of enigma, with the Sphinx as "the symbol of symbolism." Egyptian religion is the dawn of the religion of the spirit over that of nature; for in it matter and spirit are separated, and the immortality of the soul hinted at, in the worship of the dead it prescribes.

More strongly still do the Hebrews testify that high moral ideas and religion cannot develop the arts, if no sentiment of nature exists. Israel has left but a book, whose idea of God is distinct from nature, and whose images have no fixed sense, as in other nations, but various meanings. Enumeration of nature's objects is employed, as in Psalm cxlviii., and neither reverie nor contemplation marks the Biblical style.

In Persian and Arabian poetry, the total absence of landscape painting, and of a dreamy philosophy concerning nature, is supplied by a profusion of colors and ornamentation, — a cross between pure thought and plastic form. Here the horse first appears as the *avant-courier* of chivalry. In China, the worship of the alphabet was substituted for that of nature, and consequently it has no great poem nor architecture, and what skill it possessed in designing never tended towards the ideal.

In Greece, the sentiment of the infinite, as produced by external nature, was unknown, man could do more for himself, and his gods were oftener deifications of the human faculties. Laprade then examines Greek and Latin art, — true Roman worship consisted in that of the city, the law, — into which familiar field we will not follow him as he explores the last traces of the religion of nature, in Roman paganism, which awakes in a new form with and after Christianity. To this more modern aspect of the question, Laprade devotes a separate book. K. G. W.

L' Art dans ses rapports avec La Religion. Conférence donnée dans le temple de St. François, à Lausanne, le 27 avril 1873, au profit de la Restauration de la Cathedrale. Par Alfred Cérésole, pasteur à Vevey. Lausanne et Vevey. 1873.

A charming discourse, bringing out with suggestive touches many aspects of its interesting theme, and well adapted to stimulate the dwellers in that loveliest region of Switzerland to pride in their noble cathedral, and to resolve to arrest its further decay. M. Cérésole pleads sensibly and well for the use of pictures in churches, to represent Biblical scenes.

Der Atheismus geschichtlich und logisch widerlegt, u. s. w., von Adolph Thomas in Wapakoneta, O. Cincinnati. 1874.

Two fearless and plain-spoken addresses to assemblies of German freethinkers and atheists, in opposition to their views, delivered in Chicago and St. Louis, by the pastor of an Independent German Church.

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1875. No. 6.

THE PERSONALITY OF JESUS.

THE peculiar excellence and power of the Christian religion are to be found, not only in the substance, but the manner of its revelation. We may dwell admiringly on the truths of which it has been the vehicle to the world, the more luminous views it has given of God, man, and immortality, and still fail to grasp the secret of its power over men's hearts and lives. In the personality and character of Jesus Christ we think we discern the solution of this problem. Abstract principles in ethics and theology, however pure or essential, win but a cold assent, and make but tardy progress, when unaccompanied by the charm and color of personal influence. Augustine was so profoundly impressed with this truth, that he said, "What is now called the Christian religion existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

It was the coming of Jesus, therefore, which not only brought

new truths to light, but gathered up and focalized in his vivid personality the scattered beams of light which saint and seer had already shed upon the darkness of mankind. He gave a local habitation and name to moral and religious principles which were dead or discarded. The ancient words "God," "truth," "duty," "right," "good," "holy," caught a fresh and wonderful enchantment as they came from his lips. And it is interesting to see how intensely this *relative* religion, so to call it, this reduction to personal life and character of certain vast and eternal axioms of moral and intellectual being, have seized hold of the faith and imagination of mankind. The reason why men, in spite of all intellectual cavils and criticisms, and even of the severe sentence of condemnation, which the gospel pronounces upon their own lives, still persist in adhering to it and loving it, is in a great measure due to this peculiarity. It has a history, a biography, a personal, powerful life and character to interpret and vivify it. It has always puzzled learned and philosophical minds, addicted to abstract studies, and seemingly all powerful in their special spheres, to explain why it was that they were beaten in their own art, and that a philosophy of human life, taught by peasants and fishermen, should win the homage and faith of the ages. Not many wise, not many mighty, have been called. What was hidden from the wise and prudent, has been revealed unto babes.

The Emperor Julian and the early unbelievers laid the matter to rest, as they conceived, no more to interrupt the tranquillity of mankind. Ten great persecutions, backed by the power of the Roman Empire, would, it was supposed, stamp out the last spark of the spreading fire. But, strangely enough, the asbestine principle reappeared from the funeral pile, to which its records and its disciples had alike been consigned, more formidable and living than ever. Millions of barbarians poured down from the northern mountains and forests, and swept away the old civilizations, and men stood aghast, and said, Surely now the gospel will share a fate like that of Greek culture or Roman law. But the very Goths and Huns became the converts first, and then the missionaries of the cross, and all Europe to-day is studded over with the most magnificent monuments of an architecture dating and named from this sublime revolution. The French age of miscalled reason

boasted that it had crushed out Christianity, and Voltaire and the Encyclopedists prophesied that the eighteenth century would see the last of it. But the propagandism of Christianity is more active, successful, and intellectual to-day than at any period since the preaching of St. Paul. Secularism and science are now busy repeating the ancient legends of the speedy superseding of the Nazarene superstitions by their own oracular Messiahship. But the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus goes on, in happy unconsciousness of the doom which is predicted for it, conquering and to conquer, multiplying its usefulness in the world, gathering an ever-augmenting host of converts and worshipers, propagating through society fresh tides of moral enthusiasm and aspiration, organizing new philanthropies, and sinking to an ever-lower depth and more vital spring in man's experience and consciousness. If the broadest testimony of human experience is worth anything, he must be a bold seer who, after looking over this career of two thousand years, predicts the downfall of the church and the fading out of Christianity; for, though the garb and fashions of human nature may change, there is no reason to believe that its essential principles, wants, or exposures will materially alter with the flight of time.

We detect in the marvelous personality of Christ an evidence of the truth and power of his religion unique and inexhaustible. This constrains men to its study and its service, in spite of their wills, and draws even the least sympathetic or spiritual by a constant attraction. Both believers and unbelievers are kept hovering around the life of Jesus, as by some dominant spell hardly known to themselves, now to explain its miracles and now to reconstruct its doctrines, now to probe anew its records and now to rearrange its events and repaint its scenes. Who can even recount the lives of Jesus which have been published during the present century? And others still are projected.

It is frequently said, "Truth is truth, and it will work its own way. No matter what is its record, the history of its development, or the means taken to spread it; for it carries its own magazine of force, and its own methods of verification, with it." And of some kinds of truth this theory may be true. Scientific, mathematical, or æsthetic truth may require no impersonation, no life

or character to give it a commanding influence over men. Great Nature herself is its most genuine incarnation. The theory of Copernicus, the laws of Kepler, the "Principia" of Newton, have no special relation to the characters of those discoverers themselves. Whether they were good or bad, the great principles they discovered and demonstrated, being laws of the physical universe, remain eternally the same, and exact unanimous assent.

But with moral and spiritual truth it is different; for that abuts upon the conduct of human life, and that conduct involves three-quarters of all the greatest interests of man's existence on the earth. The author of the "Celestial Mechanics" was reputed not to be a Theist, but however much such a want of faith and its corresponding outcomes in temper or habit might interfere with the truest views of the universe, and the grandest generalizations even in the sphere of pure astronomical and scientific truth, yet those sublime ordinances by which the system of the worlds is constructed, and according to which its shining orbs forever revolve, being once discovered and demonstrated, could not be affected ill or well by the conduct or character of the astronomer and mathematician himself. His work would stand, being a portion of the universe itself, though he might fall.

The success and diffusion of morals and religion, however, rest on a different basis. Their pole may be said to be in man, and their leverage must have its platform, not in nature, but in human life and character. And one of the chief causes of the failure of past systems of ethics and worship has been, that this essential condition of germination and diffusion, the holy and righteous life of the teacher, was lacking. Else why did the truth fall so powerless? There the truth itself was, the Golden Rule of Hillel, or Confucius, the Offices of Cicero, the dialogues of Plato. There was the all-encompassing God of truth, there was the universe as its witness, and life as its appropriate sphere, and the heart of man hungering and thirsting for something better, and heaven standing high over all as the goal to be won. But one essential element was left out, the utmost re-enforcement of a pure and godlike life, a personal incarnation.

The truth, so far as moral conduct and spiritual worship are con-

cerned, makes but a feeble impression, if it is not set forth by something more powerful than words, and charactered, enfleshed, irised, and humanized by all the attractions of a living personality. The philosophers and moralists of antiquity speculated of virtue and immortality in eloquent phrase, which has perpetuated their names to all ages, but no moral reformation followed in the lives of mankind. The reason is obvious. They were not converts even to their own doctrines. The grand truths they uttered did not move the world, because they did not move the souls of those who uttered them. They were to them fancy truths, dilettanteisms, not real as their own flesh and blood, and wrought out of the experience of heart and life. Every important change in the customs and characters of men can be traced to some person of great originating force, who was the truth he spoke, and did the deeds he praised and recommended to others. After describing a certain transaction, Cromwell, in one of his letters, says tersely, "And I did it." This was the secret of the Protector's power and fame, and it is the secret of all commanding influence over mankind,—"and I did it." The truth, finely spoken, charms and pleases; but the truth, earnestly lived as well, becomes omnipotent, pulls down the strongholds of sin and error, and recasts society after its own mold and color. It flies like an angel of beneficence, as it is, over the earth, and makes disciples of all nations. Such was the mighty personality of Jesus, and herein is the key to that vast and extending empire of his influence which we call Christendom.

This truth stands related first to God, and then to mankind, made in the image of God. History teaches us that our race has, in every age and nation, found it hard to believe in one Supreme Person of the universe, one conscious, personal intelligence and divinity. Some species of polytheism or pantheism, some belief in gods many and lords many, or some doctrine that God is All, and All is God, has been well-nigh universal. Or naturalism may have denied spirit altogether, and reduced both God and man to material forms and forces. But the personality of Jesus extends farther than itself. He associates it with the being of a personal God, an Infinite Spirit, conscious, intelligent, and benevolent, our Father and our Creator. He removes the barriers of doubt, sin,

and error between God and man, and hence he is the Mediator. In his lessons it is not Providence, an impersonal power, but your Father, who is in heaven, who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field. It is not force or law or secondary causes, or the principles of things or spontaneous generation, to which he attributes vegetable and animal life, and all the wonderful processes and manifestations of this shining universe. He lays stress on the will of God, and will, perhaps more than any other power, expresses personality. The grand distinction of Jesus is an ever vivid and constant sense of this personal presence of God, of identification with him in spirit and affection, though not in personality, and the spiritual intercommunion which he had with him at all times. All the emphasis he laid on his own personality, he laid on the personality of God. He said, "If you see me, you see a representative and image of the Father. He is like me, and I am like him. Only the magnitude of being in one is infinite, and in the other finite. He knows all, I know but in part. He can do all, but I do my works by him." It was this Supreme Person who sent him on his mission, and held him responsible for its fulfillment. Jesus thus dispersed the mists surrounding the Godhead, and projected a distinct image of the Father into the sphere of human observation and worship. Prayer, obedience, and love became possible to such a Being, as the highest of privileges. The suppliant was not speaking into air, or holding a soliloquy with himself, or calling upon the "eternal silences," but addressing a listening ear and a parental heart. The grandeur of the revelation has been verified by the experiment. The effect testifies to the greatness of the cause. Eighteen centuries bear witness to the value of this personal revelation of God by Jesus Christ. For they have beheld, with each successive stage of its progress, the Christian temple ever rising higher, its courts extending wider, its songs of praise instinct with deeper adoration, its worshipers thronging in from all nations, and its increasing volume of incense borne from ten thousand times ten thousand hearts to heaven. Who shall measure, who shall limit, this power of Christian worship? But it is a pyramid which, however high it may be uplifted, rests on the sure basis of the person-

ality of God, interpreted and emphasized to us by the personality of Jesus.

Further, this great truth, evolved with so much difficulty in the past, is ever liable to slip back again into obscurity and lose its hold on human hearts. The same causes which originally made it so difficult for mankind to believe in and worship one Heavenly Father, still remain to sophisticate and undermine this faith, and return upon us the old darkness. The denial of a personal God is no uncommon phenomenon in this enlightened age. Were it not for certain monumental landmarks of truths, mankind would imperceptibly fall into their ancient conditions and beliefs. What by revelation has once been comfirmed must by revelation still be preserved. In spite of the truth as it is in Jesus of one God, a semi-polytheism, remnant of the old ignorance, and, strange to say, justified by that ignorance, still drags at the skirts of the Christian Church. In spite of the stress laid by Jesus on his Father and our Father, philosophy and science, falsely so called, are in some quarters busy in remanding us back again to ancient night and chaos, and the mists which hung around man's morning dawn they propose to wrap around his setting sun. Against these and other errors, known and unknown, past or impending, the gospel affirmations and axioms stand as final and self-evident truths, which, however dimly discerned by the many, or however denied in the wantonness of speculation by the few, are destined to recast eventually the whole moral world, and establish the kingdom of God.

And now we will turn to a not less beneficial work which Jesus has achieved with regard to the personality of man. God was not only obscured, but man degraded, in the old religions and civilizations. Slaveries, wars, despotisms, and cruelties were but legitimate results of the poor estimate placed upon human nature. The mass of men were literally a *mass*, confused and undistinguishable, like the "dumb driven cattle." To the philosopher, statesman, priest, they had no God-given personality, no self-wrought and priceless character. They were simply monads, animated entities, emerging into life like insects in spring, useful for a season to their lords and masters, and dropping back again into the obscure limbo from

which they came forth. But these things were true, not only of the earlier periods of society, but they are, alas! but a too true and unflattered picture of our own boasted nineteenth century. We are but barbarous or semi-civilized nations in our best estate. It will take at least two thousand years in the future to ripen and refine the peculiar type of an absolute Christian civilization, the kingdom of heaven on earth. Meantime, the accomplishment of this stupendous revolution, of which such movements as the Reformation of Luther, American Independence, and the Abolition of Slavery, are slow and faint indexes, will be chiefly due to those spiritual and personal estimates put upon man as man, upon all men, by Jesus in the New Testament, which will continue to operate unspent till heaven and earth pass away.

Nothing is more remarkable in the life of this great Humanitarian than the value he set upon individuals who fell in his way, the dignity and politeness with which he treated them, the intrinsic worth he seemed to call forth in them, the interest he attached to their actions and fortunes, and the sublime possibilities of virtue, forgiveness, and love which he unrolled before the lowest and most guilty. His conversations, if possible even more remarkable than his parables or discourses, attest this exalted honor bestowed by him who knew what was in man, even upon those deemed but waifs and castaways in society. The halo which has by the painter been set upon his brow, is but a symbol of that halo, present or possible, which he made to rest on every human head. This was a method of beginning the great Reformation at its spring, and making the stream pure from its very fountain. His apostles slowly caught this "enthusiasm of humanity." The sacred fire was carried by Paul, as a second Prometheus, from city to city, and country to country, to light up the hearthstones of the family life, and warm the intercourse of man with man. The process has gone on till we have come to the philanthropies and humanities of the nineteenth century.

As in the case of the axiom of the personality of God, taken for granted, and not attempted to be proved, but only illustrated and vivified by Jesus, so in this parallel axiom of the personality and dignity of man as man, apart from either his condition or character, Jesus attempts no demonstration. He proceeds upon

its admitted reality, and only seeks to employ it, in his intercourse with mankind, as one of the fundamental principles of his religion. Morals and religion can, like mathematics, claim certain things as axioms. To attempt to prove that white is white, or black black, would only confuse an admitted truth. To demonstrate that right is right, or truth truth, would weaken instead of strengthen the advocate's position, and suggest the suspicion that there were two sides to the question. To clarify the human mind of the errors of polytheism and contempt of man, even as the teacher suggested of calling your brother, Raca, fool, what was needed was not intellectual development so much as a moral and spiritual reform, and this change Jesus effected. He practiced on the principle that God was God, and man man, and by the test of experience the truth would be established. When we speak therefore of his teaching truths, we do not mean that he created or originated them, or brought arguments to prove them sound and real; but rather that he assumed certain realities, as of the personality and fatherhood of God, the personality and brotherhood of man, and put them at once to use and practice, prayed to God as our Supreme Father, treated man as our equal brother, illustrated and illuminated these principles by parable and sermon, and thus led man practically into the way of truth and life by an actual experience.

Nor is the need of this method of Jesus superseded at the present day. Take, for example, the axiom of the personality, value, dignity, and immortality of the human soul, germ and offshoot of the personality and spirituality of God. All the winds of controversy are let loose upon this truth. The scientists tell us that at one end of the human existence man had his origin as a monkey, or ascidian, and the theologians tell us that at the other end annihilation destroys the wicked. Some seem to return in part to the old Hindoo conception of man's transmigration into other beings, good or evil, or a re-absorption into the Divinity itself. Not a few abjure immortality altogether. But here the word and work of Jesus come in as the grand restorative of man's faith in himself, convincing him that God has set his love upon him, that he is too good a scion of the Divine tree to be condemned to destruction, that he is too dear to God to be swept away into

nonentity, that angels rejoice over his repentance, and Jesus lived and died to reclaim him to his true destiny. He for whom so much has been done must possess a certain intrinsic value and importance, but dimly recognized even by himself as yet, and they augur a development and beatitude of being and of great and good things to come but dimly descried now even by the most prophetic eye. This transcendent spiritual personality, enshrined in the human heart, makes it not ridiculous that so splendid an abode as this earth should be fitted and furnished for the habitation of man, that the elements should be summoned to wait upon this child and favorite of heaven, and that the spirit of heaven itself should knock at the lowly door of the human heart, and seek to enter as guest for communion and friendship. We are convinced that it is this truth of the person and sonship of man to God, accented and hallowed by Jesus, which is the inner spring, the wheel within wheel, of modern society. It is one of the primary causes which has set forward the western nations on their grand career of freedom and progress, while the Oriental nations, addicted to Brahminical, Buddhistic, or Mohammedan beliefs of fatalism, the impersonality of man, his trivial and phenomenal existence on earth, or his re-absorption into the Divinity at death, have sunk down into torpor and death. For nothing smites man with so fatal a paralysis as the loss of faith in himself, and a contempt for the insignificance which he falsely supposes is stamped upon the very nature which God has given him. Jesus is the architect of a new civilization because he deals with the primary element man himself, and has advanced him to a new consciousness of the value and sanctity of his being, and given him assurance that infinite interests are involved in his destiny here and hereafter.

In this true and weighty personality of Jesus, therefore, at once the gift and the symbol of God himself, we discern the superhuman signatures of his religion. Miracles and prophecies flowed spontaneously from this source. He spake as never man spake, because he enclosed a mightier being than is possessed by ordinary men within the confines of his mortal condition. Edward Irving said of David, "The hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart."

But in Christ they were harmonized into unity and peace. We gain nothing by belittling Jesus to our standard, or disenchanting the wonder of his royal endowments. Great effects can only come from causes greater. The New Testament, mighty Christendom, must have a background. If a mere man like ourselves did these wonders, then this is substituting a greater miracle for a less, and explaining one wonder by another still more wonderful.

There have been doctrinal and scholastic ages of the church, when the predominant interest has centered in creeds. At other periods the prevailing tendency has been to ritualism. Church government has sometimes been the dominant question. Reform and revivalism in other ages have absorbed the zeal of the Christian world. Is it too much to hope that a happier age will dawn upon our warring earth, when as of old his disciples will come and sit at the Master's feet, and learn of him at first hand, and, imbued deeply with his spirit, subordinate creed, ritual, government, and reform, all to the life and mission of him who is the inspirer and moulder of them all?

In this personality of Jesus we find a solution of many difficulties. He brought men to God, and God to men, and removed the barriers between them, because he was at once in himself most Godlike and most manlike. He revealed man to himself, for he knew the universal powers and the individual traits. He was therefore never in despair of man's progress or salvation. He could take his part against whatever misgivings man himself might have. He knew that there was more of God in man, so to speak, than there was of man himself in man. His strongest, his victorious side, he knew was turned towards God. No slander or persecution could embitter his spirit, or shake his faith in man.

It was this conscious dignity of spiritual personality, too, which counterbalanced all the disadvantages of his external origin and condition. There he was, a poor Galilean peasant and carpenter, with no wealth, station, education, titles, or friends at court, but left under God to be all and to do all for himself. What were the probabilities that he could change the religion of the world, or reform Judaism, or even the faith of one little Nazareth? Every outward circumstance could be quoted against him. But the ab-

ject condition of him, who had not where to lay his head, was more than made good by the inborn royalty of a divine Sonship. So that when Pilate asked him, "Art thou a king?" he spoke but the truth, when he replied, "Yes, I am a king." This conscious weight and majesty of person required no striving or effort to make itself known. He oftener forbade than urged his disciples to make him known as the Messiah. He had no passion to be great, to carry a point, to force his influence, or anticipate his kingdom. He knew that, compared with the momentum of his heaven-inspired mission, all human belief and opposition, however formidable, would be but a feather, finally, in the opposite scale. Hence he predicted with the utmost confidence the preaching of his gospel and the coming of his kingdom all over the earth. His fatal cross, symbol of agony and shame, he recognized as his veritable throne, from which he would draw all men to his allegiance and service. Such boundless faith in himself and his cause would have been mere foolish bravado and self-conceit in even the greatest or bravest of earth, but in Jesus they read as the simple modesty of truth. To the scribes and Pharisees of his own day, they sounded as the height of audacity and blasphemy, but to us, after Christianity has been tested for nineteen centuries, they stand as prophecies fulfilled, and to be fulfilled on a scale far transcending any seer had anticipated of Hebrew or Christian record, except Jesus himself.

Alexander and Julius Cæsar could command vast armies while living, but what authority could they wield over Macedonia or Rome, much less over the world, after death? Napoleon Bonaparte has ruled France for two generations from his stately tomb, but his sceptre is broken, and his kindred in exile. The force on which these sanguinary tyrants founded their empires has long since vanished, because it was alloyed with selfish ambition, which outraged every feeling of justice and humanity. But the originating energy of the kingdom which Jesus came to establish, over the hearts and lives of men, was inspired with the truth of God, and the love of mankind, and is therefore as enduring as the God from whom it came, and the nature of man to which it is addressed. The hosts of the conqueror, vast in number, marshalled in all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," overrun-

ning kingdoms, sacking cities, subduing continents, have long since disappeared like a morning mist from the world.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour, —
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But the armies of this uncrowned sovereign of the spirit have been gathering and multiplying in countless millions from his day to our own, "the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, the noble army of martyrs," the myriads of missionaries, the mighty sects, the continental churches, the believers of every country and island under the whole heaven, the ever-extending pale of majestic Christendom. "When the Son of man," said Christ, "shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

The boldness of the plan of Jesus has had no equal in the dreams of conquerors, the schemes of political influence, the ambitions of sect or race, or the aspirations of literary fame. It was a project to reconstruct, not one nation, but all the diverse races, the various civilizations and religions, and the warring empires, and harmonize them in one united brotherhood, a church of world-wide dimensions, a society of mutual helpfulness and peace. This was the dream of dreams. It had not even crossed the imagination of the most sanguine reformer or visionary idealist. But Jesus not only projected the scheme, but set in operation the causes which would work out the result. The young carpenter of Galilee confidently took the position of leader of the human race, and father-confessor of souls, as if it were the easiest and most natural thing to do, instead of being the most difficult. He walked in a path of his own, in which no one had gone before him. It requires no small amount of ability and wisdom in one of his apostles or ministers to create and maintain a single effective church, or engineer one Christian denomination, which busies itself in developing and utilizing a few or even one of the many fructifying ideas which he promulgated to mankind. What weight of personality, then, what leverage of power must he possess, what

breadth and accuracy of view, what resources of heart must he have commanded, who proposed to establish, not one community or state on the foundation of love to God and man, but to initiate "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," a brotherhood on earth like the brotherhood in heaven! We call him great, be he king or president, who governs one nation with justice and humanity, and follow him to the tomb with tears and benedictions. What name shall we give him who proposes to pacificate the alienated races and nationalities, teach them to learn war no more, and govern them in righteousness and peace, not for one brief reign, but through the lapse of unending ages!

It is the ambition of Carlyle's hero, in "Sartor Resartus," "to clasp the whole universe to his bosom, and keep it warm." However quaint the phrase, it finds in Christ its fulfillment. He embraced all humanity in his plans of beneficence. He sought to warm all men with his own love, and to quicken with the pulses of his own life-blood every heart, however cold or dead.

The world has yet the problem before it to understand Jesus Christ. The Trinitarian retires baffled from it, and, neither satisfying himself nor others, huddles it all into one word, and calls him God. The Humanitarian, scarcely wiser, and shocked at his brother's audacity, puts forth his puny image of a "mere man." The Arian, anxious to avoid extremes, weds a theory, more true perhaps, but less intelligible than either, and calls him neither God nor man, but a spirit after his own kind, original and unclassed. The discomfitures of the sects may teach us that there is more of literal truth than we have usually been accustomed to conceive in Jesus' own declaration, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father."

It is a verdict we cannot render yet, because the evidence is not all in. Many brains are busy, and many hands active in solving the problem, "What think ye of Christ?" But we of the nineteenth century can see him more plainly, on the great scale of history, than they of the first century could possibly do. We may sometimes be too near to an object to see it, as well as too far away. The personality of Jesus was obscured to his immediate disciples by their very proximity. The criticism and learn-

ing connected with the New Testament are still far from being exhausted. The history of the church is a history of Jesus, and that is a scroll of wonder and surprise that is constantly unrolling. We are too darkly read in the mystic lore of our own nature to dogmatize as to what are its possibilities or limitations, or be ready to classify Jesus either in or out of the humanitarian circle.

But all this is the philosophy of religion or theology, not religion itself. We can dwell with admiring love on the person of Jesus, appropriate his lessons of deepest wisdom, inhale his spirit of purest love, and practice his precepts, we can even follow his example, as we do that of the Infinite God himself, when we are told to "be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect," and still leave the metaphysics of his nature, as we are often obliged to do the problems of our own, as open questions. We are religious with our hearts, not our intellects. Indeed, it is no bar, it is rather a help and heightener of our true reverence of God, and respect for one another, that we do not know everything, and push our way into every hidden corner, and fumble over the awful mysteries of our being with rude and easy familiarity. Thank God there are some things we do not know! We shall know them all the better with our hearts, that we do not know them with our intellects. We know Jesus when we love him and follow him. We know him when we reverence him. But when we seek with rude assaults to break into the treasure-house of divine wisdom, the door is bolted and barred, there are heights we cannot scale, depths we cannot fathom, and a voice is heard from within saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

A. A. Livermore.

ON THE READING "*AN* ONLY-BEGOTTEN *GOD*," OR "*GOD* ONLY-BEGOTTEN," JOHN I. 18.

Θεὸν οὐδεὶς ἑώρακεν πώποτε· ὁ μονογενὴς υἱός [var. reading *μονογενὴς θεός*], *ὁ ὢν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ πατρός, ἐκεῖνος ἐξηγήσατο.*

As the writer of the present article has already twice discussed the reading of this passage, — first in the Appendix to Norton's "Statement of Reasons," &c. (2d ed., 1856), pp. 448–469, and afterwards in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for October, 1861, pp. 840–872, — an apology may be needed for returning to the subject. The question, however, has acquired a new interest in connection with the revision of the common English version of the Bible which is now in progress in England and this country. It is well known that two of the most eminent among the scholars of the British Committee engaged in this work, Dr. Westcott and Mr. Hort, have adopted the reading "God" in the text of their (as yet unpublished) critical edition of the Greek Testament. Another of the British revisers, Prof. Milligan, has accepted it as the true reading, in Milligan and Roberts's "The Words of the New Testament," &c. (1873), p. 162 ff.; and Prof. Lightfoot, in his valuable work "On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament" (2d ed., 1872), p. 27, remarks that "the 'Only-begotten God' would seem to have equal or superior claims to 'the Only-begotten Son' in John i. 18, and must either supersede it or claim a place side by side with it." Dr. Tregelles receives it into the text of his important edition of the Greek Testament (Part II., 1861), and had previously defended its genuineness in his "Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament" (1854), p. 234 f.; Lachmann placed it in the margin of his critical editions (1831 and 1842) as an alternate reading, and would undoubtedly have taken it into the text had he known all the authorities by which it is supported.

It must not be supposed, however, that there is a general agreement of scholars in favor of this reading. Tischendorf, though he had adopted it in the second edition of his "Synopsis Evangelica" (1864), has restored the reading "Son" to the text in his eighth critical edition of the Greek Testament (1869); Alford retains *υἱός* (6th ed., 1868), though giving *θεός* a place in his margin; Dr. Scrivener, also a member of the British Biblical Revision Committee, defends the reading "Son" in his "Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament" (2d ed., 1874), p. 525 f.; and Bishop Wordsworth,

another member of the British Committee, does not even notice the reading θεός in his edition of the Greek Testament (5th ed., 1866). The reading "Son" is also defended by Rev. T. S. Green, M.A., in his "Course of Developed Criticism," &c. (1856), p. 73, and "Critical Appendix to the Twofold New Testament" (187–), p. 33; by Dr. Samuel Davidson, art. "Manuscripts, Biblical," in Kitto's "Cycl. of Bibl. Lit." (3d ed., 1870), iii. 60; by Prof. James Drummond, of Manchester New College, in an able article in "The Theological Review" for October, 1871, pp. 468–495; and by Rev. J. B. McClellan, M.A., in his recent learned and elaborate work, "The New Testament . . . a New Translation . . . from a critically revised Greek Text," &c. (Lond., 1875), vol. i. p. 707 f. Among scholars of the present century on the Continent of Europe, I know of none who have adopted the reading θεός. It is emphatically rejected as a dogmatic gloss by Godet (1864) and Meyer (1869) in their recent Commentaries on the Gospel of John; and it is also rejected or ignored entirely by Olshausen (1838), Lücke (1840), Tholuck (1857), Ewald (1861), Brückner and DeWette (1863), Bäumlein (1863), Hengstenberg (1867), Lange (1868), and so by Dr. Schaff in his American translation; see his note. It is also ignored in the most important recent translations which professedly represent a critically revised Greek text; as that of Holtzmann in Bunsen's "Bibelwerk," vol. iv. (1864), the American Bible Union (2d revis., 1867), the new authorized Dutch translation by Van Hengel and others (Amst., 1868), the French version of Oltramare (Genève, 1872), and the German translation by Weizsäcker (1875). The French translation of Rilliet (Genève, 1860) is not an exception, as that only represents the Vatican manuscript.

The question, then, is evidently an open one; and the object of the present article is to state and weigh, as fairly as possible, the evidence for the rival readings. It may be proper to mention that the substance of the paper was prepared at the request of the New Testament Company of the American Biblical Revision Committee, though no one but the writer is responsible for any statement or argument which it may contain. It is hoped that the account of the evidence will be found somewhat fuller and more accurate than has elsewhere been given; but, to avoid unnecessary repetition of what has already been published, I shall often refer, for details, to the articles in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" and "The Theological Review" which are mentioned above. Alford's note also gives very fully the context of some of the passages cited from the Christian fathers.

In adducing authorities not noticed in Tischendorf's last critical edition (1869) references are given; but it is assumed that one who is specially interested in the investigation of the question will have that edition at hand.

The evidence, then, for the different readings is as follows:—

I. MANUSCRIPTS.—For *μονογενὴς θεός*, ℵBC*L, 33 (ℵ^{c} 33., *ὁ μ. θ.*).*

For *ὁ μον. υἱός*, AX*ΓΔΛΠ*, C^{3}EFGHKMSUV, the cursives 1. 22. 28. 118. 157. 209., all of which are of exceptional importance and value, also Prof. Ferrar's group, 13. 69. 124. 346., which he regards as representing an early uncial akin to D, but with a purer text;† and all other known cursives, several hundred in number, but the majority of them not carefully examined, or of little worth. D, unfortunately, is mutilated here; but the versions and fathers with which it usually agrees support *υἱός*.

Of these manuscripts, ℵ and B are assigned to the middle of the fourth century, A and E to the middle of the fifth; E and L are of the eighth century, the other uncials of the ninth or tenth. Among the later uncials, LX*ΓΔΛΠ* are distinguished from the rest, L pre-eminently, by their more frequent agreement with the oldest authorities. The cursive MS. 33 is of remarkable excellence.

The manuscript authority for *θεός* is weighty, though confined to the representatives of an Alexandrian or Egyptian text. In a large majority of cases the reading supported by these manuscripts against the rest is confirmed by other ancient evidence and by intrinsic probability, and has a good claim to be adopted. On the other hand, they all, or the most of them, sometimes concur in readings which are clearly false, or exceedingly improbable, or very doubtful. See, for example, ℵBCLU*Γ*, Matt. xxvii. 49; ℵBC*Δ*, Cop. Hcl. Syr.$^{marg.}$ Aeth., Mark iii. 14; ℵBDL*Δ*, Mark vi. 22; B*CLV, Luke i. 17; ℵBDUX 33., Luke xv. 21; ℵ^{a}B*C*, John i. 15; ℵBLT^{b} 33., John iii. 13;

* In the Bibliotheca Sacra for October, 1861 (p. 850), *θεός* was given as the reading of ℵ *a prima manu*, as if it had been afterwards corrected. The text of the MS. was not then published, and I was misled by Tischendorf, who, in his Notitia Cod. Sinaitici (1860), p. 18, gave the reading as follows: "Joh. 1, 18 a prima *μονογενησ* (absque *ὁ* cum BC*L) *θεοσ* (cum BC*L etc) *ειω* (om *ο ων*)." I naturally supposed the "a prima" to refer to all the variations from the Received Text, not merely to the first and the last. Dr. Tregelles before me had fallen into the same error (Text. Crit., 2d ed., p. 780).

† See Scrivener's Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament, p. 167, and Addenda to do., p. ix. (2d ed., 1874).

BLTX$\Gamma\Delta$, etc., John vii. 8; ℵBHLP 61., Acts xii. 25 (impossible). See also for ℵB in particular, Matt. vi. 8; xvi. 21; Mark iv. 21 (*ὑπό* for *ἐπί*, impossible); Luke xxiii. 32; Acts xvi. 32; James i. 17; 2 Pet. ii. 13. As to the cursives, those first named above are nearly, some of them perhaps quite, equal in value to 33. *in the Gospels;* 1. 22. and 209. especially are often right where it is wrong. See, e.g., Matt. v. 44; vi. 1, 6, 13; xix. 16, 17; Luke xi. 2, 4, and numberless other passages.

Such being the state of the case, the manuscript authority for *μ. θεός*, though important, cannot be regarded as in itself decisive.

II. Ancient Versions. — For *θεός*, the Coptic or Memphitic (3d cent., or perhaps even the second), Peshito Syriac (in its present form, 4th cent.; so Treg., Westcott and Hort, Crowfoot, Payne Smith, Lightfoot), Harclean Syriac in the *margin* (A.D. 616), Aethiopic (4th or 5th cent.) in the Roman edition.

For *υἱός*, Old Latin (2d cent.), a b c e f ff^2 l *filius*, q *fil. dei*; Vulgate (A.D. 384), Curetonian Syriac (2d cent.), Jerusalem Syriac (5th cent.?), Harclean Syr. in the *text* (here probably = Philoxenian, A.D. 508), Aethiopic in Platt's edition, which is the best; Armenian (cir. A.D. 431).

Though Wilkins and Malan (*Gosp. of S. John*) in their translations of the Coptic give its reading as "the only-begotten *of* God," and are followed by Scrivener and McClellan, this is doubtless an error; see Schwartze's note *in loc.*

III. Fathers. — (In citing their names, the year when they flourished is noted, generally as assigned by Cave.)

For *θεός*. Clem. Alex.[192] once, but once in reference *υἱὸς θεός*; Excerpta ex Theodoto (Valentinians) 2d cent. (?); Epiphan.[368] three times, and one ref.; Didym. Alex.[370] twice, and one ref. (?); Cyr. Alex.[412] four times, and one ref., but *υἱός* three times (Opp. iv. 103^e, v. i. 365^c, vi. i. 90^b), also (allus.) *ὁ μον. τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος* (vi. i. 187^c). — *Perhaps*, 2d Synod of Ancyra[358] one ref., and Greg. Nyss.[370] one ref. and eight allusions (Opp. iii. 291^a, and in addition to what Tisch. cites, ii. 432^b, 478^d, 506^c, 595 [605]^a, 671^a), but *υἱός* twice in similar allusions (Opp. ii. 466^c, iii. 648^a), and *ὁ ἐν ὑψίστοις θεός* once (i. 697^a). The inconclusiveness of such references and allusions is illustrated in Bib. Sac. (as above), pp. 855–857; see also below, p. 567.

No *quotation* of the passage with the reading *deus* has been produced from any Latin father.*

* The apparent exception in the case of Hilary (*De Trin.* xii. 24, Migne x. 448^a) is merely apparent, the "unigenitus deus" forming no

For *viός*. Iren.[180], in a very ancient Latin version, has once *filius dei*, once *filius*, and once *deus;* in the first two cases the context favors *filius;* Hippol.[220], 3d Syn. of Antioch[269], Archelaus[300?] (*Disp. c. Man.* c. 22, in an old Lat. version; Migne x. 1479c), Alexander of Alexandria[318], Euseb.[315] six times, and one ref. (see below), Eustathius of Antioch[330] (*De Engastr.* c. 18, Migne xviii. 652c), Athanas.[326] four times, and three ref., *Pseud*-Athan.[uncert.] (*Cont. Sab.* c. 2, Migne xxviii. 100b), the Emperor Julian[362] twice (*ap.* Cyr. Alex. Opp. vi. ii. 333), Tit. Bostr.[362] once, and once *viὸς θεός*; Greg. Naz.[370], *Pseudo*-Basil.[unc.] (*Hom. in* Ps. xxviii. c. 3, Opp. i. 359, improperly cited by Tisch. as if genuine), Rufinus Syr. or Palaest. [cir.390] (*De Fide* c. 16, in a Latin trans.; Migne, *Patrol. Lat.* xxi. 1131a), Chrys.[398] eight times, Theod. Mops.[407] (*In* Joh. i. 29; Migne lxvi. 733d), Theodoret[423] four times, Proclus[434], *Pseudo*-Cyril[5th cent.?] (*De Trin.* c. 6; Migne lxxv. 1153; Card. Mai published this as Cyril's; I have followed Dr. Tregelles, *Printed Text*, p. 232, note †), Andr. Cret.[635?] (*Or. in Transf.;* Migne xcvii. 940c), Joan. Damascen.[730] five times (Migne xciv. 789a, xcv. 204cd, 216b). So the later Greek fathers, as Theod. Stud.[818] twice (Migne xcix. 396c, 1216a); Andr. presb., Theophyl., Euthymius three times (Migne cxxix. 1125d, 1128c; cxxx. 1296c); see Bib. Sac., p. 863.—*Probably*, Cyril of Jerusalem[350] (see Bib. Sac., p. 860); and *perhaps* Nonnus[410]; see Tischendorf.

The Latin fathers all support *θεός*. So Tertullian[200] once, and one allusion; Hilary[354] seven times; Phoebadius[359] once (*Cont. Arian.* c. 12; Migne xx. 21), Victorinus Afer[360] six times, Ambrose[374] seven times, Jerome once (*In* Ezek. xliv. 1 seqq.), Faustinus[384] four times, Augustine[396] three times, Adimantus the Manichaean[396], Maximinus the Arian[428] twice, Vigilius of Tapsa(?)[484] three times (Migne lxii. 265d, 393d, 395a), Junilius[550], Alcuin[780], and so on; see, for references, Bib. Sac., pp. 864, 865. Fulgentius should not be cited, as he is by

---

part of the quotation from John i. 18, just as "Jesus Christus" forms no part of the quotation from Rom. ix. 5, and as "unigenitus deus" is no part of the quotation from 2 Tim. i. 9, a little below (c. 26). What precedes and follows shows that the whole stress of Hilary's argument rests on the word *est*. Chrysostom argues in just the same way from the *ὁ ὤν* in this passage (Opp. i. 476c, 477a, and viii. 87ab ed. Montf.); see also Epiphan. *Ancor.* c. 5. and Greg. Nyss. *Adv. Eunom.* lib. x. (Opp. ii. 680–682. Dr. Tregelles' "et in sequentibus *saepe*" is wholly misleading, if he means that this is anything more than the application by Hilary of a favorite appellation to Christ. Hilary has quoted John i. 18 with the reading *filius* seven times, and the passage *De Trin.* vi. 39 proves that he did not read *deus*.

Tisch., for *filius*, and by Treg. for *deus*. He has nowhere, properly speaking, *quoted* the passage; his *allusions* (Migne lxv. 272[b], 454[cd], 459[c], 583[c], 679[c], 681[b]) are all quoted in the Bib. Sac., p. 857.

Doubtful. 1. Origen[230] has the reading θεός twice (Opp. iv. 89, 438, ed. De la Rue). Here, however, the very literal version of Ferrari, made from a MS. now lost, reads *unigenitus* alone, in both places (see Huet's ed. of Origen's Comm. ii. 82, 406), though De la Rue has added *deus* in the second instance. A translator might regard *filius* as superfluous with *unigenitus*, but not so *deus*. On the other hand, Origen has ὁ μον. υἱός once, *Cont. Cels.* ii. 71 (Opp. i. 440). So De la Rue and Lommatzsch, from two MSS.; Hoeschel's ed., from a single MS., reads καὶ μον. γε ὢν θεός, which bears clear marks of being a marginal gloss.* In another quotation of John i. 18 (Opp. iv. 102), De la Rue and Lommatzsch edit ὁ μον. υἱὸς τοῦ θεοῦ; the earlier ed. of Huet reads υἱὸς θεός. A little after, in

* Compare the interpolation in Hoeschel's edition of the same treatise, lib. i. c. 63, by which Origen is made to quote 1 Tim. i. 15 thus: . . . Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς ὁ θεὸς ἦλθεν εἰς τὸν κόσμον ἁμαρτωλοὺς σῶσαι, where De la Rue omits ὁ θεός on the authority of four MSS. and the Philocalia. A similar gloss has apparently been added to the text in Euseb. *De Eccl. Theol.* i. 9, p. 67[d]: ὁ μον. υἱός, ἢ μον. θεός, ὁ ὢν κ.τ.λ. The context seems clearly to show that Eusebius read υἱός here, as in five other places; see Bib. Sac., p. 859. Such a mode of designating an *alternate* reading as we must otherwise suppose, is, I believe, unexampled. For other remarkable instances of interpolation or corruption of the text in MSS., see Wetstein's *N. T.* ii. 596, last paragraph, and 865.

It may be well here to notice a passage in which Eusebius *allows* the appellation μονογενὴς θεός as applied to the Son, though he does not affirm that it is given him in Scripture. He says (*De Eccl. Theol.* iii. 6, p. 175[a]), "And he alone [the Father] may be called (χρηματίζοι ἂν) One God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, while the Son may be called Only-begotten God, he who is in the bosom of the Father, but the Paraclete (*or* Helping) Spirit can be called neither God nor Son, since he has not like the Son been generated from (ἐκ) the Father, but is one of the beings made through the Son." I would here thank Prof. Drummond for pointing out an error in my former translation of this passage (Bib. Sac., p. 860, note); and would refer to his article for a full exhibition of the quotations of Eusebius with their context, which leave no room for doubt that he here read υἱός (Theol. Review, pp. 480–482). It may be added that Tischendorf and Tregelles have not noticed the quotation of John i. 18 by Eusebius in his Comm. on Is. vi. 1 (Migne, xxiv. 121[d]). On the other hand, Euseb. *De Eccl. Theol.* ii. 14, p. 123[b], referred to by Tregelles and Tischendorf, is not a quotation.

two allusions, we find *ὁ μονογενὴς* alone (Opp. iv. 102, 114). Again we have in a quotation (in Rufinus' translation) *unigenitus dei filius* (Opp. iii. 91), where the context confirms the reading, having *unigenitus filius* just before in an allusion to the passage.

As to the variations, the occasional *addition* of *τοῦ θεοῦ* or *dei*, as in the Old Lat. q, Irenaeus, Victorinus (*Ad Cand.* 16), Fulgentius (allus., *De Fide*, 17), or of *θεός* (Clem. Alex. and Tit. Bostr. above), for the sake of strengthening the expression, or the *omission* of *υἱός* and *filius*, as by Cod. gat. of the Vulg., *Pseud*-Ignat., Origen (see above),† Aphraates[887] (*Hom.* vi. 7, p. 115 Wright, allus.), Cyril of Jer., Epiph. (?), Chrys. (Opp. i. 475[b] ed. Montf.), Nonnus, *Pseud*-Ath. (*Q. ad Ant.* 28), Max. Conf.[645] (*In* Dion. Ar. *Ep.* ix.), Victorinus (*Adv. Ar.* i. 15). Ambr., Vigil. Taps. (Migne lxii. 260[a], 366[c]), and Fulgentius (*De Inc.* c. 18, allus.), as unessential, would be natural enough if *ὁ μονογενὴς υἱός* was the original reading; but if *θεός* were genuine, *υἱός* would hardly be inserted before it, and it would not be easily omitted.

In Orig. Opp. iv. 92, cited by Treg. and Tisch., we have merely the *expression* "unigenitus deus salvator noster," with no sign of even an allusion to John i. 18. The like is true of Marcel. ap. Eus. p. 19[c], and Isid. Pel. *Ep.* iii. 95, cited by Tregelles. Dr. Tregelles further cites twelve writers as using the phrase *μονογενὴς θεός* or *unigenitus deus* "saepissime, . . . tanquam nomen Jesu in Scriptura tributum." A careful examination of these writers will show, if I have made no mistake, that only *one* of them (Greg. Nyss.) intimates that this is a name given to Christ in Scripture; not one of them expressly quotes John i. 18 with the reading *μον. θεός* or *unig. deus*; four of them do expressly quote it with the reading *μον. υἱός* or *unig. filius* (viz. Greg. Naz., Tit. Bostr., Vigil., Alcuin); four certainly, perhaps five, have used the phrase but *once* each, in their extant writings (Bas. Sel., Arius, Lucian, Gaudent., and perhaps Greg. Naz.); and two of them have never used it at all (Tit. Bostr., Prudentius). For details, see Bib. Sac., pp. 842, 843, 846 note, 867 note.

2. Basil the Great[870], according to the text of the Benedictine edition, has *θεός* once (with five MSS.) where earlier editions read *υἱός*, and once mentions "True Son, Only-begotten God, Power of God," &c., as names given to Christ in Scripture. On the other hand, he

† In Origen's *comment* on the passage, as given in the scholion from Cod. 237 by Matthaei (*N. T. Gr. et Lat.* iv. 23, 24), *υἱός* is also omitted. This scholion is instructive as showing how *θεός* might creep in: *ὁ μονογενής, φησίν, ὃν προεῖπον ὅτι θεός, ὅτι φῶς, κ.τ.λ.*

quotes the passage twice with the reading *υἱός*. In the first case (Opp. iii. 23) the six MSS. of Garnier appear to support this reading, but one of Matthaei's Moscow MSS. has *θεός*. In the second (Opp. iii. 358), Garnier notes no variation in his ten MSS., and Matthaei's MS. also has *υἱός*.

The imprudence of inferring the reading of John i. 18 from the mere assertion of a father that Christ is called or named in Scripture the Only-begotten God was illustrated in the Bib. Sac., p. 855 f. See also Theodoret, *Haer. Fab.* v. 2 (Opp. iv. 383–387, ed. Sirmond; Migne, vol. lxxxiii.), who says, "All the apostles *name* (*ὀνομάζουσι*) him Genuine and True Son of God;" and, farther on, "the divine John the Evangelist *calls* (*καλεῖ*) the same both *λόγον προαιώνιον, καὶ μονογενῆ υἱόν, καὶ τῶν ἁπάντων δημιουργόν*," *κ.τ.λ.* Again: "They *name* (*ὀνομάζουσι*) him both *Χριστόν, καὶ ἀΐδιον υἱόν, καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς συναΐδιον*." Again: "He has been *named* (*ὠνόμασται*) not simply *λόγος*, but *θεὸς λόγος*." So Epiphanius (*Ancor.* c. 28) speaks of the Father as "*calling* (*καλοῦντα*) the Son *συνδημιουργόν*," referring to Gen. i. 26. Such language is often used of titles which the fathers regarded as *justified* by Scripture, though not expressly given. We cannot, therefore, attach much weight to the evidence of the Synod of Ancyra, or to the references of Gregory Nyssen and Basil.

3. *Pseudo*-Caesarius[7th cent.?] is cited by Tischendorf, as also in the Bib. Sac., for the reading *υἱός* (*Dial.* i. 4; Migne xxviii. 864). But the context (*Τίνα τοῦτον, ἀλλ' ἢ θεόν; καθὼς φησὶν ὁ Ἰωάννης· Ὁ μον. υἱός, ὁ ὢν ἐν τοῖς κόλποις κ.τ.λ.*) so naturally suggests the conjecture that *θεός* should be here substituted for *υἱός*, that I now prefer to treat the reading as doubtful. The deity of Christ, may, however, have been merely *inferred* from *μονογενής* and *ὁ ὢν ἐν τοῖς κόλποις*, as it is by Chrys. *in loc.*, Greg. Naz. (*Or* .xxix. al. xxxv. 17), Junilius (*De Part. div. Leg.* i. 16), and others.

There is some doubt about Irenaeus and Cyril of Alexandria; see above.

On a review of the external evidence it will be seen that the MSS. which reads *θεός* are of the highest rank, though few in number,—weighty authorities, but not decisive; while the testimony of the ancient versions, and the quotations of the passage by the Christian fathers, decidedly favor *υἱός*. We trace both readings to the second century; but we find *θεός* supported almost wholly by one class of authorities, the Alexandrian or Egyptian; while the witnesses for *υἱός* are far more widely diffused as well as far more numerous, representing all quarters of the Christian world. The whole Western

church seems to have known no other reading. The Syrian and Palestinian fathers, with all the Syrian versions but the (revised?) Peshito, support it, as well as those of Asia Minor and the Byzantines, while the Alexandrian witnesses are divided. Though the majority of these favor *θεός*, Alexander of Alexandria and Athanasius support *υἱός*, the latter by repeated and unequivocal quotations. Origen's manuscripts and those of Cyril may have had both readings.

The *number* of fathers that can be relied on with confidence as witnesses for *θεός* is very small. "Besides the "Excerpta ex Theodoto" mentioned above, there are but *two* who have expressly quoted the passage with the reading *θεός* only, — Epiphanius and Didymus. Didymus became blind at four or five years of age, and quotes from memory, often making mistakes; while Clement of Alexandria and Epiphanius are notorious for the looseness and inaccuracy of their citations from Scripture. The uncertainty of mere allusions, and of assertions that Christ is *called μονογενὴς θεός* in Scripture, has already been illustrated. It is proper to state these facts, and to give them due weight; but in the present case I would not lay great stress upon them, in disparagement of the testimony for *θεός*. The indisputable authorities for *θεός* give strength to evidence which, standing alone, would be weak.

It has been imagined that the *text* of the fathers who read *θεός* is more trustworthy than that of those who have *υἱός*. This point is carefully examined by Prof. Drummond, who maintains that there is not one passage in their quotations "where any serious difficulty would be presented by the context if *υἱός* were substituted for *θεός*." We have already seen the probability of corruption from marginal glosses in two passages of Origen and Eusebius. On the other hand, in the case of some of the more important witnesses for *θεός*, as Eusebius, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, and also of Hilary and other Latin fathers, the context in several places renders the reading *υἱός* absolutely *certain*. (See Bib. Sac., pp. 859–861 notes, 847 note, or Theol. Review, pp. 480, 482 f., 492, 488; also Alford's note *in loc.* for Hippolytus and Tertullian.) In reasoning on this subject we must not forget that the phrase *μονογενὴς θεός*, though "only-begotten God" is strange to us, was familiar to transcribers in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, and suited the prevailing taste.

But how could the phrase *ὁ μονογενὴς θεός* have become so familiar if *θεός* was not here the primitive reading? In the same way in which *ὁ θεὸς λόγος*, "God the Son," and a little later *θεοτόκος*, as applied to the Virgin Mary, became current, though not found in Scrip-

ture. The appellation *ὁ θεὸς λόγος*, which so often occurs in the fathers from Melito and Clement of Alexandria onward, was readily formed from John i. 1; and when *υἱός* was regarded as a synonym of *λόγος*, and implying generation from the divine substance, nothing was more natural than the formation of such expressions as *ὁ μονογενὴς θεός*, or *ὁ μον. θεὸς λόγος*, *unigenitus deus*, *unigenitus deus verbum*, which occur abundantly in writers who we *know* read only *υἱός* or *filius* in John i. 18. Though not equally suiting all tastes, the expression was a favorite one with many among the Orthodox and the Arians alike, who were pleased with it for different reasons (see Bib. Sac., p. 868). It was enough that it was regarded as authorized by *necessary inference* from Scripture. No quotation of John i. 18 with this reading has been found in any Arian writer.

We are now prepared to consider the internal evidence. It may be urged that if the original reading was *θεός*, *υἱός* might be readily substituted for it, unconsciously, after *μονογενής*, which naturally suggests it, and is connected with it in three other passages. This is true. On the other hand, if *υἱός* was the original reading, it may be said that in this place, forming the grand conclusion of the Prologue which began with predicating *θεός* of *ὁ λόγος*, *θεός* would be a natural marginal gloss, which would easily find its way into the text.* It may also be said that the phrase *ὁ μονογενὴς θεός* being familiar to copyists of the third and following centuries, *θεός* would easily be unconsciously substituted for *υἱός*, especially as the *θεόν* which precedes would *suggest* the word, and the resemblance of $\overline{\text{ΥC}}$ and $\overline{\text{ΘC}}$, or of -HC$\overline{\text{ΥΙ}}$OC and -HC$\overline{\text{ΘC}}$ (*υἱός* being often unabbreviated in the oldest MS.), would facilitate the change. (For the dots over the initial Υ a dash was often substituted, which might, on a hasty glance, be connected with the final OC.) Abundant illustrations of transcriptural error originating in both the ways now supposed might be given.

* "Nomini *υἱὸς* nomen *θεὸς* modo substitutum, modo adjectum est. Utrumvis glossema, collato v. 1, *καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος*, suaviter tinniebat" (Bengel, *App. Crit.* p. 217). In illustration of the fact that such a combination as *μονογενὴς θεός* was not likely to offend transcribers, and possibly of what Tischendorf calls the "studium in summa antiquitate appellationis *θεοῦ* in Christum conferendae," we may note that Cod. A in John xix. 40 for *τὸ σῶμα τοῦ Ἰησοῦ* reads *τὸ σῶμα τοῦ θεοῦ*, and that in John xviii. 32, for *ὁ λόγος τοῦ Ἰησοῦ . . . σημαίνων ποίῳ θανάτῳ ἤμελλεν ἀποθνήσκειν*, LΔ 59. 259. read *ὁ λόγος τοῦ θεοῦ, κ.τ.λ.* The reading of ℵ* Luke viii. 40, *τὸν θεόν* for *αὐτόν*, probably arose from a mechanical repetition of the ON in *αὐτόν* in the MS. copied. See also the note on p. 565, above.

For the mechanical repetition of a word suggested by the context, see Mark iv. 21, where the absurd *ὑπὸ τὴν λυχνίαν* in ℵB* 13. 33. 69. is due to the previous occurrence of *ὑπό* twice in the same verse.

It would seem, then, that on the supposition of the genuineness of either reading we may plausibly explain the origin of its rival. But other important considerations come in to turn the scale. Had *θεός* been the original reading, its uniqueness and its dogmatic significance must have forced attention to it from the beginning, and preserved it from change. Sanctioned by the authority of an apostle, and of course in accordance with his oral teachings, it could not be a stumbling-block. It would have been constantly quoted and appealed to, like the first verses of the chapter. So *wide-spread* a corruption as we are compelled to assume if *υἱός* is not genuine, seems, under these circumstances, altogether incredible; while we can easily explain the existence of *θεός* in the comparatively few authorities that support it.

Under another aspect the internal evidence is still more unfavorable to *θεός*. The expression *μονογενὴς θεός* not only has no parallel elsewhere in the New Testament, but its introduction here, after *θεόν* used *absolutely*, produces a harshness and confusion which it is almost impossible to suppose in any writer; *υἱός*, on the other hand, seems almost required as a counterpart to the *πατρός* which follows, and also accords with John iii. 16, 18, and 1 John iv. 9.

Such being the state of the case, with the highest respect for the eminent critics who take a different view, I am constrained to regard both the external and the internal evidence, when fairly stated and weighed, as decidedly in favor of the reading *υἱός*.

Prof. Lightfoot (as before referred to) suggests that the reading *μονογενὴς θεός* in this passage may be regarded as a compensation for the loss of 1 Tim. iii. 16 as a doctrinal proof-text. Dr. Tregelles (*Printed Text*, &c. p. 234) appears to have viewed it in the same light. But it may well be questioned whether, if the genuineness of *θεός* here were demonstrated, its bearing would be favorable to the Athanasian doctrine. Standing without the article, in contrast with *θεόν* used emphatically and absolutely, it would seem almost necessary to regard the word as used in a lower sense, as Origen (*In Joan.* t. ii. §§2, 3, Opp. iv. 50 ff.) and Eusebius (*De Eccl. Theol.* ii. 14, 17) take the predicate *θεός* in ver. 1; and we should thus have, not the ecclesiastical doctrine of the proper deity of Christ, but a *δεύτερος θεός*,

like the Logos of Philo. The ancient Arians were very ready to call the Son ὁ μονογενὴς θεός; this appellation, in their view, happily distinguished him from the Father, who alone was God in the highest sense, as unbegotten, uncaused, and without beginning.

EZRA ABBOT.

THE ROMAN CHURCH AND OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

THERE is an especial reason for gratification with the general tone of the treatment, in oral utterance and in the papers, of the somewhat threatening subject now under discussion, concerning what we have a right to call our national common school system. This tone has for the most part been calm, deliberate, and characterized by forcible argument in support of the existing system. True, there have been a few outbursts of an irritating and inflammatory nature, equally unwise and mischievous, but some of these will be self-corrective, as they will tend to put on their guard many persons who might be prompted to utter themselves, if not so indiscreetly, yet in a similar, unwise way.

We are prompted to emphasize one suggestion which we think will be found to recommend itself on reflection to many persons. Our wish is that the controversy that has arisen may not be a protracted one, left open, continually obtruding itself, with debates, aggravating circumstances, and fresh materials contributed by local issues and collisions, till it runs on gathering animosities and defining parties with their respective affiliations and subordinate objects. If the controversy is thus kept in agitation as was the anti-slavery issue, as one which admits of no peaceful disposition, it will inevitably bring with it a series of bitter and dangerous excitements and local quarrels extending steadily over a wider area. Nor will it be one whit wiser to allow of any weak, trifling, half-way concessions or compromises, a yielding of any part of the ground, or a patching up of a device here or there. Is it not possible that, before the elements of such an extended and exasperating strife have been suffered to accumulate, the matter may

be peacefully disposed by a firm and passionless position, defined and taken in behalf of the system now in force?

If the Roman Church held in its discipleship a number of voters approximating any where nearly to one half of the citizens, we all know how the issue would be decided on its side. The drill, compliance, and submission to which those disciples are accustomed, with the activity and influence of the priesthood, overbearing the indifference or the subserviency of many who might be supposed to be on the other side, would soon settle the controversy in the interest of that Church. The intriguing and corrupt politicians of New York city are at any moment ready to give to the Roman priesthood the controlling influence which they seek, as they have already endowed that church with millions of the public funds. The legislature of the state has erected barriers to this abuse which we hope will be permanent.

The large and overpowering majority of numbers throughout the country is now in firm opposition to the aim in this respect of the Roman Church. But we should be sorry to base our rights and our preferred methods, in such a transcendently important matter as that of our school system, upon the mere tenure of a majority, which might be represented as a rule of force without reason. The Roman Catholics insist on the plea of conscientious convictions for what they claim and would do. But they must not be allowed to monopolize conscience, still less to assume the rule of other people's consciences. The first thing then for us to make sure of is, that we too have a conscience in this matter, and mean at any rate to hold to it ourselves. We are, therefore, disposed to take our stand upon the genius of the institutions of our country, as dictating and requiring of us a certain course and system of measures which we are profoundly convinced are vitally essential to the security of rights, privileges, and blessings for ourselves and our posterity.

We are concerned, of course, to understand and justly appreciate with all the tolerance and approval which under the circumstances are possible, the position and the demands of the Roman Church, in insisting that the secular education of the children in its fold shall be supervised by itself in order to secure the influence of its own religion as an element of it. We confess at once

the difficulty and the obstacle to what would be required by the Romanists in the way of our forming what they would call a candid opinion in this matter. Our own firm and intelligent conviction that the Roman Church is planted on wholly unwarranted assumptions, on fabulous inventions, and on tyrannical and despotic priestcraft, and that it is fatally false to Christianity, in making priests rulers and the laity subjects in all its religious administrations, would be pronounced a complete disability on our part for any fair dealing with its claims in the matter of school education. But granting that its disciples believe in it and revere it as we do not, we make the effort for a just appreciation of their demands on the subject before us.

We have seen intimations and assertions casually advanced in some of the journals of the Roman Church, that this cannot, with any propriety or justice, be called a Protestant country. The plea is set up, that, because Columbus sailed under the auspices and patronage of Catholic sovereigns, and because the country was largely opened by early Catholic explorers and missionaries, it really belongs to the heritage of *the* Church. This reasoning, though in a shade of a degree more colored by fact, is of the same sort as that which is availed of to support the assumptions and claims of the Church in its first organization, and through all its subsequent development. If the Church had held this country, and made it its heritage, it would have been something quite unlike what it is now, and the difference between what it would have been and what it is, sets wholly aside that imaginary plea.

If the circumstances of the actual settlement, history, fortunes, institutions, and government of the people of this country, and especially since it took its place among the nations, a hundred years ago, be allowed to assign to it its prevailing character, to decide its genius and spirit, if it have such, then it is most truly a Protestant country, in the largest and emphatic use of that word. Its genius, both in secular and religious matters, is unmonarchical and unecclesiastical. It makes the people the administrators of their own government and their own religion. It gives them voice and power in all the interests which concern them, even after they have delegated some of their responsibilities to their representatives. There are many objectors — conscientious ones

too — to the free extension of the suffrage among us, to the giving the right to the ignorant, the unprincipled, and those without property to vote on matters which imperil or impair the rights and property of others. A party relatively stronger than the discipleship of the Roman Church might readily be formed among us who would conscientiously believe that the freedom of suffrage ought to be limited and reduced. They comfort themselves by a private enjoyment and a confidential interchange of their convictions on the subject. But the genius of the country and its institutions decided against them. The case we believe to be immensely stronger on the side of those who would outrage the genius of the country, by restricting the suffrage, than on the side of those who would break up our school system. For there can hardly be a question but that our easy terms of naturalization and citizenship have fearfully corrupted our political and social life, while it would be hard to show that our system of education has for more than two centuries exercised any malignant or deteriorating influence among us.

And the genius of our country has decided that, though intelligence and secular education are far from being safeguards against all folly and crime, and assurances of political and social order, they are nevertheless indispensable conditions for the security and prosperity of a republic. This we say independently of what further is to be said of the necessity of religion as an element or a supplement of that education. For we insist upon it, that a man or a woman who can read, write, cast accounts, and exercise a trained understanding on the common affairs of life, is sure to be better fitted for the risks and responsibilities of life than one who is not so qualified. Our school system proceeds upon the idea that the pupils in them have parents and homes, and that, while these parents may not have time or ability to give their children secular instruction, they are or ought to be perfectly qualified and best fitted to teach them the essential principles of religion. Our school system might indeed stop there, without any further view to the fact which it had heretofore taken for granted, that these pupils also have churches and religious teachers.

Now, if without offense, and in the simple interest of sincerity, we may write what is in our mind, we will add a statement, which,

if true, we are not bound to suppress, but are free to avow. We are forced to the belief that below all the objections urged by the Catholic priests against our common school system, or possibly as the very permeating spirit of those objections, is a dread of exposing those children whom they wish to keep in the church to the free, every-day intercourse in school and play with other young companions. It is not the actual teaching, but the spirit and air of freedom, independence in mental exercises, which they fear.

Perfectly well persuaded are the priesthood, that a very large portion of the young of their fold would outgrow or never come into it, if they were not drilled, prepossessed, and made implicit disciples before they are able to exercise a single faculty of their own in judging or understanding what is taught them. They must be caught young, or not at all. From their earliest exercise of thoughtfulness, before they can inquire or reason, they must be won to a life-long conviction, or allowance, for which it would be unsafe to trust them in their maturity, that a company of celibate priests, ranging in a hierarchy, and taking their orders from a group of Italian gentlemen at Rome, have absolute religious authority over all lay people, dictating to them what they are to believe and practice as religion, and empowered with the awful responsibility of pronouncing them damned or saved for all eternity.

The genius of our country and its institutions does not authenticate and support such priestly claims as these. At any rate, it would aim to keep the training of its young citizens, in secular matters, apart from this foreclosing of questions which demand the exercise of a trained and mature understanding. The Romanists must not ask us to require that all children shall be so taught in their schools, nor that they shall be deprived of all education unless that is a part of it.

We confess that it is a hope which we fondly cherish that many Roman Catholic laymen may be led to accord with Protestants in their view of this serious and disturbing question. And this we think will be the result, if, without temper or defiance, the spirit and genius of our institutions are calmly urged and firmly maintained.

GEORGE E. ELLIS.

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF EVOLUTION.*

THE list of publications given below, comprising the unfinished work of Mr. Spencer, and the recent lucid exposition of his philosophy by Mr. Fiske, may be regarded as authoritative expositions of what we think will be hereafter best known as the philosophy of the nineteenth century, — the philosophy of evolution. That philosophy is the natural product and expression of its scientific tendencies and possible results, and its appearance will probably mark a new era in the history of philosophy as important as any since the time of Aristotle, and more pregnant with permanent results. Professing, as it does, to rest upon the known facts and laws of the universe, and only such hypotheses as are strictly deducible therefrom, to unite the highest generalizations of the various sciences in one universal, harmonious synthesis, and thus to furnish a rational and consistent explanation of the phenomenal universe; professing also to reconcile the more important and essential contradictions that have separated the contending schools of philosophy and morals from the time of Plato and Aristotle to our own, and to furnish a common ground where the schools of Locke and Kant, the experientialist and the idealist, the utilitarian and the believer in the doctrine of moral intuitions, may consistently unite and agree, — there is no wonder that it has such a fascination for the educated mind of the present day. No wonder that ardent disciples claim for its founder a greatness equal to that of Aristotle or Newton, and predict that in its essentials it will eventually be accepted by the "whole civilized portion of the human race."

The time, however, for discussing the complete or partial truth or error in the philosophy of evolution has not yet come, the work of its illustrious founder is as yet incomplete, and the means nec-

* The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer: First Principles, New York, 1868; Principles of Biology, 2 vols., New York, 1868; Principles of Psychology, 2 vols., New York, 1871–73; Cosmic Philosophy, by John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., 2 vols., Boston, 1875.

essary for arriving at any just and final conclusion, concerning the philosophy it expounds, do not at present exist. It is possible, however, to point out some very important implications which that philosophy contains: implications, which if it be true, will necessitate a most radical change in the commonly accepted faith, belief, and opinions of men on almost every subject of vital interest. Some of these implications the writer proposes to logically trace and point out. The question he purposes to discuss, is not the truth or error of or in the philosophy of evolution, but, How does the intelligent acceptance of this philosophy of evolution, as held by its founder and expounded by Mr. Fiske, affect the generally received faith and belief of men in regard to God, man's nature, destiny, and religion. By the philosophy of evolution will always be meant that philosophy as contained in the works given at the beginning of this article, and quotations will be cited from Mr. Fiske rather than Mr. Spencer as being more condensed in form and more popular in statement.

The philosophy of evolution denotes an explanation of the "phenomenal universe, it connotes the orderly uniformity of nature, and the negation of miracles or extraneous disturbance of any kind." It teaches that the solar system, and all it contains, has passed from nebulous matter to its present condition, by a process of natural, phenomenal sequence, uninterrupted and unbroken by any extraneous interference. That its condition at any particular time during the process has invariably depended upon, and been conditioned by, its state at the time immediately preceeding, and that its condition at any future period is conditioned and depends solely upon that of the present. It teaches, further, that all we can ever know of mind or matter are phenomena, that these phenomena postulate the existence of a Something of which they are the manifestations, a Noumenon or Force, which is and must forever remain unknown to us: except in so far as its nature is revealed in and manifested through phenomena. Let us now proceed to note some very important implications that this philosophy contains.

I. It implies a fundamental error in all arguments either *a priori* or from design for the existence of an intelligent and moral creator and governor of the universe. If the solar system, and

all it contains, has passed from nebulous matter to its present condition, by a process of natural, phenomenal sequence, and without the aid of external interference, it follows that man is but the natural product and offspring of the earth. Man, says the evolutionist, is but the effect and result of action and re-action between living organisms and the environment which has produced them. He is but the last link in a chain of organic being extending from himself to unconscious matter, and his various attributes have been slowly acquired and developed during the process of its unfolding. This imports that it is not allowable for him to ascribe the acquired attributes of his nature to Deity, any more than it would be for any link lower in the chain than civilized men to do so, such as the savage, ape, or fish, while of those attributes and characteristics that distinguish man from the brute the evolutionist professes to give both the genesis and explanation. Will or volition in man, he declares, is not an entity, but a slowly acquired function of the supreme centres depending upon and varying with them; it is known only as the cause of certain limited kinds of activity displayed by the nerves and muscles, and consequently to argue from this physically conditioned functional activity, to the existence of a Supreme Will and First Cause, is wholly irrelevant. In like manner, intelligence in man being but "the continuous adjustment of specialized inner relations to specialized outer relations," therefore to represent Deity as intelligent is to surround Deity with an environment and make it a circumscribed, limited Being, while to speak of "unembodied intelligence" is "meaningless jargon," and a contradiction of terms. "The moment," says Mr. Fiske, "we use the words 'intelligence' and 'volition,' we are using words which have distinct meanings, as descriptive of certain circumscribed modes of psychical activity in man and some other animals. Except as descriptive of these circumscribed modes of psychical activity, they have no meanings whatever; and to seek to apply them to the unlimited activity (whether quasi-psychical or not) of a being that is not circumscribed by an 'objective datum' of any sort, is simply to call into existence a number of illegitimate propositions which, if dealt with as legitimate, would entangle us once more in the net-work

of absurdities from which we were set free by the chapter on 'Anthropomorphic Theism.'" *

The same method of reasoning applies to the existence of man's moral nature and ideas. They are represented as being simply the result of his earthly experience. His passage from savage egoism to civilized altruism has been very slow, and if the existence of love, truth, and a sense of justice in him postulate the existence of a moral Deity possessed of similar attributes, then the existence of hatred, falseness, and unjust desires and feelings in him postulate the existence of an immoral Deity and for the same reason. While, says the evolutionist, "it is impossible to call that being good, who, existing prior to the phenomenal universe, and creating it out of the plenitude of infinite power and foreknowledge, endowed it with such properties that its material and moral development must inevitably be attended by the miseries of untold millions of sentient creatures for whose existence their creator is ultimately alone responsible. *In short, there can be no hypothesis of a 'moral government' of the world which does not implicitly assert an immoral government.*" † Thus all *a priori* arguments for the existence of an intelligent and moral creator and governor of the universe are ruled out. Their user is represented as one who creates God in his own image, instead of studying the phenomena of the universe and from them gaining, in so far as it is possible, some idea of the nature of that Power of which they are the manifestation. According to the evolutionist, he is following the false *subjective* instead of the true *objective* method, and to the fundamental assumption underlying all *a priori* arguments for the existence of an intelligent and moral First Cause and ruler of the universe he gives an emphatic denial. While to the question as to "whether the creature is to be taken as a measure of the creator," or, scientifically phrased, "whether the highest form of being as yet suggested to one petty race of creatures, by its ephemeral experience of what is going on in one tiny corner of the universe, is necessarily to be taken as the equivalent of that highest form of Being in which all possibil-

* Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 450.

† Ibid., p. 407. The italics are the author's.

ities of existence are alike comprehended," * the evolutionist gives another emphatic, No. Thus all *a priori* arguments for the anthropomorphic hypothesis are rendered null and void, and the philosophy of evolution implies for the old and favorite teleological or design argument a like fate; and to this let us now turn our attention.

The passage of the solar system from the homogeneous nebula of ages past to the heterogeneous inorganic matter and organic life of the present, without any interference from without, the philosophy of evolution teaches, imports the opposite of the assumption which is the foundation of all arguments from the so-called evidences of design. Take our own planet for instance. It shows marks of what the teleologist calls design, adaptation of means to ends, the environment is adapted to the organism, and hence he infers that this adaptation of the organism to its surroundings, and of its various organs to their uses, is the result of an exercise of creative intelligence and beneficence. To this the evolutionist replies, No, you are entirely mistaken; "it is not the intelligence which has made the environment, but it is the environment which has molded the intelligence. In the mint of nature the coin mind has been stamped; and theology, perceiving the likeness of the die to its impression, has unwittingly inverted the causal relation of the two, making mind, archetypal and self-existent, to be the die." † Living organisms are adapted to their environment, and their organs to their various uses, not because they have been specially created for and fitted thereto, but because the environment has produced them, and only the fittest survive. "*The earth is suited to its inhabitants because it has produced them, and only such as suit it live.*" ‡ This philosophy implies, further, that the teleological argument fails because the adjustment of the organism to its environment is imperfect and incomplete, entailing incalculable misery on sentient organisms; that phenomena do not point to the existence of a Being omnipotent, intelligent, and good; that the misery, wretchedness, and pain in the world forbid such an assumption; that, "if there exist a per-

* Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 430, 431.

† Ibid., p. 402. ‡ Ibid., p. 398.

sonal creator of the universe who is infinitely intelligent and powerful, he cannot be infinitely good; if, on the other hand, he be infinite in goodness, then he must be lamentably finite in power or in intelligence." * The implications then of the philosophy of evolution in regard to Deity are, that our conceptions of it as intelligent and moral or otherwise are wholly irrelevent, except in so far as they are clearly deducible from the phenomena of the universe, which phenomena we are taught to regard as simply manifestations of a Power of which we know so little that by us it may be regarded as comparatively Unknown and Unknowable.

II. We will now consider some implications of this philosophy relative to the nature and destiny of man.

Man, as before stated, it represents as the natural product of the earth through the medium of its lower organic life, and the process of his creation it gives substantially as follows: The thermal and chemical conditions of the earth, when cooling, were such as to produce organic matter, living protoplasm; which protoplasm, dynamically considered, differed from inorganic matter only in its greater molecular complexity. Why, as the result of that greater molecular complexity it should manifest the phenomena we call life, or why, evolutionistically phrased, it should present a "definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, *in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences*," † the evolutionist does not profess to know any more than we know why elements, chemically combined, produce substances having properties wholly different from their uncombined or free constituents. Protoplasm exists at first as amœba, being neither animal nor vegetal in its character. Then follow two lines of development: on the one side into protists that have hard envelopes and are the precursors of the vegetable kingdom, and on the other into those that have soft envelopes and are the forerunners of the animal kingdom. Following one branch of these animal protists we come to molluscoids, molluscoid worms, mollusks, vertebrates, and finally to man. The evolutionist gives the genesis and rationale of man's entire nature, physical, intellectual,

* Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 405.

† Principles of Biology, Vol. I., p. 74.

moral, and religious. Let us now trace some of the obvious implications of the above statement.

First, in regard to the nature of man. If man be but the organized product of inorganic matter, but the last link in an unbroken chain of being extending from unconscious dust to himself, differing, as he consequently must, from all other organisms and from the planet that has produced them, only in degree, it necessarily follows that if the existence of an entity and so-called soul be claimed for him on account of his nature, it must also be claimed for all other organic existences, if not for the earth itself, and for the same reason. Man has certain mental attributes and activities, such as consciousness, intellect, a moral sense, and religious feelings: these states have a certain coherence which is said to compel the postulation of *something* to which they cohere, by which they are perceived, and of which they are the activities; this *something* men have called the soul, and have claimed for it an existence independent of the body, which they have regarded but as an organ or instrument by and through which it manifested itself. But, says the evolutionist, states of consciousness are but inner relations in an organism produced by external relations in the environment; they have been gradually evolved, and have slowly passed from physico-chemical to psychical states; "while in the vegetal world, and in the lower regions of the animal world, the life is purely, or almost purely, physico-chemical, it becomes more and more predominantly psychical as we ascend in the animal world, until at the summit it is mainly psychical. The continuous adjustment of inner to outer relations, which both constitutes life and maintains it from moment to moment, is a process which, at first purely physiological, becomes ever more distinctly psychological." * In other words, there is, says the evolutionist, a nature kindred to the nature of man in the vertebrate brutes nearest to him: they too have each an individuality, and there is a coherence in their states of consciousness; they too think, feel, reason, and have a moral sense: in fact, the germ of every human attribute is to be found in them, and of these germs man's nature is but the higher unfolding and development. A

* Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 86.

little lower down in the scale of being, or, more correctly speaking, the tree of life, the brutes have less intelligence and aptitude, lower and lower still less and less, until we finally come to the *roots*, and find them to be but "complex modifications" of the dust from which they have sprung. In other words, we come to organic life which it is difficult to distinguish from inorganic matter. But, from first to last, from man, through the vertebrates, mollusks, molluscoid worms, molluscoids, protists, to amœba, the difference is one of *degree* only, never of essence or *kind*. This however implies, that, if the existence of the soul as an entity be claimed for man because of the attributes of his nature, it must also be claimed for all animal life, there being no dividing line of separation between his attributes and those of the lower animals from which he has sprung, the evolutionist holding his nature to be but the result of an experience, heredity, growth, and development extending from civilized man to the inconceivably remote "beginnings of life." According to this philosophy, it is as impossible to point out in the development of the animal life of the world the particular stage at which the attributes of humanity began to appear, as it is to detect, in the passage of the fertilized human ovum from its granular cells to the new born babe, the particular time when its nature is formed: and there can be no better rough and general illustration of this theory concerning the origin of man than is seen in the stages of the process by which the individual is now produced.

Second, let us now see what this philosophy implies as to the immortality of the soul, or, more strictly speaking, as to the existence of man as a self-conscious individuality after the destruction of that equilibrium, or balance of correspondences, which constitutes life. According to the evolutionist, self-consciousness, thoughts, feelings, and desires are but the results and attributes of certain complex conditions of matter, which complex conditions have been gradually produced by the contact of living organisms with their creative environment. There is an invariable concomitance between psychical phenomena and nervous action, and though psychical phenomena cannot be resolved into nervous action or any other mode of physical force, standing as they do *outside* of, yet *parallel* with, such force, and the fence divid-

ing mind and matter, thought and extension, the conscious and the unconscious, remaining impassable, still states of consciousness and psychical phenomena are regarded as concomitants of and depending solely upon physical conditions. Every one of them has its physical equivalent in the brain or the body, depends upon and is the concomitant of their structure and development, and so close is the correspondence between the manifestations of mind and matter, and "there is such an unfailing parallelism that the one group of phenomena can be correctly described by formulas originally invented for describing the other group."* Now this implies the non-existence of the individual self-consciousness or the soul, apart from those conditions upon the existence of which these phenomena have depended; for, since those psychical phenomena that we in our ignorance have attributed to the existence of an entity which we called the soul are simply the attributes or concomitants of certain well-balanced, organized, complex physical conditions, it follows that when the living equilibrium of that organized structure upon which these psychical attributes depend is destroyed that the existence of individual self-consciousness or the soul is destroyed also, and to speak of "disembodied soul" becomes as "meaningless jargon" as is speaking of "unembodied intelligence." Thus the philosophy of evolution implies the negation both of the existence and immortality of a self-conscious entity or soul in man.

III. Let us now mark some implications of this philosophy in regard to the religions of the world, and more especially in regard to Christianity. It represents the moral and religious nature of man as the product of his environment, and hence his moral ideas and religious beliefs have no higher warrant and authority than the warrant and authority of experience. The religious characters and literatures of the various peoples of the world, be they Hebrew, Hindoo, Chinese, Greek, or any other, it treats simply as the products of clime, race, and experience, and deems them deserving of study as phases and stages in the process of civilization and man's historic development; but deserving of loyalty

* Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II., p. 445.

and obedience only in so far as the religious characters are perfect and the teachings true, as judged by that more correct and more perfect standard which a wider experience and a closer scientific study of man and the universe has given to us. Leaving now this general statement, let us make a special application of its import to that religion and its Founder which tradition has bequeathed to us, and what is said of it will in a general way apply to the other great religions. The philosophy of evolution implies that the founder and central figure of the Christian religion was in every essential of his nature constituted like other men. That he too was the natural offspring of earthly parents, and had a nature physical, mental, moral, and religious, which was the natural product of his antecedents and surroundings. That his teachings have no higher authority, and are deserving of no more attention, than the teachings of other men, except as they may contain more truth concerning man's nature and duty when compared with what we now know of the nature of and best course of conduct for man, from a scientific study of him and the universe. It implies also that many of his teachings are erroneous and misleading. That his conception of Deity being anthropomorphic, and of an "objective datum," was fundamentally incorrect, and that his idea of God as a father, having attributes like those of an earthly parent, was consequently erroneous. That his conception of God as a being *outside* of the phenomenal world, taking an active interest in its affairs, hearing and answering prayer, interfering in the affairs of nature and of men, forgiving sins, externally rewarding the good and punishing the evil, these and many other such teachings it implies to be erroneous and untrue. It implies also the negation of everything attributed to him in the Gospels and the new Testament, which cannot be explained from the known laws of nature or "orders of sequence among phenomena" and the ascertained properties of matter; such as many of the so-called miracles, together with the stories of his resurrection from the dead, ascension up to heaven, &c.

Thus, though "Nearer my God to thee" may be the prayer of the evolutionist as of the Christian, the signification of Deity held by the one is wholly and entirely different from that held by the other, — as different as the idea of a "Force" or "some-

thing" is from the idea of a loving "Father." The evolutionist may be as moral as the Christian, but while the morality of the former will consist in living in conformity to nature's decrees, that of the latter will consist in living in conformity to the teachings of Christ, and the two standards are far from agreeing.

In conclusion, such are some of the more obvious implications in regard to Deity, man's nature, destiny, and religion, of a philosophy which has arisen during the past quarter of a century,— a philosophy which it is claimed rests upon as secure a foundation as the law of gravitation, and is destined to work as complete a change in the philosophy and religion of the world as the former has in its science. To this philosophy the writer owes very much, for its founder he has great admiration, with its teachings in this paper he does not take a single issue, his sole aim has been to accurately present some of its teachings, and then point out what he deems their logically necessary implications; and this he has sought to do, not for the purpose of improperly reflecting upon the philosophy of evolution, its illustrious founder, or his able and clear-minded American expositer, or for the purpose of intimidating any one from accepting it, but solely for the purpose of stating some implications which such acceptance involves, and of showing that its intelligent acceptance implies the negation of the essential doctrines and faith of liberal Christianity.

To briefly sum up the conclusions arrived at in this paper, the implications pointed out are, —

1. The denial of the existence of any personal God, or of any moral and intelligent creator and governor of the universe; and it is deserving of remark that this denial is made both by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Fiske, and by the latter in the most emphatic manner.

2. First, the essential community of man's nature with that of the lower animals, and their consequently equal chance for immortality. Secondly, the resolving of man's mental activity, his thought, feeling, and will, into the mere results of certain complex conditions of matter, functions of brain or body; and the implied annihilation of such activity with the destruction by death of that balance of correspondence which alone produced it, — in other words, the non-immortality of the soul.

3. The placing of Christianity and its Founder on the same basis as the other religions of the world, and the direct or implied denial or subversion of its essential doctrines and faith as held by liberal Christians.

Thus, though the liberal Christian and the evolutionist may each have a consistent faith and belief, the faith and belief of the one is contradictory to and excludes the faith and belief of the other, and it seems impossible for any one to consistently accept them both.

JOHN PINDAR BLAND.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was neither the model American statesman nor the model American saint; but he had a genius for stating the maxims of republican government. He never hit the nail more decisively on the head than when he embodied the cardinal rule for the selection of public officers in these words: "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the constitution?"

Whatever may have been the practice of Jefferson and his immediate successors in this matter of public appointments, nobody would be rash enough to assert that the Jeffersonian maxim is now the standard, either in our national or state governments. While the responsible appointing power in state and nation probably seldom intends to willfully offend the average moral and practical sense of the people, it is notorious that partisan fidelity is now a controlling motive in the appointment of all classes of public servants. The people themselves furnish the bad example, in often voting for the men who are to appoint this vast body of subordinate officials, with an astounding disregard to considerations of capacity or character. Even the school committee, and the judge, whose function approaches as near a sacred office as a secular position will allow, are often tossed up into their seats as by the freak of a political whirlwind. The legislative bodies, state, city, and national, are filled in a way that makes a success one of the chances of human life. What wonder, then, that men, elected in the tempest of a partisan political campaign, often by influences

that will not bear examination, give back to the people an ample sermon on their own text, and flood the land with incompetent and corrupt subordinates, appointed as the reward of party fidelity? Surely, the stream can rise no higher than the fountain; and our rulers only follow the bad example set by their masters, in their own election, when they use the appointing power in the regulation way.

But there is this hopeful element in American affairs: that every public abuse provokes a reaction, and finally brings the subject connected with it into complete discussion by the whole people. The abuse of partisan appointments for office is now widely and warmly agitated. The effort of the President of the United States to introduce a system of civil service examinations, copied from that of the British government, has broken down, and a good deal of bad temper has been generated in fixing the responsibility for what is called the failure of the civil service reform. But the facts of this so-called failure, seem to be, — that the original movement was a surprise to the majority of the people; was always unpopular outside a minority of active reformers, and especially unpopular at the West, where every able young man is confident he was made to grace an official chair; that the method adopted was imperfect, laying too great stress on book knowledge, and ignoring the general capacity of the average American to learn quickly the duties of an ordinary clerkship; that, even when enforced, the regulations would hardly touch the seat of the difficulty, for plenty of men, eminently capable of administering office, are grossly unfit, on moral grounds, to say nothing of partisan prejudice; and, finally, that there is a good deal of weight in the consideration that every administration, from a board of town selectmen to the President of the United States, must have a body of officials reasonably in sympathy with itself, to act with success. Had the administration of Abraham Lincoln, or any that has succeeded it, wholly ignored political sympathy, in its appointments, we should have been a severed, instead of a united, country to-day.

But what some of us have too hastily called the failure of the civil service reform has really been one great step forward in this whole matter in hand. Like the preliminary legislation for the

advancement of temperance and public order, the first enactments for compulsory education, and the whole class of laws intended to elevate the moral status of the government and people, the system that has been displaced was perhaps a too servile copy of foreign methods. In the futile effort to enforce this class of laws, the real difficulty of our form of government is revealed. That difficulty, one no less serious than those which beset the aristocratic governments of the old world, is, that our public life is only a reflection of our private character. What we call the government in the United States is only the majority of the people acting through a set of temporary agents. These agents are as certainly the creatures of the sovereign people as the hands on the clock are the servants of the machinery within. They point the time of the day as they are moved about by their guiding power. Our rulers represent more than the actual voters that elect them, — all the people save the minority that used its uttermost effort to prevent their election; for the man that does not vote, or votes carelessly and with no conscience in his ballot, helps elect the ruler who represents the majority. And the theory that the average American who has schemed and toiled for years to get into office is suddenly to change to a perfectly impartial legislator for the whole people, is, like the beatitudes of the New Testament, a glorious ideal not yet lived up to by its most eloquent preachers.

So, the break down of the first attempt to reform our demoralized civil service has revealed the startling fact, that there is not in America a solid ground of private honesty, capacity, and fidelity on which to set up such elaborate machinery. The popular demand, through the journals and resolutions of political conventions, for "honesty, capacity, and fidelity to the constitution" in the candidates for public office, turns out to be only a thin ice of virtuous sentiment that covers an abyss of private dishonesty, incapacity, and infidelity to political morality On this polished surface of laudable intention a good many amateur statesmen have skated into public notice. But the first serious, practical attempt to build a superstructure of solid public service on this glassy foundation has revealed the lower deep beneath. The crust has vanished, and the whole fabric has disappeared into the abyss of

private corruption, hypocrisy, and moral indifference, that yawns below our public life.

The unhappy thing about this failure is not that a few high officials of the government have fallen by the way, discouraged by the obstacles to the reform. It is that the majority of the voters in the United States now have a public service every whit as good as their own private service in the conduct of their every-day affairs. It is always popular in a free country to impeach the government, but always unpopular to hold the sovereign people to a fit responsibility for any public wrong. Leaving to the press and the politicians the exciting office of public prosecution of corrupt rulers, the pulpit and the church may assume the thankless duty of telling the people of the individual and social sins which are the roots of all these poisonous trees of public wrong.

"Is he honest?" says Jefferson, of the candidate for public office. Well, how many of the voters who elect the President of the United States, are willing to go before a moral civil service reform board, and stand a searching examination on that fundamental point? How many men that we know can take oath to the honesty of their general intentions in life? How many people are honest, even with themselves? More people are cheated by their corrupt passions, appetites, the wiles of the traitor in the heart, than by all the rogues in the world. How many merchants have a clear record all through, and would be willing to put into writing every transaction, just as it occurred, and hand it over to a "mutual friend," to be used as "mutual friends" sometimes use such a trust? How many lawyers are perfectly honest with their clients and the law? How many doctors of medicine are quite open with their patients and the public? How many doctors of divinity preach exactly what they believe, to say nothing of practicing exactly what they preach? How many farmers are as honest as the first gardener, before he nibbled the forbidden fruit and tried to swindle his Creator? How many mechanics do perfectly honest work? How many mothers are above deceit, subterfuge, double-dealing with their children? This question, "Is he honest?" goes to the bottom of things generally. It is not necessary or true to assert that we are living in a bottomless slough of untruth in our private and social affairs; but American as respects honesty in any high sense of the term, is "mighty

uncertain,"— as our Southwestern dialect has it. And, being so, our public dishonesty fitly represents us.

"Is he capable?" Alas, that is a more searching test than the former. How many of the present voters of this republic are, to-day, unable to read and write? More than the majority in any presidential election is likely to be for half a century to come. How many that can read and write a little ever use that power to inform themselves of public affairs? How large a proportion of the citizens of the United States know enough about public affairs to be sure when a man is doing his duty in high and responsible office? I am not making assertions now, but asking questions. What proportion of the men of the United States succeed in any very eminent way in any business they undertake? The mercantile class probably, on the whole, includes the largest number of capable men in the country; but not ten per cent of the merchants succeed. How many professional men succeed better than the officers of your city or state government? Doubtless the American people, at least the original stock, is more intelligent and capable than the corresponding class in other lands. Our emigrants are the capable people among the poorer classes abroad, and are improving here. The colored voters of 1875 are a good way ahead of the slaves of 1862. But who, fairly considering the real lack of capacity for thought or responsible business now existing in the American people, can expect greater capacity than at present among public servants, chosen by their votes and subject to their will?

"Is he faithful to the constitution?" The Constitution of the United States literally consists of a few pages of printed paper; and it is a very easy thing to "unroll" that and declaim by the hour on its sanctity. But the real constitution is the solid foundation of reverence for human nature, obedience to the Divine Law, regard for justice and intelligent devotion to organized liberty, that underlies that document and is the spiritual corner-stone of the republic. How many of the people are standing on that constitution so firmly that they can justly demand perfect fidelity to the cardinal principles of our government in their public affairs? We must not expect to see greater reverence and fidelity to the constitution than now, until the people are nearer its lofty standard in their daily lives.

But one may say, "Grant that the people are so deficient in honesty, capacity, fidelity to the great principles of republican government. They demand that their public men shall be their leaders, exemplars, reformers." Of course they do; and there is just where the great American delusion comes in. All forms of government have their strong and weak points. You may possibly expect that a hereditary aristocracy, a royal family, a state church, a government lifted above dependence on the whim of the people, will heed the demands of a new age to go before its subjects towards the promised land. Such governments often have so gone before. The free institutions and reformed religion that now exist in Europe have been as much the gift of the governing class to the masses, as the work of the masses themselves. That is the advantage of monarchical society. The advantage of republican society is that all things can be swiftly referred back to the people, for revision, and reform can be achieved just as fast as a majority of the people desire. But its disadvantage is that no government in the United States can stand above the average character, capacity, or fidelity to the constitution in the people themselves. Individual statesmen can stand out public prophets, preachers, reformers, and be sustained by local majorities. But no American administration will respond to the call for moral leadership; because that is not what the people elect it to do. It is elected to represent, not to regenerate, the people. That is our disadvantage.

So this matter, like everything else, comes back to the people. And "the people" is not an irresponsible abstraction; but ourselves and our families and neighbors. If you desire better government at Washington, begin at the capitol within. Learn to govern yourself and your family; to administer your own affairs honestly, with capacity and fidelity to the constitution of your own nature. That is one point gained. Then begin to convince others to do the same; your example will be a great missionary. Just as much as is gained in this way in your private life will tell at once in your public affairs. The service in the government will become "honest, capable, faithful to the constitution" no faster than the people are so in their private affairs, and insist that the law of eminent private virtue shall also dominate in the affairs of state.

A. D. Mayo.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE WHITE AND COLORED RACES.

LAW, in a free state, is the creature of public opinion. In saying this, we do not mean that legislative enactment may not precede, turn aside from, outrage public opinion; but if it does this, it has not the force of law, but is either suffered to remain on the statute-book, to be evaded or quietly ignored, or else forced into brief activity, only to be repealed with reproach and detriment to the cause which it is designed to favor. The unwritten, yet imperative, law of sentiment and prescription yields only to the influence of fresh conviction and feeling. Prejudices must be, not expelled, but dissolved, and the appropriate solvents are furnished only by the growth of society in sentiment and principle. We have, therefore, little faith in the enforcement of disputed truths in the ethics of public or social life by legislation. To take an instance from the topics of the day, we doubt whether the habits of our people as regards the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors have been improved in the least by the various modes of legislative action in the premises; while the strong moral agency which might have been exerted in behalf of temperance has been in part merged and neutralized in the advocacy of legal restraints, and in part discredited and repudiated by those who deem the reform their exclusive right and property. On the other hand, the friends of a good cause, still exposed to honest prejudice and detraction, are bound to claim and (if possible) to secure for it a fair field, unincumbered by adverse legislation; and in this position they may hope to pursue its advocacy with the greatest advan tage and the surest prospect of ultimate success.

The prejudice of color, at the present moment second to none of our national perils, is real, extensive, and deep. Its reality is confessed by not a few, whose better principles have overcome it in practice, but who are still conscious of the latent feeling to which they refuse to yield. It extends through all sections of the country and through all conditions of society. It penetrates into every department of what might else be the common life of the two

races, and multiplies to the last degree points of mutual estrangement and dissiliency. Yet this feeling cannot by any possibility be regarded as natural, innate, and inevitable. It has none of the characteristics of an instinctive aversion. In others than our own branch of the white, even of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are no traces of it. Color does not exclude one from aristocratic circles and tables in Paris, or from the full enjoyment of the privileges of an English university. Moreover, with us, the antipathy is felt only in relations in which there is no personal service to be rendered. No one shrinks from the manipulation of a colored barber or hairdresser; nor is food rendered one whit the less appetizing because cooked and served by black hands. The negro nurse is not only the delight of childhood, but the object of life-long affection, and often of an intimacy of endearment far closer than exists in the same relation where both parties are white. The very large proportion borne by persons of mixed races to those of pure African descent, and the paternal ancestry of not a few of them, demonstrate that the prejudice is not too strong to succumb to the powers of evil, certainly, therefore, one against which the superior might of justice, humanity, and mercy ought not to contend in vain. In fine, there is no unwillingness to associate with persons of color, but merely an almost invincible reluctance to admit them in any aspect or relation on terms of equality, — no repugnance to them on the ground of the distinctive peculiarities of race, but a persistent and scornful sense of the servile condition which was for so many generations regarded as their rightful *status*. It is simply one phasis of the caste feeling, which under our republican institutions has lost none of its intensity and virulence, which would perpetuate its brand in white families, were not the children of poor parents so constantly effacing their birthmark by enterprise and merit, and which in color finds the only stigma left indelible in the revolutions of condition and fortune.

This prejudice of color was almost universal in New England within the memory of our elder readers. Slavery had, indeed, long ceased to exist within our borders; yet its plague-spot still rested on the free members of the enthralled race, and was even deepened by the earliest efforts for its removal. As is well known, there were separate schools for colored children in the cities and

larger towns; and in some instances it was impossible to procure decent and comfortable rooms for these schools, the municipal authorities excluding them from public buildings, while the committees in charge of them, in the attempt to hire suitable apartments for them, encountered objections from owners and remonstrances from neighbors, not unlike those that might have been expected against the location of a small-pox hospital in a healthy neighborhood. In our churches the worshipers of African descent were perched in an almost inaccessible gallery above the organ loft, or penned within some carefully barricaded fold at a safe distance from the congregation. Even in the communion-service they sat by themselves, and in Episcopal churches came to the altar only after the last white communicant had retired.* The inside seats of the stage-coach, the cabin of the steamer, the accommodation of the tavern dining-room and parlor, were all denied to them in traveling; and there were not wanting instances of fatal exposure and suffering, incurred on absolutely necessary journeys, in the absence of all the means of shelter, comfort, and relief provided for fellow-passengers who paid no more than they. Our railroad companies inaugurated the same system, and it is to this day an unsolved mystery whence they procured, when all else was new and clean, those time-worn, shabby, dirty, rickety boxes known at the very outset as the negro-cars. Fortunately the abolitionists were not strong enough to control any of our northern legislatures. Had they been, they would undoubtedly have passed laws conferring equal rights and privileges, opening the same schools to children of all races, abolishing negro-seats in churches, and making the cars for the pariahs an indictable nuisance. The consequence would have been either a tacit refusal to obey the law on the part of so many who had previously been law-abiding citizens, as to render the infliction of its penalties impossible; or

* We remember one instance, in which a presbyter of the church so far departed from its rubric as to say, in a stupidly unctuous tone, after the last white Christians had taken their seats, "The colored communicants will come to the altar now; 'God is no respecter of persons,'" not perceiving what wealth of scarcasm was lurking for his procedure in that sentence from Holy Writ, could the emphasis only be laid on the first word.

a spasmodic zeal in executing it, witnessed with growing indignation, opposed with unabating rancor, and succeeded by a reaction from whose refluent wave we should hardly have emerged at this moment.

We have a practical illustration of the retroactive tendency of premature attempts at philanthropic legislation, in the school-laws enacted by the general assembly of Kentucky, in 1874, from which we offer the follwing extracts: "It shall not be lawful for any colored child to attend a common (?) school provided for white children, nor for a white child to attend a common school provided for colored children." "No school-house erected for a colored school shall be located nearer than one mile of a school-house erected for white children, except in cities and towns, where it shall not be nearer than six hundred feet." These barbarous provisions were undoubtedly due to the agitation of the Civil Rights Bill, which in its original form must have seemed to the Southern people hardly less arbitrary, tyrannical, and oppressive than did the Fugitive Slave Law to humane citizens of the North.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States secure to the black population the position, rights, and privileges of citizens; giving, on the one hand, full scope and legal sanction for the efforts of their friends in behalf of their higher culture and improved social condition, and, on the other hand, making it for the interest even of their sworn enemies that they be fitted to exercise the right of suffrage intelligently and conscientiously. On this ground, their education becomes a great national concern. Universal suffrage is intensely dangerous, if there be large masses of ignorant and irresponsible voters. It has brought South Carolina and Louisiana to the brink of ruin, and the fate to which they have well-nigh succumbed is impending over every state whose destiny is in the hands of men who can neither write nor read their own ballots.

Moreover, as certain as it is that the education of the negroes is a political and social necessity, so certain is it that this necessity can be met only by the co-education of the races. Separate public schools, adequate to the purpose, cannot be supported by such school-funds as now exist, or can be raised by taxation with the consent of the people; and, while the standard of education in the

public schools for white children in the Southern and Southwestern states is exceptionally low, it is inevitable that schools designed solely for colored children should be of a much lower grade. By the Kentucky school-law, from which we have already quoted, the colored schools are made to depend principally on the proportion paid by negroes of the tax on taxable property and dogs, and on such fines and forfeitures as may be collected from them. Now, as the colored population has, confessedly, much less property in proportion to its numbers than belongs to the late dominant race, it is evident that the colored schools can be well maintained only by extraordinary enterprise and fertility in crime and misdemeanor on the part of the blacks, and that the rising generation must suffer for whatever improvement in manners and morals may take place in the risen generation.

We doubt whether, under such legislation as we have quoted, there will remain after the first four or five years even the form or pretense of a colored school. But, were the case otherwise, the common-school system (that is, common to both races) alone can bring the white and colored population into such mutual relations as shall ensure their joint well-being as a body politic. This system tends to produce union without amalgamation. Children who attend school together will still form their more intimate associations according to their social position and their elective affinities (as is seen in all white schools attended by children from unlike conditions in life); while they will have many associations, sympathies, and interests in common, and from their having in their unsophisticated childhood studied and played with one another, and thus formed sentiments of mutual regard, their subsequent separation will be without superciliousness on the one side or bitterness on the other. It is by virtue of this system alone that we are now absorbing into our political substance and successfully assimilating such immense Celtic and Teutonic immigrations. The adults who come hither are citizens only in name and law; but their children are thoroughly naturalized through the influence of their school-life. On the other hand, there are descendants of certain isolated groups of early settlers from continental Europe and from Wales, who, for lack of this commingling with children of other races at school, are to this day foreigners and aliens as to all that

constitutes nationality. If in the late slave states we are ever to see governments that deserve the name, and a condition of society in which life and property shall be reasonably secure, it can be only by the relations of mutual esteem, confidence, and kindness between the races, which can be anticipated in a very restricted degree from those now in active life, which, however, must inevitably grow from co-education, and can be produced by no other conceivable agency or influence.

It may be objected that the Africans are an inferior race, and that, therefore, white children, if associated with them, must be kept at a slower rate and lower grade of progress in learning, than if the races be educated apart. We are not prepared, the time has not yet arrived, to discuss the question of essential and permanent inferiority. A white race, scions from the noblest stock, unnurtured, enslaved, and oppressed for many generations, would present all the characteristics which might seem to point to ignoble ancestry. But what has degenerated by lack of culture may be restored by culture. It may ultimately appear that, with like privileges and opportunities, the white and colored races are, if not equal, equivalent. If the negro is not destined to pre-eminent distinction in science, he may develop a peculiar aptness for the humanities, the arts, and the various departments of æsthetic culture.

But, admitting that the negroes belong to an inferior race, as they certainly do now, whatever the case may be a century hence, for that very reason they are the peers, or more, of white children in the initial stages of education. Inferior races develop earlier than the more advanced, and make more rapid progress to the normal limit of their attainment. All experience has shown that in the simple and elementary branches of school education black children possess a peculiar promptness and aptness, and that up to the period when school-life closes for the majority of pupils there is no apparent deficiency. Co-education has been so long practiced in New England that we are not left to mere theory, or to hasty induction from a few selected cases. The colored pupils that enter our primary schools from homes where there are neither books nor opportunities for home-instruction, will bear a favorable comparison with the large numbers of white children equally un-

privileged, especially with those of Celtic parentage, whether from Canada or Ireland; while we have been often impressed by the quickness and proficiency of some few among them whose parents have been decently educated. Pupils of this class, transferred to schools of a higher grade, maintain in full their relative standing, and give promise of holding a fair place among our intelligent men and women.

In our New England colleges and professional schools, co-education has been found perfectly safe, and with no disadvantage or discomfort on either side. The colored students have been few, and undoubtedly they have been, for the most part, among the elect of their race; for it can only be by a *quasi*-Darwinian "survival of the fittest" that here and there one can reach the higher seminaries of education. But those who have reached thus far have, it is believed, been treated by their associates with uniform consideration, courtesy, and kindness. The only colored graduate of Harvard College distinguished himself both as a speaker and as a writer, won more prizes than any classmate or coeval, was an excellent scholar in some departments, was on terms of intimacy with the best persons in his class, and left a record and memory in every way honorable. He has now a professorship of logic and metaphysics in the University of South Carolina, and were all our academic chairs as well filled, it would indicate an educational standard very far above the average of our (so-called) colleges and universities.

But in our New England colleges the co-education of the races has been only incidental, in some instances forced upon the governing authorities against their will, and the number of colored students has been too small for their presence to have any marked influence. Not so, however, with those colleges, in the Middle and Western States, instituted for the express purpose of bestowing equal educational privileges on both races. Foremost on this list is Oberlin College, which was established half a century ago by earnest and devout philanthropists, at the severest personal sacrifice, in the sole interest of humanity, with the design of demonstrating the capacity of the blacks for liberal culture, and of extending a helpful sympathy and brotherhood for their elevation in social standing, and in the public and general regard. At Ober-

lia there has been no proscription or separation on the score of color. Young men and women of all shades of complexion have been brought together in chapel and lecture-room, at table and in literary societies. For many years the institution was watched with a distrustful, often malignant, always keen-sighted, jealousy. The experiment has been more than successful. None of the evils that might have been predicted as inevitable have ensued; none of the sinister soothsayings have been verified. The moral and religious tone of the college has been singularly pure and high. The relations between the races thus brought together have been just what they ought to have been, kindly, but not offensively intimate,—conformed, indeed, not to the standard established by the fact and the tolerance of negro slavery, but to the æsthetics of the Christian school. At the same time, there is not a college in Ohio which holds a higher, if so high, a literary rank and reputation, not one that has furnished so many men of superior merit and excellent ability for the service of learning, the church, and the state.

We have before us the "Class-day Exercises," for 1873, at Lincoln University, Oxford, Penn. The "exercises" must have lasted nearly all day; for they fill a very closely printed pamphlet of forty pages. They are numerous and various, in prose and in verse. They are parti-colored, the institution having been established with co-education of the races as a prominent purpose. We can trace in the pamphlet no distinction of color, and its entire contents do ample credit to the graduating class; indicating not only a thoroughly liberal course of study, but — what is of far greater worth, yet is utterly wanting in the many who go through college merely because their fathers did — that fond appreciation of what has been attained which is the presage of higher attainments in the future.

Of all the experiments in co-education that have been instituted, we regard Berea College, in Kentucky, as the most important in its sphere of influence and in its prophecy of enduring benefit to the colored race. It has carried the war into the enemy's camp, and has brought its whole Christian panoply and armament into the immediate encounter with the surviving spirit of slavery, — a spirit made all the more virulent by the destruction

of its body. At other institutions, black students are admitted to an equality with the white; at Berea, white students are admitted to an equality with the black. The trustees and professors at Berea cannot invite their white neighbors to unite with them in throwing the doors of their institution wide open to all that choose to come. They must first gather their little flock of black pupils, with a very few white youth from their own or friendly families, and then they must make their light shine bright enough and far enough to win the regard and confidence of a distrustful and scornful public, and to demonstrate to that unwilling public that it is for their own and their children's interest that they patronize this institution. This has been effected. The college has shown its large educational capacity. Its public exercises have been attended in successive years by persons of established reputation as educationists and literary men, and have received their unqualified commendation and praise. There is, for many miles around, no institution of learning that does nearly so much or so well for its pupils. The consequence is that those at first vehemently opposed to it are fast falling into the ranks of neutrals or friends. Many who deemed it a nuisance have already sent their children to it. Its sterling value as a seminary of education is now recognized on all hands. But it is of much more worth for its silent, yet most efficient, propagandism of the due relation between the races; for co-education includes within itself, or involves as its necessary consequence, equality in all civic and social rights, immunities, duties, and obligations.

Moreover, a state in which white citizens already seek for their children the privilege of co-education with colored youth, cannot long retain its hostility to public schools common to both races. The universal establishment of such schools in the late slave states is, as we have said, essential to their political and social well-being; and for the advancement of this end Berea College is now doing more than can be effected by any possible legislation, by any action of political parties, or by the combined influence of press, platform, and pulpit.

A. P. PEABODY.

FREE BORN: OUR DUTY TO OUR TRADITION OF CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

A SERMON. BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"Having begun in the spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" — GAL. iii. 3.

I HAVE taken my text from one of the most characteristic books of the New Testament, an undoubted letter of Paul to the Christian communities in the centre of Asia Minor, his converts to Christianity. The Galatians, as their name indicates, were the Gauls of Asia, "the remnant of the great Celtic and Germanic migrations which overspread Greece and Asia Minor some three hundred years before Christ," a free, impetuous, excitable race, subject to violent religious impulses, and, it is likely, Jewish proselytes in some large and liberal way before they became disciples of Jesus. They had accepted the advanced and altogether spiritual gospel which Paul preached amongst the Gentiles. They had become Christians and not a kind of reformed Jews. They had come into the freedom of the spirit, and were not to trust any more in Jewish observances. So Paul had left them. But in his absence they had come under other influences. They had listened to other teachings more Jewish than Christian, and were in danger of falling back into the bondage of the old religion, and losing all that was distinctively precious in the new faith. They had accepted a Judaism that was just enough Christian to stand in the way of Christianity, which they once lovingly embraced, and into which it should have been their privilege to grow. It was the peculiar hardship of the case that they had begun in freedom, and that their loyalty was due to that Word of God which is not bound. Had they been Jews by nature and by birth, it might have been expected that they would have been all their days a kind of Jewish Christians, slowly if ever emancipating themselves from the traditions of the fathers; but what might have been progress in others was reaction in their case, going backward instead of going forward, a casting away of eminent privileges by suffering the old to re-assert itself and re-absorb the new. They were not to put

themselves into the position of those who had grown up in sight of the Temple of Jerusalem, and had been trained in all the observances of the old religion. They had been called into Christianity and liberty. They had never been entangled in any yoke of bondage. Their supreme allegiance was due to the rising faith. The point from which they had started others behind them must in time reach, why fall back into their ranks? This is Paul's controversy with them. His intense feeling of dissatisfaction is witnessed by the absence of his usual phrases of commendation and courtesy. He is grieved to the heart by their fickleness and disloyalty, and their failure to recognize the prize of their high calling. He sees moreover that the very cause of spiritual Christianity is at stake. He sees what danger there is that the old will re-absorb the new. He sees how strong the temptation is not to break with the past, how all men go in flocks, and how few go alone, and that only a little more compliance was necessary and Christianity would be only another Jewish sect. That must not be. Rather than that, he who is the least of the apostles, and not meet to be called an apostle, will withstand reactionary and dissembling Peter to the face, so vehemently that the church fathers of a later age, reading the story in this epistle, could not understand it literally, but insisted upon treating the scene at Antioch, to which Paul refers, as something arranged between the two apostles by way of acting out the truth. It is so much easier to be partly right with many than to belong to the little flock, — so much easier to work in the old grooves, and with the old instruments, and with the help of the old associations, than to launch forth boldly in the strength of the new thought. And so it happens that many a fair promise of progress in religious truth is unfulfilled, and the children fail to maintain the noble testimony of their fathers, and take up the burdens which they had laid down, and serve in the oldness of the letter and not in the newness of the spirit.

But Paul thinks it not too much to ask, and with a certain vehemence of appeal, that they who have been providentially called into the liberty of Christ shall not cast in their lot with those who, at best, only see it afar off, and it may be, are struggling towards it. Having begun in freedom we must not end in anything less. And what that great apostle of a spiritual Christianity

said in his day he would repeat in our day, warning us against the reactions which hinder the progress of a simple Christian faith. He would say to those to whom Christ ought to be sufficient, It is not for you to re-assume any of the old burdens, you are not to take your measures from those who are struggling to obey the laws of this and the other ecclesiastical organization, and yet somehow, guided by a native largeness and charity, keep open houses to all who come in the name of Jesus. That is good, brave work for those who are born and trained within the old organizations; they can do it with entirely good conscience, and may be in their way truly progressive men. It is very pleasant work for certain temperaments, and for those who are well entrenched against ignorance and bigotry. It is very hard work for those who are rather logical than emotional, and must understand every religious utterance with extreme literalness. How hard it may be sometimes any one may see who will read a pamphlet in which the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, formerly of this city, tells us how trying he found it, in the use of the baptismal service of the Episcopal church, to thank God solemnly for regenerating in baptism children who he did not believe had been regenerated, and how, finally, being unable to pray this prayer any longer, he had seceded. Paul's word, however, is hardly to those who are working in such conditions, certainly not to them directly. Perhaps, in the providence of God, they do as much as can be expected by their earnest endeavors to make their churches comprehensive, living under a constitution and rules which they are always, virtually or openly, protesting against and trying to change, insisting, with Dean Stanley, that subscription to articles, which he himself has subscribed, should be abolished, and that a national church should be a church for the nation, and should make room for Unitarians in the reading-desk and the pulpit as well as at the communion table. But the way to help such workers is not to accept with them limitations which even they feel and are protesting against, and which are opposed to the spirit of their work and continually involving them in contradictions and inconsistencies; for those who have been called into freedom there is a more excellent way, and even they who would not multiply denominations will yet feel that a denomination which already exists and in the providence of

God has come into the light of Christian history to witness for the simplicity of Christ, has claims upon the loyalty of those who are born into it which are very sacred, and must not be compromised.

Speaking for myself, and as one who has known the temptation, I must say, that I should feel the sharpness of Paul's words if I could be led into any ecclesiastical change which would diminish, by the least jot or tittle, the liberty in Christ into which I was born. It seems to me to be one of my duties to guard this liberty against re-actionary influences, and to insist that what may become liberty by and by is not so helpful as what is liberty now. There would seem to be some evidence that Paul, in the earlier years of his ministry, was more disposed than afterwards to yield to the Judaizers. As his experience was enlarged, he saw that this would not do, that it must be either the old or the new; he took his departure accordingly as you read in this uncompromising letter, and he held on that way until he became Paul the aged, though so far as we can see he never had the multitude with him, and was not then the authority that he afterwards became, and notably since that great revival of spiritual Christianity, the Protestant Reformation. And even now, so slowly does the gospel leaven the world, it is a very small part of Christendom that has earned or inherited the right to say, "We are the circumcision that worship God in the spirit and have no confidence in the flesh." A few have learned that loving faith in Christ gathers and binds and inspires and guides and constitutes a church, and that everything else which goes by the name of Christianity is secondary to this; that in its essence our religion is an entirely spiritual creed, the trust of minds and hearts in a wise and holy person. A few have learned that where this trust is there is liberty, a liberty in which all that is precious in ordinances and scriptures, in doctrine and ritual, and discipline, all that insures growth and ministers consolation will be forever safe. A few have learned that, disregarding other masters, Christians can confidently turn to this One Master and build upon the One Foundation. A few have organized their churches, or it may be have found them organized, in accordance with this simple faith in which, as they are persuaded, the whole future of Protestantism is bound up, and without which

it has no future, and Christendom must be again overshadowed with cathedrals and stifled with the smoke of incense and swarm with idle ecclesiastics. Other faiths they hold and prize, but this is their faith of faiths, and, as they believe, will be their distinction when their special providential work shall have been finished and the time shall have come for writing their history. They have been known, it may be, for their supreme emphasis upon the Divine Unity, for their echo of the words of Jesus, "When ye pray, say, Our Father," for their lively realization of the human life of the Christ, for their testimony to the reconciling love of God as transcending all human schemes of atonement, for their recognition of the divine in man, for their abounding hope that he who will have all men to be saved may be as able as he is willing to accomplish that gracious purpose, for their persistent showing of the moral and humane side of our religion, and yet their grand distinction shall be this, that they have refused to go behind the apostolic benediction, "Grace, mercy, and peace be unto all those that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and have steadily insisted that what was Christianity in the beginning, when its first great successes were achieved, shall again be Christianity, and again be crowned with success, that of the new as of the old, this simplicity shall be the vital root. Is it boastful when they whose churches have long owned only the plainest Christian covenants are told of breadth and liberality coming to expression in all the straiter sects, to say, We were free born! we have from our childhood so heard the truth as it is in Jesus! is it anything more than loyalty to their tradition of freedom to maintain their own free organizations until the welcome which they extend to others shall be extended to them? And here, without falling into unbecoming personalities, let me say, that, availing myself of a kind invitation to address the students of an orthodox school of divinity, whilst I endeavored to show them what could be done by men of their birth, training, and environment to secure breadth and comprehensiveness in the ministration of the gospel, I was careful to add that I preferred my own ecclesiastical position. We ought to be thankful that the simplicity of our allegiance to Christ enables us, not only to discern between truths which are accidental, secondary, and temporary, and truths which are essential,

primary, and eternal, but to act according to our discernment, "to welcome," and here I quote from the late inaugural address of Dean Stanley, at St. Andrew's, "without fear the keenest dissection and freest handling of the form, construction, and derivation of the letter whether of the scripture or of confessions of faith, because we are convinced that the true supernatural is the inner spiritual life which remains after criticism has done its best and its worst, and of which foes and friends may alike confess, "We do it wrong being so majestical to offer it the show of violence," "for it is as the air invulnerable, and our vain blows malicious mockery." In the conflicts with science which await the Christian church, we have in our large views of the Bible a fund of conciliation, and the time is not far distant when it will be eagerly drawn from, and those ideas of Christian truths which alone are destined to be permanent will no longer be treated as meagre and shadowy. Meagre and shadowy the faith in Jesus which Paul preached had begun to look to those excitable Galatians when the Jewish teachers magnified the safe and sheltering and imposing traditions of the fathers, and showed them how, in the change of the times, they might be on the best terms with the Jews through a conformity which was little more than formal, and of which even Peter without himself believing in it gave example, and yet get all that was valuable in the new religion. They needed, and we are likely again and again to need, to be taught that a true faith in Christ is simply inexhaustible; beggarly elements says Paul of all else; *enough* to be mastered by Him who spake the eight beatitudes, who teaches the world in His divine parables, whose death reconciles, whose resurrection declares Him to be the Son of God with power to gather all into the love of the Father and into the service of the Father's children!

EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

We have been permitted to examine lately some of the papers left by our friend, and the friend of all our readers, Rev. Charles Lowe. Besides sermons, letters, and journals of work and travel, not many of his writings remain unpublished. A few papers there are, however, which seem to us so valuable and so characteristic that we have obtained permission to publish selections from them. Those which we have chosen for present use relate to topics of especial importance to our denomination, and will be read with peculiar interest in connection with the suggestions of Anniversary Week. They are also among his latest manuscripts, and may fitly appear in the number of this review which marks at once the anniversary of his last labors for it, and the end of his earthly work.

The first selection is apparently from notes of an address prepared for delivery in England, and emphasizes the

NEED OF ORGANIZATION.

There are among the best and wisest of our body, both in England and America, some who distrust the value of organized denominational activity. The disadvantages attending such organization, which are obvious enough, ally themselves in forming the judgment of this class of men with their taste or habits of mind, and suffice to render them averse to all movements looking towards a compact organization. Their influence and example is somewhat disintegrating, not from any factious spirit, but from their strong love of individual freedom, their sensitive regard for individual liberty, and their confidence in the individual human reason. This attitude, while we respect the motive which inspires it, is none the less to be deplored. The very claims which these men have on our respect and confidence makes their influence more embarrassing when directed against a kind of service which it may be that their own disinclination or, possibly, their own inaptitude for it, has led them to undervalue. Those who favor organized activity may be as strong lovers of individual liberty as they.

The aspirants for individual, social, and religious liberty, in the great struggles against oppression which brighten the pages of history, have always associated themselves together by some more or less strict bond to make their efforts more effective for common ends. In the aspirations

after liberty in the realm of thought and belief, just as truly as in those after political and civil freedom, none of us can stand alone.

There is a kind of fascination about the position of individual isolation which I can readily understand, and could admire if I did not feel that it implied a deaf ear to the call from the needs of our common humanity, — a call enforced by the lessons of experience which teach us the methods by which all things desirable are best attained.

During many indolent days of recreation, these last few months in the south of France, I used to watch the men and boys engaged in spinning twine, the boy turning, by a clumsy iron handle, the stationary wheel, and the man, with a bunch of hemp wound round his body, walking backwards and feeding it out with his hands to the ever-lengthening cord. There was a sort of fascination about it, there on the warm Mediterranean shore, and I sometimes blamed the civilization that had replaced all this by the vast factories of cordage which send out every hour great coils of rope and twine. It was all very well if nothing more was needed than to supply rigging for their little craft and make the nets with which they employ their lazy hours in fishing along the shore. But where, if this were the only reliance, were the commerce of the world?

I have seen and admired in this journey on the continent the costly tapestry, all done by hand, and the illuminated manuscripts, the result of years of patient toil, embodying as they do, not only untold labor of the hand, but displaying richness of taste and design, and fervor of soul, making them parts of the world's treasures. But where would civilization be had there never been looms and printing-presses, homely and unæsthetic machinery as they may seem? Nay, and not only these, but the well-organized companies by which alone the factories are reared and the great enterprises carried on? So that the most rich and brilliant parchment in the monastery, or tapestry in the mediæval hall, has to yield in usefulness to the idea and fact represented in the full-rigged merchantman with its network of cordage, or the ragged urchin crying newspapers along the street.

And so it is in the realm of religious thought and life. Thank God for all the independent thinkers and devout souls, spinning patiently and reverently in solitude their threads of thought, or weaving rich pictures of truth in bright living colors that abide ever as the riches of the world! Nay, let not my comparison seem to do injustice to the class whom I would thus include, as though they served only or chiefly an æsthetic use. From them come not only treasures of thought, but also those which the world calls practical benefits, — the great principles in science and philosophy which it turns to account in social development, the inventions and discoveries in science and the arts to which all the triumphs of civilization, and the great steps of human progress, are chiefly due.

Thank God for them! but thank God also for those, perhaps less

gifted, and of more lowly rank, who seek to make these results of practical value! If I am dwelling on this point overlong, it is because of the vital importance, now more than ever before, of some hearty, energetic, united activity as a denomination; and because I feel that this is weakened by opposition or distrust, especially on the part of any of those to whom we rightfully accord our confidence and respect. The head is not only by position, but by rank and functions, the highest part of the human system, higher than foot or arm or hand, and rules and directs the rest; but the head is to be blamed if by reason of disinclination or inaptitude for locomotion or active physical exertion it shall say to either foot or hand, "I have no need of thee," or if it shall refuse to co-operate with foot and hand in carrying into execution the purpose and will of the complete man, whose interests are supreme, and whose servants and instruments all the members alike are.

UNITY OF THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

We are jealous of our individual opinions, and cherish to a degree of sensitiveness our principle of independence; and if one does find himself too exactly agreeing with another, he is afraid it may indicate that he is not true to his own convictions, and so he is sure to pick some flaw in the other's position, lest he himself should appear to be following another's lead. And so we appear to differ more widely than we do. But take the whole period of our existence as a sect, and measure it by any given standard, and see how uniform it has been. Take the writings of Dr. Channing, for example. With him more truly than with any one else the movement took its form. Round him, not in any slavish conformity but with as real a union as perfect thought allows, our Unitarian body has clung, so that it is true that never were his writings more widely valued than to-day. And this phase of thinking which he and his associates represent will hereafter appear in this story of the world's progress, like a line of light, as well defined as Methodism or Calvinism, and that notwithstanding the stupendous machinery which has welded those systems into compactness and power.

I dwell upon this, because the imagined looseness and vagueness of Unitarianism is not only a frequent charge against it from without, but a source of discouragement within our body.

I often find interesting paralells between our denominational history and that of our national growth. Take the story of our American Revolution. It appears now as one grand record of patriotic endeavor, and of such unity of purpose and action as the world has rarely seen. Yet study it closely in the letters of the period, and no description of our distracted Unitarianism written by the most discouraged observer, during our disputes about radicalism and conservatism, could have presented half the picture of dissension and antagonism. The letters of Washington himself are full of complaints of the "egregious lack of

public spirit." Even in New England, when he took command of the army he found such wrangling and jealousies, such selfish intrigues, such dissensions of every sort, that he was often in despair. Tories violent and tories sullen, — croakers predicting the ruin of the cause. Why, even the leaders themselves, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams were sometimes utterly at variance. John Adams, who first proposed Washington for leader, at one time confesses that he "has lost confidence in him," and almost yields to the powerful cabal that sought to depose him, and at one period on which we now look back with greatest pride, even so shrewd an observer as he wrote, "We have not men fit for the times, we are deficient in genuis, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything." There is hardly a chapter in those years of struggle when there were not more among the most intelligent lookers on to predict utter failure from the lack of coherence in the nation, than there were of those who, with deeper insight, born of nobler faith, could see the essential unity of purpose that now makes the whole epoch — disasters and triumphs alike — one glorious trumpet-note of united endeavor.

Just so, Unitarianism, with all the manifestations of difference which its principle of freedom occasions, far from being vague and uncertain, is one of the wonderfully clear and distinct and harmonious movements of human thought, and will so stand out on the pages of ecclesiastical history, when we are far enough removed.

The above paragraphs are extracted from an address delivered before the Ministerial Union, so far as we know the last public utterance of Mr. Lowe. The following is its closing passage: —

THE UNITARIAN OUTLOOK.

I have several times been asked lately whether, coming back after a period of absence such as gives one an opportunity to observe more impartially, I had any feeling of discouragement as to the prospects of Unitarianism. My only occasion of discouragement is, that, with all the signs of the times glaring in our face, any should be moved to harbor the possibility of discouragement. As to the great increase of Unitarianism as a sect I am perhaps less confident than I was once, and less concerned. But it is only because of the astounding march of its essential principles, which are already enjoying a triumph such as would have rejoiced the heart of Channing could he have lived to see this day. And as to the great mission of Unitarianism, whether denominationally large or small, I was never so profoundly impressed. And I would that we, one and all, might comprehend the importance of the work which under God is given us to do. For the accomplishment of it we want first of all to cultivate by every worthy means more denominational pride and zeal. I do not of course mean by this that we shall so deny our very principles as to foster a narrow sectarian spirit, but it is absurd to deny

that if we cherish with any proper affection our distinctive faith and church, we shall be drawn together with a warmth of sympathy that shall give us an ardent consciousness of fellowship in our common work.

Meanwhile, and always most important of all, let us try in our churches and in our own hearts to keep alive the sentiment of piety, of love for God and love for the truth, to keep ourselves up to the standard of industrious and zealous labor, in study and in outward activities, and we will leave it to the essayist in some future meeting of the Evangelical Alliance to say whether time shall cônfirm the ludicrous and complaisant estimate of one of the doctors of divinity at one of the sessions lately in New York, who seems to have comforted himself and the gathering then there by declaring that the Unitarian movement had been the mere effervescence of some passing mode of discontent, hardly deserving of notice, — that it had never brought out a single writer whom, as an opponent, an Orthodox minister could deem worthy of his steel, and that the movement, such as it was, has already blossomed and fruited in a single polished and cold denial of all that the Christian should hold most dear.

Shall it be this, or shall we be able to show the world, that our own earnest convictions have not been mere dreams, and that in our principles do rest the best hopes for the triumph of true Christianity and the regeneration of the world?

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

We are always glad when men who are eminent in other vocations are actively interested in questions of education, or contribute suggestions and criticisms in regard to current methods of instruction. No other work is more prone to fall into professionalism and mechanical routine than the business of teaching the young; and in no other business are the mistakes of a bad system, and the mischiefs of a low standard, so slow of self-correction. Especially is this likely to be true of the public school system. The overworked teacher, intent on the duty of the day, or the prescribed course for the year, is disposed to have little patience with novelties, and to judge all methods by the standard of a narrow and short-sighted utility. Such progress as is made, therefore, is oftener in expedients than in the wise application of principles, and so results in methods which are only mechanically more perfect. The convictions of large-minded and thoughtful men in other pursuits must always be of extreme value in giving freshness and just perspective to the discussion of educational

topics, as well as in correcting the undue dependence on matters of drill and system, which is so prone to characterize them when regarded from the point of view of the school-room.

The real advances in our public school instruction are largely due to the efforts of men in various pursuits, who, by their great abilities and ardent interest in the work of education, have kindled new interest in that work in the public mind, and thus compelled the adoption of wiser and more intelligent methods by which to vivify or replace the current traditions of instruction. In no direction can high culture, large intelligence, or wide experience be more happily employed than in thus elevating the quality of that general instruction which is the common interest of all. Roger Ascham and John Milton were never better engaged than in writing the "School-master" and the essay on "Education." The school-board of St. Louis are wise, as they are fortunate, in retaining as the superintendent of the public schools in that city the gifted editor of "The Journal of Speculative Philosophy." The tendency to routine, to misproportion, and to intellectual near-sightedness, in education, needs the constant correctives and inspiration which only men of ideas and men of broad practical wisdom can apply. "If the teacher's art be in any high sense an art at all, it must have a philosophy behind it. If we would not allow it to sink into a mere set of rules, and depend for its success on certain mere tricks or knacks, it must forever refresh itself out of the fountain of first principles, and inspire itself with the contemplation of even unattainable ideals."

We have been led to these remarks by reading the admirable address (from which the last sentences are quoted), by Rev. Phillips Brooks, which was read to the Massachusetts' Teachers' Association, last December, and is now printed in "The New England Journal of Education." The special topic of this address is "Milton as an Educator," and we subjoin the opening paragraphs, both as setting forth the importance of the history of education, and also as showing the bearing of that history upon the much-debated questions as to the value of the study of the classical languages. In any full discussion of these questions, the statements here made would, of course, need to be balanced by others, setting forth the disciplinary value of the study of the

ancient languages in the "minute nicieties of their grammar," also.

"No man to-day can practice any of the higher arts to the best effect unless he knows the history of that art. Our life becomes extemporised and fragmentary unless each man taking up his work in the world, not merely attaches his work to the work of those who went before him, and begins where they left off, but also knows something of the way in which his art came to reach the point at which he finds it, and so is able to make the labor which he adds a part of one consistent and intelligible progress. We want to know the blunders men have made that we may not make them over again; we want to know the grounds of the partial successes which they have achieved that we may help to carry forward their successes toward their full result. Let me remind you what are some of the values that belong to the study of the history of education. First, there is the great general value of experience. To know what other men have done in the department where you have been set to work will make it unnecessary that you should go over again what they have already done. The student of the history of education finds, to his great surprise, that many of the educational ideas of his own time, which seem to him all fresh and new, were found out long ago, were used awhile and then were lost again, only to be rediscovered at this later day. A wiser study of educational history would have made this rediscovery unnecessary, and so saved time and strength. If every generation has to begin and prove over again that two times two is four, what generation will ever get beyond the proof that ten times ten is one hundred? And then, again, to know how different studies came to be introduced would often throw great light upon the values of those studies. There can be no doubt that many studies have been introduced legitimately, for reasons which were very strong, but which were temporary, and then have remained like ghosts haunting our schools long after their living necessity had died away. It is always hard to get any study out of our schools when it is once in. Each teacher learning it as a boy is naturally ready to teach it as a man. As John Locke says, 'It is no wonder if those who make the fashion suit it to what they have, and not to what their pupils want.' Here surely is the key to a great deal of the conservatism and traditionalism of our teaching: and the surest way to break it down, and to get rid of it, would be such a wise study of the history of education, by those who are to teach, as should show them how the studies which they find in school came there, and so help them to judge whether those studies are to be dropped as temporary necessities which have been outgrown, or to be kept forever because they are forever useful.

"Think, if you will, what light the history of education would throw upon the violently debated question of the value of methods of classical

training. Was ever question so stupidly discussed as that has been? It has been debated as if it had no history. But everybody who thinks about it, sees at once that the strong hold which our methods of teaching the Latin and Greek languages has upon our schools comes in large part from the length of time for which they have held their ground. They come to us from mediæval times. But when we go back to see what first gave them their prominence we find, to quote the words of one of the noblest of educational historians, that 'in the middle ages Latin was made the ground-work of education, not for the beauty of its classical literature, nor because the study of a dead language was the best mental gymnastic, or the only means of acquiring a masterly freedom in the use of living tongues, but because it was the language of educated men throughout Western Europe, employed for public business, literature, philosophy, and science, above all in God's providence essential to the unity and therefore enforced by the authority of the Western Church.' In other words, we are perpetuating a certain method of culture which was established for reasons which have long ago ceased to exist. The clear recognition of the change would not banish the classical language from our course of study, but it would liberate us in the methods of teaching them. It would set us free to teach them as if they are to be kept a part of the learning of mankind; they must come to be taught, not in the minute niceties of their grammar, but as the keys to rich literatures which the world cannot afford to lose."

THE FAILURE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Since th[redacted]icle on this topic, in our earlier pages, was in type, we have seen reports of a paper read before the meeting of the American Social Science Association, at Detroit, by Dorman B. Eaton, who was joined with George William Curtis and Alexander G. Cattell in the commission to prepare and apply the civil service rules. Mr. Eaton declares that the abandonment of these rules by the national administration involved the breach of a public pledge, and was without justifiable excuse. All good men must agree with him that the failure is a national disgrace. We quote a portion of the report of his address: —

"The reform was begun in 1871 by the Republican party, which party, or at least its managers, in the three years since 1871, suffered an eclipse of faith in the highest sentiments. But for such demoralization it would be impossible to explain the levity and the recklessness which characterized the treatment of the civil service reform by the party leaders, both in and out of Congress, in 1873 and 1874.

"Little demagogues and sinecure officials everywhere tried to make it

appear that the civil service commissioners were alone responsible for the rules, and insisted that those who stood by a public pledge and for public duty, rather than those who connived at repudiation and sighed for a return of the spoils system, were fit subjects of ridicule and pity.

"Even if the greater responsibility for the disaster rests upon Congress and the party managers, it may be asked if the President has been without fault. Though by no means able to justify the extreme and indiscriminate censure bestowed upon him, especially by those influential journals which at one time did so much for civil service reform, but whose disaffection did so much to weaken it after the presidential election, I yet hold it true that the President gave sad occasion for criticism, and that he has been the cause of most of the trouble the reform has cost him.

"Pressed by partisans, he did not, as he might easily have done, wholly put a stop to assessments, and yielding to his sympathy for the soldier and to his love of obliging his friends, he tolerated departures from the lower grade of clerkship; but, far worse than all this, his unenthusiastic nature failed to give the impression of his real earnestness in the cause, and he never took it up with that stern resolution which its magnitude and the power of its adversaries demanded. He never made those adversaries feel the force of that mighty will, which, on other fields, had made his enemies tremble, and inspired his friends with courage and confidence.

"Still, the President is entitled to justice, which will award him no small praise. He was the first President who had moral courage and the disinterestedness to attempt the overthrow of the spoils system, and he was the last to leave the field. He sustained the [redacted]st amid the most outrageous aspersions of his motives, and faithf[redacted]epulsed the solicitations of friends and partisans, beyond the example of any of the late Presidents.

"Let us dismiss the delusion that the President or Congress will achieve the reform for us. They are, least of all persons, free to do so, or likely to do so, unless coerced by public opinion; for they are fearfully tempted to pledge offices to gain votes, and when once elected they are beset on all sides by those demanding reward for services rendered, and seeking offices for which their services are promised.

"Let us not any longer be so shortsighted as not to see that the battle for civil service reform is to be fought at our own doors as well as at Washington. We must separate the political from the business class of officers, and select the latter on business principles. There never was a better time than now in this centennial period, which recalls the glorious deeds of our ancestors, and the greatest of which was that they bravely met and overthrew the abuses of their own times, to enter in earnest upon this vital duty of administrative reform in the municipalities, in the states, and in the nation."

BISHOP KRIZA.

We have been very much grieved to hear of the death of this good and able man. Few men have been so thoroughly fitted by nature, by culture, and by grace for the high and responsible position which he held of Superintendent or Bishop of the Unitarian churches in Transylvania. He was a man of a mild, commanding presence, of a clear, strong intellect, of sound learning, and of practical good sense, — a man widely known in all that country, and honored and beloved, not by Unitarians alone, but almost equally by other religious denominations. The elements of mind and character were admirably combined and harmonized in him. Wisdom and love, strength and gentleness, learning and a mild, paternal spirit, independence of thought, and a profound humility and piety, filled out in him our conception of what is becoming to a minister and apostle of Jesus Christ. He was looked up to by his people through all the land as a patriarch, revered and beloved. His death is a heavy loss to our friends and our cause in Transylvania. Our hearty sympathy goes out to those who are most deeply affected by this sad affliction, — especially to the very interesting family on whom the hand of God has been so heavily laid within the l[redacted]ear and a half.

We copy from an article in "The Christian Register," the testimony of one whose privilege it was to be received by him almost as a son would be received in his father's house: —

"With our congregational government, we do not realize their great loss in the death of their highest officer. But the death of Bishop Kriza has not merely disarranged an ecclesiastical organization: it has carried from this world one of the noblest and truest defenders of our common faith. And it has taken a personal friend from many of us here, who perhaps barely knew his name. From the first day that I met him, it seemed as if I had found an old friend, who must once have lived among us. Almost the first words he said to me were in asking about one of our ministers, whom he seemed always to have known. The longer I saw him the deeper his interest seemed to be in our cause here, and the greater his knowledge of our work, and the more intimate his acquaintance with individual men among us. It was hard to believe that it was only through reading that he had become acquainted with these men whom he seemed to know so well. Few, perhaps none, of the men he spoke of so warmly, knew at all how near a friend they had in him.

Could they have met him, received his cordial greeting, and seen the thorough hearty interest and sympathy which he felt towards us, how surely would they have recognized and valued his noble qualities; how cordially would they have responded to his friendship!

"This characteristic, which led him to take so much interest in those so far separated from him, raised him also above all narrow party spirit. In a country where the passions and hatreds of the various races are so strong as in Transylvania, it was remarkable to find a man who so fully understood the various conditions of the different classes of people, and so justly appreciated them. His broad and impartial mind, united with his scholarship, admirably fitted him for his position as superintendent of ten churches, and presiding officer of the Consistory. The universal respect in which he was held, both by those in his own city and by the churches throughout the country, was an evidence of his fitness.

"His quiet, frank manner in conversation filled one with respect. There was no affectation, no assumed dignity; but in all he said and did there was a simplicity and a natural dignity which at once gave the impression of no ordinary man. This same spirit seemed to prevade his household, and made it the picture of an ideal Christian home. It is not long since this home-circle was broken through the death of one of his two sons. Now, in this second bereavement, he whose Christian faith would have done the most to sustain them, is the one who is taken.

"In his pure and simple life, which yet received the highest honors his churches could give to him, he followed worthily in the way of his Saviour; and his life, too, has not closed with the Good Friday upon which he died. The influence of such earthly lives must long be felt, and the interest which must be taken in any work by such so[illegible]ust still continue.

R. S. M."

Many will read with grateful interest the following tribute we have received to the memory of one whose work on earth has lately ended; but whose influence for good will long remain, not only in the privileged circle of her acquaintances, but in the homes and hearts her writings have cheered and uplifted, and in the Sunday schools which they have helped to make more efficient and delightful: —

"DAY UNTO DAY."

M. T. B. Died, May 9, 1875.

Upon the fresh grave of my friend, the writer of the little book so well known here among us by this happy title, I would lay the tribute of a poor word, but rich regard. It should be a more eloquent word than mine to set forth the ample affection of her friends and their remembrance of her bright mind, pure heart, and conscientious life. Alas, that we

must say remembrance! and look to be cheered no longer by her presence, nor helped with her candid speech, her affectionate deed, her guileless spirit. It is an ill business — and there is nothing in the brightest faith to rebuke calling it an ill business always — to have to remember where we would fain behold. But may God hallow every pure memory of righteous and loving friends into hope, and lift it up to further grace, in which they shall be still ministers to us of his holiness and truth!

If I say "my" friend here, I do not intimate a private grief. For when I recollect how far this small volume has gone, into how many homes, and hearts as well, I find I share my regret with a multitude. I have heard of it from the Pacific shore, and from beyond the sea, in Paris and Rome. If a Sunday-school scholar repeats to me some choice religious saying, and I ask where it came from, the answer is apt to be, "Out of 'Day unto Day.'" We of long term of life as well as of years, and of thought as well as of time and chance, say, "I keep it handy, where I can take it up at any free minute." And I like to think of many young people drawing from its pages, among other pure fountains, and drinking in an enabling influence to live to thoughtfulness, and not merely to experience, to grow into religious freedom of their minds, and not merely be growing up to the necessities of their lot. I do not utter a personal sorrow here. I am giving a thin, slight voice to the regret of many who have never heard the name of MARGARET TAFT BENNETT, yet have learned to sympathize with her thought, and, by affectionate regard for their unknown friend, have returned to her something of the large love she sent out in this little venture of her book, and, by the benefit they have got, have met her desire for usefulness. For it was her life of life to love loyally, and the wish of all her wishes to be useful for God's sake. "For God's sake" was to her no empty phrase, but packed with meaning, hallowed to its full significance: God present to her conscience and precious to her heart, the beginning of her duty and end of her love. So religion was to her not in word, but in temper and deed, her vital breath and outward moving, and all in simplicity and genuineness.

I must not vex the modest spirit of our friend with anything that looks to get praise or draw out eulogy. Like the field flowers in this springtime, and blossoms of the wood, whose shy beauty she enjoyed after her Master's way, and whose one lesson, after his teaching, she delighted to learn and to teach, her worth was wedded to simplicity and declined parade. The proverb says, "A woman who feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." This honor this woman will receive from all who knew her, and understood the privilege of her friendship and the favor of communion with her pure mind, of acquaintance with her diligent life. But they will praise her most in accord with her unobtrusive temper and modest self-estimate, while they let unspoken recollections of her go hand-in-hand with the religious suggestion of her "Day unto Day." For

this is not only the motto of her book, but the maxim of her life,— that day unto day might convey in her alert and waiting mind fresh intimation of God, and, in her faithful heart, bring new reliance upon him, with every new call of duty bringing new stay upon his strength, new prayers for his guidance, new trust in his goodness.

We all remember her singular freshness of impression and keenness of appetite for beauty in nature. Sure, to no psalmist or poet did day unto day utter speech in this kind more clearly than to her. But she caught this delight through "the windows of diligence." Washing the dinner-things at her kitchen-window, she pointed out to me, I call to mind, through the open door, her pleasant landscape of field and wood backed by the hills; while her eye brightened and her face shone with gladness in the prospect. No window, truly, was her diligence, but an open door, set wide to such fine pleasure. Diligence: not drudgery. For her work was labor and duty of love. This was the secret of the power, and the magic of the charm. Through painstaking every day, she passed into an enjoyment of nature unknown to idlers and loungers; and, from her concern with the infinitely little, entered with ease and prompt cheer into the largeness and boundless compass of the beauty of the world. Yet this was but the vestibule to her temple; preparation of eyesight for her mind, there to enlarge itself to be satisfied with the uncreated beauty of God, and to find rest in his pure worship.

And now, to that Day which is after to-day, in which is no sun to go down, — for there is no night there, but the Lord is everlasting light, — by faith I follow, and see this word fulfilled to her as it could not be here. I follow, and see her animation for truth and beauty and goodness lasting, and her life going on to know more of him in his truth, to delight more in his beauty, and to work more with his righteousness and love, "day unto day." L. G. W.

GUEVMI ACHOURA, OR FEAST OF THE MARTYRS.

Probably very little is known in our country of this Persian festival, and until lately no European had been allowed to witness its solemnities. But, by the courtesy of the Persian Ambassador in Constantinople, several English ladies and gentlemen were privileged to be present at the recent ceremony. One of them has written an account for "The Journal of Geneva," in French, which we translate.

The Guevmi Achoura, which is celebrated on the tenth day of the Mussulman month Muharrem, was instituted in honor of the son of Ali Hussein, who was killed at the battle of Kerbela, in the year 60 of the Hegira.

Clothed in white from head to foot, like phantoms of fable, and bearing lighted torches, the Persians of Constantinople, after sunset, come together in a great square courtyard surrounded by the warehouses of Validé Khan, and large enough to hold twenty thousand persons.

Huddled together in this pen, like a flock of white sheep, they wait in silence for the arrival of the Iman, who appears in special costume, mounts upon a balcony, goes through some religious performances, invokes the spirit of the martyr and his father, Ali, the founder of the Persian schism, and then shrieks, "Who would not beat his breast in memory of the Saint who died for the cause of God?" Instantly, five thousand fists, striking as many breasts, make in their mass and their unison a sound like a distant clap of thunder. Then the Iman utters some words which seem to be singularly pathetic; for when he says at the end, "Who would not weep at the thought of this death?" deep sobs, accompanied by unquestionable tears, break from all these throats, with an effect so powerful and irresistible that even the most skeptical and prejudiced spectator is moved by them and almost frightened.

But this is only the prelude. The ranks of the crowded courtyard then divide, and allow four white horses superbly caparisoned, to pass through. The first two bear, fastened to their necks, two plaintive doves, representing the *souls* of Ali and Hussein. On the other two are mounted two young knights, representing the bodies of the father and the son, who seem to be leaders of a band of thirty men, who march behind them slowly, scimitars in hand.

When they reach the middle of the square, the procession stops, and the Iman cries out, "Who would not die like Ali and Hussein?" This time the invitation is not quite so pleasant to the crowd. The bystanders act like men desperate, and make signs of great distress, but carry no farther their platonic demonstration. Only the two knights and their small company take the matter more seriously. Each one of them slashes his arm or thigh or shoulder or face with his scimitar. Human blood runs in streams, mingled with the blood of the horses, which are also gashed without pity. The two doves, loosed from their fastenings, fly off. Wailings and howlings and sobs, add to the horror of the frightful

scene. Many of these wretches fall insensible. The horsemen are carried out half dead.

The Iman, who has been looking from his balcony upon this carnage, calm and serene, as befits a priest of Islam, now declares that the shades of Ali and Hussein are satisfied, and dismisses the assembly with a benediction.

The next morning the Persian servants, with the sublime indifference of cleaners of a slaughter-house, come to wash off with fresh water the pavement all spotted with the clotted blood of their religious brethren.

We are assured that the Festival of the Martyrs is nowhere celebrated with so much zeal, or rather so much horror, as at Constantinople. The reason of this is obvious. In the kingdom of the Shah the religion of the Shiites is admitted without dispute. The Guevmi Achoura has not there the highly spiced flavor of fanaticism and hatred, which the neighborhood of religious adversaries gives,— adversaries all the more abhorred, that the shade of difference between them and the Shiites is so slight. The Festival, so frightful here, is mild in Teheran, Ispahan, and other cities. In Persia, if blood is shed on the occasion, it is shed sparingly and the sabres are not very sharp or carefully ground. But at Stamboul, the fanatics hack and scar themselves as sincerely as the shade of Hussein could wish. Some die during the Festival, others die in the following days, of their wounds. Of course, with the Persians, all these martyrs go straight to Paradise, at one bound. For those who survive, the scars are the most honorable of decorations.

This entertainment must have been as charming and exhilarating to the ladies of the ambassadors as a bull fight in Madrid. Probably they will not ask for a second invitation in the next year.

C. H. B.

OF THINGS AT HOME.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have received a communication from the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books, in response to our request that they should continue, as heretofore with Mr. Lowe, to make "The Review" a medium of sympathy and information between them and our denomination. They have sent us a criticism of one book, which we publish here as an illustration of the principles by which they, as a commission, are guided in their choice or rejection of books: —

When the "Supplement to the Catalogue of Books for Sunday-school Libraries" was presented by the ladies of the Commission in May last, it was stated, that, since the publication of the catalogue in 1871, eight hundred and thirty-one volumes had been examined, and of these six hundred and thirty-eight had been rejected.

Six hundred and thirty-eight books! All in good binding, some in gay red, blue, or green colors; most of them in clear print; many of them illustrated with attractive pictures! Could none of them be saved? Somebody must have cared enough for each one of them, at least, to write it! And all have gone to their doom unworthy of a place on the "Catalogue for Unitarian Sunday-school Books"!

An outsider might exclaim that some injustice must have been done here: that the Ladies of the Commission have grown too critical, and that some one gem ought to have been reserved. But such outsider little knows how much consideration and reconsideration in the Commission every work undergoes, that has the slightest claim to merit. Any one who will venture to take up, by chance, one of these rejected books, and examine it, will only wonder that at least two, of the several members of the Commission, could have been found to read it through and decide upon it.

Let us take a plunge into "Miss Wealthy's Hope;" for it comes with a certain importance of title and of print that has required a careful reading from beginning to end. "What was Miss Wealthy's hope"? Perhaps, if even not expressed till the last page, it might elevate the common plenitude of the rest, and give it a reason for existence. But this book was read by six critics, and accepted by none. "The book," said one, "is ordinary in execution, and not very elevated in tone. The heroine, supposing Miss Wealthy to be such, is a remarkably tiresome, though worthy, old woman, and not over-strict certainly with regard to the truth. Her fear of her sister led her into deceptions, which might not be wholly unpardonable, under the circumstances, when she alone was concerned, but which became so when she came to involve her

niece, Myrtle, in them, and therefore should not have been allowed to pass as of no account."

Another very serious objection to this book is found in the fact that the young girl of whom the story is told is put in the unsafe position of criticising the acts and opinions of the elders by whom she is brought up. She finds herself, to her distress, the only one of her family who thinks it is a good plan to go to church, and to give money towards building the church or to charity. Now, there may be some few young girls in such a position; but, on the other hand, there are many, in these days, who think that they are wise enough to teach their misguided aunts, and reform their grandmothers; and it is a pity to encourage those who may be unfitted for such a mission, since there must be a large number of young readers who must be perplexed and misled by having such a duty suggested to them.

The lesson that comes naturally from children, "of whom is the kingdom of heaven," is told in quite a different way, and is silently or openly acknowledged by the elders who feel it. As soon as the child becomes aware of such influence, its simplicity and force is spoiled! What a terrible picture of such criticism required from children is presented in the late revival in San Francisco, where the children were questioned as to whether their fathers and mothers were Christian! How monstrous to place upon a child the office of judgment, from which Christ himself would shrink! "Judge not," he says, "that ye be not judged!" "Thou hypocrite! why beholdst thou the mote in thy brother's eye!"

In the story we are considering, we find the young girl, Myrtle, returning to her father's home just at the age when the responsibilities of life are coming upon her. She has been brought up, since the death of her mother, by a conscientious uncle and aunt, and is shocked to find that the aunt to whom she is now consigned, cross-grained and miserly Aunt Libby, is swallowed up in housekeeping cares. Miss Wealthy, the other aunt, sympathizes with Myrtle's religious feelings, but is weak and irresolute. Myrtle's sister, near her own age, is worldly and superficial, as well as her father and the new wife whom he brings home.

Myrtle has great trouble in holding on to her religious convictions. It is Aunt Wealthy who helps her, *on the sly*, to contribute to the building of the church, and to go to Sunday school and the Sunday services. This character of Aunt Wealthy is drawn with some spirit, perhaps from the life; and, if we were to meet with a real Aunt Wealthy, we might look at her with pity and interest, and smile over her sayings. But her deceit forms an objectionable part of the book, and must perplex a young reader as much as it perplexed Myrtle.

It is singular that any writer who shows, as so great part of her Christian doctrine, an outward respect for Sunday (constantly called the Lord's holy day), and for certain doctrinal expressions and professions, should

be willing to belittle all these things by the style of Miss Wealthy's talk.

Perhaps one of the most humorous things in the book is the regret Aunt Wealthy expresses for the manner in which her brother spends his Sunday with his young wife, Myrtle's stepmother: "I'm not going to say a word to prejudice you, or to give you a prejudice, not a word; and you can bear witness that I've insisted all the time that he had a right to marry if he wanted to; and your Aunt Wealthy made up her mind, as you well know, to treat her like a sister; and I'm willing to own she is as pretty as a picture: but, Myrtle, when I see Farley Frasar, that's been a professor for thirty years, lying full length on the best parlor sofa, of a Sunday afternoon, and listening to the kind of music that folks dance to, as I have seen him this blessed afternoon, and smiling, too, I can't but think of tempters that make themselves appear like angels of light. Mind, I didn't say 'Satan,' though that is the better word; for I will not be hard on the young woman, your Aunt Wealthy won't, for perhaps she never had a Christian parent to tell her better: though, if she hadn't, it didn't become brother Farley to marry her, unless he had got the resolution to tell her what she may and what she may not do, which I have my doubts of."

We are glad if such a passage will make some "professor of religion" laugh, as laughter is healthy. But it comes in with something of a jangle after Myrtle's serious questionings as to her own manner of passing her Sabbath morning, — in looking over her stepmother's trunks, and admiring her jewels and pretty things. Her more sober thoughts had come to her in the afternoon, which she had passed by the deathbed of the mother of a friend. On her way home "she met young men and young women walking, laughing, and talking gaily: how dare they profane God's holy day! Had she herself kept this Lord's day holy, — she who had felt Christ's love in her heart, she who had been carefully trained and taught? How dare she, with the memory of the morning weighing upon her conscience, condemn even the poor drunkard?"

It is this mingling of serious religious utterances and something very like flippancy that is especially injurious in the reading of a young girl. It would be much better for her to "laugh and talk gaily," upon the Lord's day, than to be led to laugh over this satire of a weak character, in which she is expected to find something she is to call "religious." And we cannot help inquiring why such a book should be printed for young people, or what lesson or encouragement it can give them. It seems far more suited to some cheap magazine from which nothing higher is expected. There are pages upon pages of orthodox doctrine, as if to redeem the book and give it a claim to be called religious. These are strung to the thread of Miss Wealthy's talk, which grows wearisome in its sameness. But there is something suspicious even in her humility, so often expressed, which always sets off some one of "Aunt Lib-

by's" many defects. "I'm not going to say a word to prejudice you," she says; but her words always do contain an innuendo and a condemnation.

We pass over many objections as to style and expression. Apart from these, there is nothing in the book to elevate the present life, or to give strength for those entering upon it. The writer professes to find a sin in mere entertainment, and could scarcely have written the book for the purpose of portraying a character that shall only create amusement. But what is its object? On the last page Miss Wealthy's hope appears, — it is in the resurrection of the body! As to the questions of life, and guidance through its paths, the young reader is left, at the end, in as much of a muddle as is the poor little Myrtle of whom the story tells.

SEWING IN THE SCHOOLS.

We have read in "The New England Journal of Education" an interesting statement of the success of this experiment in the Winthrop school. We believe the first impulse to the movement was made by Mrs. Bachelor, who has considered it one of the dearest objects of her life to aid in introducing industrial occupations into our girls' school-rooms.

The results in this particular school named have been very gratifying. The parents and teachers seem well satisfied. Only one parent in a thousand children has objected. In some divisions, there are two lessons of an hour each week; in others, only one hour. The material is brought from the homes of the children, and if they are too poor, it is furnished for them at a vestry near by. Some of the girls, in the graduating class, are learning to cut and fit, and are sometimes clothed in their own handiwork. It is shown that the intellectual standard has not been lowered; the time for sewing is not taken from any one study, but apportioned from all the branches; a recitation in each study is omitted about once in three weeks. Another writer in the journal speaks of her own private experience for years, as a teacher. She has given her pupils instruction in various kinds of needle-work, mending and making, and found an abundant reward in the good results accomplished. The Boston school committee have at last taken this matter into thorough consideration, and voted in favor of introducing this branch of instruction into all the classes of the grammar schools where girls are taught.

A COLORED MAN'S LETTER.

We are pained to see, in "The Boston Pilot," a letter from George T. Downing, of Washington, a colored man of wealth and education, who speaks bitter words of the Protestant Church, in regard to their spirit of exclusion and caste. It has given rise already to mutual charges and recriminations, on the part of various denominations, North and South; but we may as well all plead guilty, for we at the North are not yet doing our duty towards raising a down-trodden race. Mr. Downing says, "What hope has the black man in America either from the Protestant Church or the Republican party?" He asks if the mission of the church is not to "promote human brotherhood, and has the Protestant Church done it?" He throws himself into the arms of the Catholic Church, which "cares alike for all, rich or poor," forgetting that it is the very power which defended slavery, and was in haste to recognize the Southern Confederacy from the Vatican. We are not jealous of our Catholic brethren. Let them do all they are able for the religious wants of the negro, but let us not delay to do what we can; for the "harvest is plenteous, and the laborers are few." "The Christian Recorder," published by our colored friends, in Philadelphia, we hope to receive regularly, and thus maintain religious fellowship with them.

M. P. L.

OF THINGS ABROAD.

Our weekly visitor, the English "Inquirer," makes us acquainted with many valuable books, reviewed by pens known or anonymous, which often indicate careful investigation, and, what is still better, that rare insight which sees the true pith and grace of a subject or character.

The "Recollections and Suggestions" of Lord Russell is one more of those books, of late given to the world, from the hand of statesmen, who, however much they may have been immersed in the prosaic affairs of government, find a peculiar pleasure in looking into the great questions of theology. We should rather say religion, in the case of Lord Russell, for he does not so much attack or defend any system of belief, as enlarge in a general and

reverent way upon those divine truths of the gospel of Jesus which are the property of all Christians. This subject, of course, only takes up a portion of the book, but we venture to say it will be the most interesting to a large portion of his readers; for much as men may talk about Christianity being outgrown, when a large brained and gifted man speaks and accepts the gracious gift of Jesus Christ to the world, and bows before him as his spiritual Leader, we find all shades of Christian believers and non-believers leaning forward eagerly, and with intense satisfaction, to hear. If we may be pardoned an allusion to our own little branch of the church, we would say that we find in Lord Russell's statement of what Christianity is very good Unitarianism, and doubtless the liberal Orthodox man would find good Orthodoxy, so true it is that the religion of Jesus is one and the same thing to the largest minded men and women of all sects. There is a modesty, a moderation, a calmness of assertion, which suits well the age and dignity of the writer. He seems like one who has passed the ambitions and the irritabities of public life, and sees things in a mellow light, with a clear eye to their highest issues. He evidently thinks salvation does not consist so much in this or that mediatorial view of Christ's office, as in having his spirit in our hearts. The following paragraph, which we quote, shows the temper in which he speaks: —

"I am almost afraid to avow that I prefer the simple words of Christ to any dogmatic interpretation of them, whether taught by the Pope, by Luther, or by Calvin. If I am in error in this respect, I am in error with Dr. Arnold, with Dean Milman, and with still higher authorities. The Pope, who was called upon to judge between Fénelon and Bossuet, said, 'Fénelon has erred by having too much of the love of God; Bossuet, by having too little of the love of his neighbor.' I prefer the error of Fénelon to that of Bossuet. Nay, more, I think that the spirit of the Christian religion is to be found, not in dogma, but in reverence to God and love of our neighbor. In my opinion, Fénelon and Tillotson were better Christians than Bossuet and Laud. Men have endeavored to ascertain by metaphysical research whether the Son is of the same substance as the Father, whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father only, or from the Father and the Son. These are subjects upon which men may differ, and yet respect one another."

Mr. Greg has published a third edition of his "Creed of Christendom." The introduction, which takes up about a hundred pages,

seems to be not the least interesting part. He speaks of what has been done in the way of thorough study and criticism of the Bible, referring to the labors of Colenso in his five volumes of the "Pentateuch," and to Renan's "Vie de Jesus," which in some respects he admires, although he evidently thinks the author's fertile imagination has run away with him, and injured his principles of sound criticism. He alludes to "Ecce Homo," and thinks the writer draws a very imposing picture of the ideal Christ, and takes a survey of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," calling it "a most note-worthy and startling production." He agrees with Mr. Arnold in regard to what is the real essence of Christianity, as separated from its corruptions, but he seems to think him rather slashing in his assertion in regard to prophecies, miracles, the Apostles' creed and the Nicene creed; and doubts whether he has any real belief in a personal God and a future life, thus tacitly implying that he is a believer himself, which is a gratifying discovery for his readers who may have been chilled by his negative creed on the pages of former works. He takes up the subject of the resurrection of Jesus, and although he finds difficulties connected with the Gospel narratives, he thinks that some profound and uncommon impression must have been made upon the disciples after Christ's death, which altered their whole vision of things; and it is as easy to explain their results by his reappearance, as to seek for other and more improbable causes. Mr. Greg is very careful to clear himself of endorsing the corruptions of Christianity, but he does not hesitate to say that we may continue to "call ourselves Christians," if we obey the Christian rule of life, and get at the true mind of Christ, through all the accumulations of ages about him. Those who reject Christianity altogether are likely to say that such men as he and many others are frightened by the bigots of the church into making such concessions as these; but we think that if any influence presses upon them it comes generally and indirectly from the other side, the great broad church of the world. These men of speculation see that the most rational and spiritual Christians in the community are not horrified at their conclusions, but are ready to look in the face whatever truth they may discover; and they in their turn begin to see that these believers have something in the tone and temper of their lives which draws its

support from a divine source, — something, which they feel that they do not perhaps possess, but which touches answering chords in their breasts. Their higher nature will not allow them to stay outside "the one fold with One Shepherd" that has so sweetly environed the true believer throughout ages; and so they, too, after long thinking, call themselves Christians. We quote the following passage: —

"And now, having reached a time of life when most subjects are grave, and when some have grown very solemn; when the angry passions of the controversialist can find no breath or aliment in the calm atmosphere of fading years; when egotism has little left to gather round it; and when few sentiments survive in pristine vividness but the love of nature and the reverence for truth, — I may be allowed one parting word, which, though personal, will scarcely be deemed obtrusive. I not only disclaim any position or feeling of antagonism to Christianity: I claim to have written this book on behalf, and in the cause, of the religion of Jesus, rightly understood. I entirely repudiate the pretensions of those whom I hold to have specially misconceived and obscured that religion, to be its exclusive or rightful representatives. I hold that thousands of the truest servants of our Lord are to be found among those who decline to wear what is the fashion to pronounce his livery, with the grotesque and hideous facings of each successive age. I resent as an arrogant assumption the habitual practice of refusing the name of Christian to all who shrink away from or assail the errors and corruptions with which its official defenders have overlaid the faith of Christ. And I can find no words of adequate condemnation for the shallow insolence of men who are not ashamed to fling the name of 'Atheist' on all whose conceptions of the Deity are purer, loftier, more Christian, than their own. Those who dare to dogmatize about his nature or his purposes, prove by that very daring their hopeless incapacity even to grasp the skirts or comprehend the conditions of that mighty problem. Even if the human intellect could reach the truth about him, human language would hardly be adequate to give expression to the transcendent thought. Meanwhile, recognizing and realizing this with an unfeigned humbleness which yet has nothing disheartening in its spirit, my own conception — perhaps from early mental habit, perhaps from incurable and very conscious metaphysical inaptitude — approaches far nearer to the old current image of a personal God than to any of the sublimated substitutes of modern thought. Strauss' 'Universum,' Comte's 'Humanity,' even Mr. Arnold's 'Stream of Tendency that makes for Righteousness,' excite in me no enthusiasm, command from me no worship. I cannot pray to the 'Immensities' and the 'Eternities' of Carlyle. They proffer me no help; they vouchsafe no sympathy; they suggest no comfort. It may be that

such a personal God is a mere anthropomorphic creation. It may be — as philosophers with far finer instruments of thought than mine affirm — that the conception of such a being, duly analyzed, is demonstrably a self-contradictory one. But at least in resting in it, I rest in something that I almost seem to realize; at least I share the view which Jesus indisputably held of the Father whom he obeyed, communed with, and worshiped; at least I escape the indecent familiarity and the perilous rashness, stumbling now into the grotesque, now into the blasphemous, of the infallible creed-concoctors who stand confidently ready with their two-foot rule to measure the Immeasurable, to define the Infinite, to describe in precise scholastic phraseology the nature of the Incomprehensible, and the substance of the great Spirit of the Universe."

The Rev. Samuel Minton, of the Church of England, has published a very interesting letter in advocacy of the intercommunion of churches. He has preached in a great variety of pulpits, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, and, although he has been censured, he is determined to hold his ground against his opponents. He gives three reasons which are given by them why Episcopal and non-Episcopal ministers should not exchange pulpits. First, that they differ in doctrine; second, that the dissenters wish to disestablish the church; third, that they differ in discipline. As to the doctrinal differences, Mr. Minton says, —

"'When it is objected that Protestant Nonconformists differ from us too seriously to admit of intercomunion, we ask from what do they differ? From our Calvinism, or our Arminianism, from our Sacerdotalism, our Puritanism, or our Rationalism? For we are all this, and a great deal more.' It was once urged, in Parliament, that, if ministers of other churches were admitted into the pulpits of the Establishment, heresy might be heard there. 'Is there any heresy,' asks Mr. Minton, 'which is not heard there now?' But it may be said that churchmen do agree in submitting, 'more or less dutifully, to the same discipline, which Nonconformists utterly refuse to do.' There is an important distinction between the 'more or less' dutiful submission of clergymen to their ecclesiastical superiors. In the case of some, for example, the late Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, and Mr. Machonichie, there is scarcely any dutiful submission at all, but, instead, open defiance of authority. But all churchmen, it is said, are at least members of one external organization, from which dissenters stand aloof. Very well, is the reply; and if they think that they can better carry on the work in which all are engaged, by maintaining separate organizations under different forms of government, than by joining the church, 'what right,' asks Mr. Minton, 'have we to refuse intercommunion with them on that account? Can there be no

friendly international relations between two countries, one of which prefers monarchical and the other republican institutions?' There remains one other objection, it is the opposition of dissenters to the political privileges of the church *as an establishment.* Mr. Minton admits this opposition, but he does not think it sufficient to justify alienation. 'If a national state church was a thing of divine appointment, there might be some excuse for standing aloof from those who, from a mistaken sense of duty, were seeking to overthrow it. But if, as any rational man must admit, it is only a question of expediency, are Christian churches justified in refusing to hold communion with one another because they take different views of it?' We think not. The question whether the interests of religion can be promoted best by a state church or by voluntary churches is getting to be viewed more and more as a question of expediency, not necessarily connected with doctrine or discipline. Men equally earnest and religious differ on the subject; can they not do so and still have Christian fellowship?"

Two valuable memoirs have appeared of late, of ministers, Presbyterian and Methodist, whose past history reveals the same old ferment which has long been working among men of all denominations, who have struggled to free themselves from ecclesiastical intolerance and confessions of faith. One is the life of the Rev. Henry Montgomery, LL.D., a Presbyterian minister of repute in the Province of Ulster, in Ireland, the other a biography of James Everett, a distinguished Methodist preacher, born in the district of Bamboroughshire. Neither name is likely to be familiar to us, but these lives are significant as showing how the free soul of man, in whatever circumstances, is ever striving to clear itself of fetters. Dr. Montgomery, in addition to his congregation at Dunmurey, had the charge of the English department of the Belfast academical institution. He was involved in a great many fierce political and theological controversies, springing up fifty years ago in Ireland, but he was a man of pure and generous affections, and much beloved in social life at Belfast, where he would gladly have passed serene hours of study and repose, but his ardent nature could not see wrong triumphing without throwing himself into the fight. The part which interests us most is his brave struggle for religious freedom. He early advocated mixed unsectarian education, and the right of free inquiry. He thought this right was an old tradition of the Synod of Ulster, of which he was the moderator. His opinions were decidedly Arian, but still he retained his influ-

ence there until the evangelical party sprung up, whose advocates were strict Calvinists, who thought nothing could be more contaminating than his doctrines. Then came the tug of war. The moderates of Scotland went down under this new wave of pietism, and in Ireland the Synod began the same old role, as in France at this present time, of enforcing a subscription to articles of faith. A band of noble men were thrown out, with Dr. Montgomery at their head, and although they did good work for the truth, they were crippled all their lives by the smallness of their numbers, and the necessity of always being on the defensive. The second volume of this interesting book has not yet appeared. The other book to which we referred is the life of James Everett, born in England among the old school of Methodists, and who became a well-known minister of that sect. He loved John Wesley, whom he remembered in his boyhood, and preserved piously every little relic once in the good man's possession. He went through all the stereotyped processes of conversion, thinking "every moment as he lay on his bed that he was going to drop into hell," but he worked his way out of these terrors with the thought of "Christ's sacrificial death," — that old-fashioned way of expressing the free pardoning love of God, so sweetly manifested in Jesus. He began preaching these "terrors," but he was also bent on an education, and thus various causes acted upon his nature, until he renounced the gospel of fear, and even approached towards the restorationists. He became infirm from over-work, and took up the business of a bookseller in Manchester, and here he became acquainted with Unitarian friends and loved them: so surely does knowledge unlock the bars of old prejudice. He held on to his Methodism, but was willing and glad to let other sects, even poor Unitarians, get into heaven. He cherished the autographs of John Wilson, author of "Illustrations of Unitarianism," and the names of Lindsey and Priestley. His diary, giving impressions of distinguished preachers, was very graphic, and he wrote and published biographies, poems, and various other works.

The marked point of his life was, however, his being turned out in the cold like our last-named preacher, Montgomery, for his heresies. He wanted to get clear of the Methodist Conference, and obtain more power for the ministers, and also the laity. He

published an anonymous pamphlet called "Fly Sheets," criticizing the administration. He was found out and expelled, with two other ministers. Fifty thousand persons petitioned in his favor, but in vain. The ecclesiastical world is certainly not quite so bad as this now. The body, however, lost by this act, in a few years, nearly one hundred thousand members, and a new body was formed, called the Wesleyan Reformers. So the religious world goes on casting off and beginning new again. Perhaps it is necessary for the purification of the church; but we may be grateful that in our day larger causes bring about these separations, which come more rarely, and with less personal animosity. This noble old preacher, after his expulsion, continued to travel more than five thousand miles a year, although he was seventy years old.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association celebrate this year their semi-centenial, when, in acceptance of the plan of their zealous, wise, and much-loved secretary, they propose to obtain what they call a "Jubilee Fund" to celebrate the occasion. This fund is raised to promote all kinds of religious and denominational work. Large and small sums have already been subscribed, and the work is going on with great enthusiasm. We believe our Association has secured the services of one of our most valued ministers to represent us on that occasion, which is also the time of our own fiftieth anniversary. Can we not do something this autumn to mark it, and not fall behind our English brethren in our generosity?

A TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL IN LEYDEN.

Our readers have probably heard of this great anniversary in Holland; and the fact, stated in the papers, which has very likely made the most impression upon them is the choice of Prof. Jowett, James Martineau, and Athanase Coquerel for the honors of a theological degree. This seems to show the drift of thought in the university. A writer in "Macmillan's Magazine" writes a much fuller account of the occasion than our journals, and from the pleasant experience of an eye-witness. He does not omit, as a just Englishman, to give his own country a tap for her neglect to

be represented there, having received the same invitation in Dutch and Latin which was sent to all the academies of Europe. Thirty-eight answered to the call. Many sent most respectful apologies, and those representatives who came from all distances were arrayed in their state robes to do honor to the occasion. Oxford did not accept, or even reply, much as the Hollanders love England and bestow honors upon her sons. It turned out that the Vice-Chancellor was sick, and probably forgot all about it,— which reason does not seem to satisfy very well the writer. It only shows how slight causes, as, for instance, an attack of dyspepsia perhaps, may lower the dignities of nations. The old town must have looked very gay. The houses where the foreign professors were entertained were hung with flags, and the little place was all in a bustle with these learned men from all over Europe, and the people to survey them. The Burgomaster gave the first state reception. Here the Oriental, Greek, and Latin tongues made a confused murmur of voices. The speech of Ernest Renan was considered one of the pleasantest ones of the evening. There were great critical scholars present, historians, orientalists, theologians, antiquarians, physiologists, and jurists. Speeches were made in five languages, all of which were understood by five hundred students in the hall. The writer modestly asks where these students could be found in England, and what the English universities are doing for the thought of Europe. We might ask the same question of ourselves, and the answer might be perhaps that, although neither in this country nor in England are we working so profoundly in any one branch of study, we are widening more the horizon of men's lives. The writer says the students are not at all like the German, "untidy, poor, and duelling." They live well, and behaved in a dignified manner, with none of the "disgraceful scenes" of Oxford and Dublin on *fête* days. The first oration was from the former rector of the University, Prof. Heynsius, and was rather a severe attack on the old theology, before a large and attentive audience, although the old church was almost at the freezing point. The second was in the Senate House, from Prof. de Vries, in Latin. This is a famous room, though small; the walls are hung with portraits of all the most distinguished men who have lived and taught in Leyden. The

orator was full of the enthusiasm caught from the place. The third oration was from the new rector, Prof. Buys, in Dutch, and was considered very elegant in style. The writer speaks of the almost invariable habit among Dutch preachers of learning their sermons by heart. He thinks this practice must "impair the freshness and grace of delivery." But we suppose most good extempore speakers do this more or less, and we cannot see what harm it does for a speaker to have perfect control of his matter, when he can vary it as he pleases according to the inspiration of the moment.

We have received a letter from our well-known friend, Athanase Coquerel. We are sorry to say that his health still continues very uncertain, although improved. He was obliged to keep his bed for three months at Nismes, last autumn, and he went to Sicily the past winter for the benefit of the baths. The exceptional weather which occurs so often in the sunny south prevented him from receiving much benefit. He is probably in Paris now, and, although unable to walk or to preach, his ever-active mind occupies itself from time to time with contributions to the journals, particularly the "Bien Public," M. Thiers' organ. He is also engaged on his work called "The Comparative History of Religions." We give to our readers a little poem of his published in "La Renaissance," which bears marks of the discouraging hours of sickness, and, above all, the great hope which rises supreme over pain and death: —

LES AFFRES DE LA MORT.

Déjà la nuit descend. J'entre dans le silence.
Un froid cruel en moi, de moments en moments,
Pénètre et m'envahit. . . Pour me frapper s'avance
Le Roi des épouvantements.

Il m'avait averti : mes forces et ma vie
Déclinaient, s'épuisaient par degrés incessants ;
De sinistres éclairs, sur ma tête blanchie
Jetaient leurs reflets menaçants.

Frappe donc ! je suis prêt, Mort devant qui tout tremble !
Le tranchant de ta faux n'alarmè pas mon cœur.
Je mourrai plein de Dieu ; je serai, tout ensemble,
Ecrasé, mais calme et vainqueur.

La mort ne brise rien que des chaines charnelles.
Je salue en la mort le grand Libérateur ;
Mourir, c'est naitre ; et l'âme, ouvrant ses jeunes ailes,
Prend son vol vers le Créateur.

Rien n'est grand, rien n'est beau, rien n'est vrai que la vie,
Dieu qui nous la donnas, sois mille fois béni !
L'existence à tes fils ne peut être ravie,
Et se déploie à l'infini.

Je te sens près de moi ; je te trouve en moi-même,
O Dieu que seul fais vivre et qui seul fais mourir !
Mon Dieu n'a rien perdu ; sa puissance est suprème,
Et m'ouvre un nouvel avenir.

Il m'appelle ; et j'entends, en cette paix profonde,
Ou les bruits de la terre expirent désormais,
La voix qui du néant a fait sortir le monde,
Plus créatrice que jamais.

Je triomphe en sentant tout mon corps se dissoudre.
Il n'est plus qu'un obstacle entre le ciel et moi.
Je rends, avec transports, ma dépouille à la poudre,
Mon âme vivante à son roi !

Grand Dieu, je me repens, j'aime, je crois, j'espère.
J'implore le pardon qu'annonça Jêsus-Christ ;
Et, comme mon Sauveur, entre tes mains, ô Père,
Je remets sans peur mon esprit.

M. P. L.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Theological Publications in Germany.

1. In the question of the origin of language, the Hebrew, as at once a very ancient and a sacred tongue, will always have an important place. Edward Koenig, in his work on the three factors of language, uses the Hebrew and its inflections to illustrate his doctrine (Gedanke, Laut und Accent als die drei Factoren der Sprachbildung comparativ und physiologisch am Hebräischen dargestellt). In the first part of his book, he discusses the influence of the idea, the image, in the formation of the word, with special discussion of *roots*, and the change from biliteral to triliteral. The second part is specially devoted to consonants and their interchange, how they assimilate and how they run together, the gutturals, the nasals, the hard and soft sounds. The Arabic helps the Hebrew here. And the third part, which shows how accent modifies speech, and distinguishes the sounds both by vowel and consonant, also gets illustration from kindred Semitic languages. It is a good sign of the times that the slight cast upon the sacred word by those who would show their emancipation from the letter does not hinder an intelligent study of the original of that word, the key to much of its mystery as of its beauty. At no time since the day of Reuchlin have so many competent scholars taken pleasure in examining and expounding the phrases in which Jehovah spake unto his people, and Moses declared the Law for the ages to come.

2. The second volume of the fourth edition of Max Duncker's famous history of antiquity (Geschicht des Aterthums), has just been published at Leipsic. It is especially important for the use which it makes of the recent Assyrian and Chaldean discoveries, and the interpretation of the arrow-headed letters in their bearing upon Biblical topography and chronology. Duncker identifies the Samaria of Palestine with the Usimurun of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon. All the standard histories of the Chaldean and Semitic peoples have now to be thoroughly revised, in the light which recent investigations have thrown upon their history. The old statements about the origin and development of Hebrew opinions and life are now inaccurate and misleading. While the Eastern researches confirm so much of the

Biblical story, they change the meaning which tradition has fastened upon other parts. All books now are valuable which help to associate Israel, and its law, and its annals, with the greater surrounding nations, to take it from the seclusion, the separation, the special divinity, which once made it a people apart, beloved of the Lord, while the kindred nations were hated. Israel cannot be understood except in connection with Egypt, Arabia, and Assyria. The Bible is really a grander book when the inscriptions on ruined walls of heathen fanes bear witness to it.

3. "Das Buch Hiob uebersetzt und ausgelegt," is the last gift to the world of that brave and accomplished scholar, Ferdisand Hitzig, whose death is lamented wherever independent criticism of the Bible is prized. Hitzig was one of that Lessing school who believe that the search for truth is grander than any ascertained facts; and his preface to his masterly treatise on the book of Job closes with the words, "The spirit of inquiry is not dead; and we may believe that it will find new way in the province of Biblical criticism."

Hitzig had his whims and his crotchets; and some of his dicta in this last book will not be taken implicitly. His decision that the writer of the great Biblical Epic was a son of one of the lost ten tribes has not absolute proof in its favor; or that the time of the book comes after the downfall of Samaria. His derivation of the name of Job from Heber, and his interpretation of the word "Uz," are also doubtful. But his rectifications of the text, and demonstrations of spurious passages, cannot easily be set aside. No intelligent reader will hereafter quote the pompous talk of Elihu as genuine. The translation is smooth and graceful, and of course the learning is affluent in the explanatory and introductory remarks. Hitzig's commentary will not supersede its predecessors; for the highest critical minds in Germany, Dillman, Ewald, Merx, and more, have spent their strength on this capital subject; but it adds much to what the other interpreters have shown of the poem of Job.

4. The famous hater of rationalists, E. W. Hengstenberg, has still, long after his death, a considerable company of followers, to whom his word is law. They will welcome his volume of lectures on the Passion of Jesus (Vorlesungen ueber die Leidensgeschichte), and will find good old fashioned orthodoxy in this assertion of the vicarious atonement, of the literal resurrection, of the harmony of the four Gospels in their account of the last days of the Saviour, of the world significance of the agony in the Garden, and of the sacramental character of the last Supper. There is not much new in the lectures;

less of vituperation than we might expect, less of disregard for common sense in the interest of the creed. The way in which he gets rid of the difficulty that Jesus was tried, according to John's Gospel, on the Sabbath eve, when it was unlawful, is in asserting that the Sanhedrim regarded the trial as a *religious act*, a part of worship! Hengstenberg is too much of a dogmatist to be a competent critic, yet he is so little of a mystic that his books may be read with profit by those who do not care for the dogmatism. His style is better than that of many more trustworthy thinkers, and he gathers a good many valuable illustrations. He makes too much, however, out of *types;* and gives as a reason why Judas, with his treason already in his heart, was allowed at the table, that this was intended to be a type of the Supper in the church for all time, to which sinners should come along with saints. Hengstenberg rarely betrays himself as a humanitarian. He says "Redeemer" and "Saviour" and not Jesus.

5. A competent German critic has pronounced Albert Ritschl's work on justification (die christliche Lehre von der Rechtfertigung und Versoehnung), "The most significant work of the present age." The third volume, finishing the work, has just been published, and readers have now the opportunity of testing the justice of this critical verdict. Unfortunately, life is short, and the deliberate study of three such volumes on a topic not easy of comprehension, is a severe task for the ordinary practical mind. But those who cannot find time or patience to read the whole of the elaborate argument, can find enough for their satisfaction and wonder in the abundance of the material, in the ingenuity of the plea, in the freedom from exaggeration, and in the breadth of the orthodoxy. Especially careful is the discussion of the work of Christ in human release from sin, and justification with God. The distinction is drawn between Jesus and the "Christ." The one is the human high priest, who leads men up to God as mediator. The other is the Divinity revealing himself in a human personality. The composer's idea of the kingdom of God is also very broad and rational. Indeed, Ritschl's almost cyclopædic treatise will have the rare fortune of pleasing the scientific theologians not less than the Lutheran confessors, of reconciling criticism and the creed. The chief drawback upon the value is a certain harshness, and even occasional obscurity of style. The thought is more "genial" than the word. Doubtless the whole work will appear in an English dress as one of Clark's Theological Library.

6. Another of the Catholic "Humanists" comes to the front in Prof. C. Otto's Life of John Cochlaeus. It is a conscientious effort

from carefully gathered materials to tell all the truth about this fussy, peppery, restless, pugnacious, and conceited scholar, who never could stay long in any place, and was never happy except in controversy. Otto has not given so full an account of Cochlaeus' warfare with Luther as we might have wished. The great Reformer had no more troublesome thorn in his side. Indeed, the work by which Cochlaeus is best known, is his chronological commentary on the profane acts and writings of the arch heretic from 1517 to 1546. Otto judges altogether too mildly the blackguardism of this champion of the church, who was a courtier and a politician, quite as much as he was a priest, and was more in his element as secretary of the Saxon Duke, than as Dean in the Frankfort church. Cochlaeus hated all meddlers with the creeds and the rituals, yet he favored classical study, and he had no love for monastic austerities. He is a fair type of the secular Catholicism of his age, — an Erasmus in his vanity and his antipathies, without the wit or the learning of the Dutch scholar.

7. An anonymous writer, a "South German Theologian," as he calls himself, sounds a sharp alarm in his small book of seventy-nine pages, — "Zur Existenzfrage der evangelischen Landeskirchen in Deutschland." He would arouse the sleepers. The old Lutheran communion is in danger, A bold Cæsarism assumes to hold Episcopal worship over the faith and piety of the people, and to dictate orthodoxy as well as spiritual right. This is the instant peril of the churches of the land, and, unless it is checked, woe unto the faith which the fathers handed down! Evangelical piety will perish when the State becomes lord of the Church. The writer is not a rebel to the State. He allows supremacy of law in secular affairs, that Christians are citizens and amenable to the tribunals. He is careful to disclaim sympathy with the pretensions of Rome. But when it comes to the State appointment of pastors, and regulation of their duties and ecclesiastical acts, then this watchman on the walls of Zion cries out against the sacrilege. Yet, after all, the alarmist is not ready with his remedy for the abuse. He does not want free religion, and has small faith in any increase of lay privilege or service in the evangelical church. His preachers are priests. They have the right to rule, and it is the duty of the laity to submit and receive meekly the word of the Anointed. Those who protest most loudly against tyranny in the dealings of the State with the Church are most apt to favor it in the dealings of the clergy with the people of their charge.

8. The subject of Dr. Eugene Sierke's thick octavo is attractive,

even thrilling,—"Schwaermer und Schwindler zu Ende des 18 Jahrhundert," "Fanatics and Quacks at the End of the Eighteenth Century." Surely here will be a rich development, especially as the writer thinks that he has discovered the sources of the innumerable manias and impostures of the nineteenth century, which have exhibited themselves as philosophic, scientific, or religious, making the cynics laugh and the judicious grieve. His assertions, nevertheless, will not be accepted without question. The Jesuits are very cunning and very wicked, perhaps; but shall we find their hand and voice in the tricks of Cagliostro, the experiments of Mesmer, and the mystic fancies of Swedenborg? All readers will not receive the catalogue of impostors here given as justly described by Dr. Sierke. His generalization is too sweeping. Not every one who thinks that there are more things in earth and heaven than the popular philosophies have shown is to be stigmatized as insane or fanatical, a fool or a dreamer. There are calm and clear-headed and honest men who believe in a world of spirit as well as a world of sense, and that the eyes of flesh do not see all the truth of God. Swedenborg has intelligent followers, who will not forsake him because a plodding German is pleased to class him with crazy mystagogues. Dr. Sierke's book needs to be sifted and filtered quite thoroughly before it can pass as authority concerning religious "swindlers."

9. The title of Herr A. Spir's book (Moralitaet und Religion) might lead one to expect another attempt to reconcile these opposites, or fuse them into one. But, in reality, it is a discussion of rival systems of morals and religion, as shown by the German Kant and the English Mill, with a criticism, often ingenious, of both philosophers. Religion, according to Herr Spir, comes out of human consciousness more than from any knowledge of objective fact. The existence of God is a sentiment more than a conviction. He is the absolute force beyond all thought or sight, on which life and all things depend, but which is not to be considered in seeking their origin. We gain nothing by saying that God made the world, planned it, wrought out its crude material. We only so degrade his absolute Being. All religious beliefs are imaginations, spiritual fancies, beyond proof or disproof,—the being of God as much as the doctrine of a future life: yet they are not less valuable for that. Morality is good, because it helps the highest instinct of the soul, not merely because it is of service in the present life. Herr Spir, in spite of his refutation of the Utilitarian theory, commits himself to a form of it which the scientific mind will not approve. He is too much an idealist to be a satisfactory rational critic to men of the Spencer school.

History of the Battle of Bunker's [Breed's] Hill, on June 17, 1775, from Authentic Sources in Print and Manuscript. By George E. Ellis. With a Map of the Battle-Ground. Paper, pp. 69. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1875.

The present year, and several that are to follow it, will doubtless be fruitful in sketches of the leading events of our early national history. The events of the Revolutionary struggle will be studied with fresh interest, and portrayed with new arrangement and greater completeness of detail than ever. Very little, probably, will be added to what is already known of these events; but the interest awakened by centennial observances will set the community to study anew the facts of our early history, and occasion a general demand for fresh statements concerning them. It may be hoped, too, that it will do something to increase the intelligence of the people in regard to public affairs in general, and be taken advantage of to enforce by the sanction of heroic sacrifices and high examples the fundamental duties of citizenship, and inspire a warmer spirit of patriotism and a deeper regard for constitutional liberty.

This pamphlet by Dr. Ellis was in its earlier form a positive contribution to our knowledge of the facts connected with what is on the whole the most interesting, if not the most important, conflict of the Revolution. His long residence in the vicinity of the battle, his careful study of all authorities and sifting of all traditions and reminiscences concerning it, his acquaintance with the descendants of some of the chief actors in it, and his access in this way to important papers never before make public, are among the advantages which made this earlier account of great and permanent value: and the work before us is but the earlier account considerably enlarged and made more accurate and complete. It is an admirable specimen of condensed statement and graphic delineation. It seems to us much more full and adequate, as well as more careful and exact, than is Bancroft's treatment of the same theme; and is equalled only, so far as we know, by the much more extended account given by Mr. Frothingham in his thorough and excellent book on the Siege of Boston.

After a rapid survey of the state of the country and the strength of the several provincial forces, with some biographic notices of the officers in command of them, Dr. Ellis takes his reader to the neighborhood of the battle-field, and points out the changes which have taken place in the vicinity during the hundred years that have intervened, and designates the different points fortified or held by troops before or during the engagement. He then portrays the mutual discomfort of the British army and the inhabitants of Boston after the siege be-

gan, and their common privations; and gives an account of the measures, hostile or conciliatory, taken on either side. After stating the reasons which made both sides willing to come to a trial by arms, he next discusses the questions which have been raised concerning the command during the battle, weighing the various and singularly contradictory testimony on this point, and easily establishing the right of Col. Prescott to be regarded as the only officer known to have received and acted upon orders to fortify and defend Bunker's Hill. The account proceeds to describe the march of the detachment of a thousand men from Cambridge across Charlestown Neck and over Bunker's to Breed's Hill, on the evening of the 16th of June, the rearing of the redoubt and breastwork, the early landing and long delay of the British troops, their repeated onset and repulse, and their final success; and closes with a careful statement of the results of the conflict. A subjoined note gives an account of the writer's personal observations and researches on the battle-ground, relates many things reported to him by survivors of the conflict or their descendants, and furnishes some interesting facts connected with Col Prescott; closing with a timely hint, which we trust will not be lost, that the intrepid commander at the redoubt on Bunker Hill might fitly share the monumental honors accorded to Warren, and a "companion statue" find a rightful position on that height.

Dr. Ellis' outline of the various forces and their commanders, his analysis of the complicated question of the command, his description of the intrenchments, his pictures of the scene at successive junctures of the preparation and the engagement, are alike graphic and carefully historic. We cannot follow the outline and reproduce the scenes he has so vividly portrayed, but gladly refer our readers to this account as a trustworthy guide; or, if they desire fuller information concerning connected events, to the several works of Mr. Frothingham. We must also forbear the purpose we had formed of joining Bunker Hill with Concord and Lexington by a summary of the principal events that intervened between the conflicts on these historic fields. The levying of an army, — thirteen thousand six hundred men in Massachusetts, six thousand in Connecticut, under the intrepid Putnam, fifteen hundred in Rhode Island, and three regiments in New Hamshire; the meeting of the Continental Congress on the 10th of May; the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys; the skirmishes that attended the attempt to remove the cattle and the hay-crops from the islands of the harbor; Gage's proclamation, and the coming of additional British troops; and the

appointment of George Washington, two days before the battle, to be commander-in-chief of the Continental forces, — are among the most important of these events. We can only allude to two or three topics among the many that deserve attention.

With the retreat of the King's troops from Concord, followed closely by the avenging minute-men, the siege of Boston began. The two months that followed were full of anxious consultation, and hasty, often very imperfect, organization. The picture presented of them by tradition and by the historian, is one of confused activity. Yet the picture doubtless does injustice to the leaders among the patriots and to the actual spirit of the people. There was no confusion of purpose, or lack of determination, in New England, at least. The minute-men were not taken by surprise by the movement on Concord, and they gathered about Boston with a rapidity, a unity, and, we may add, a successful persistence of purpose, that has never been surpassed. The British army was to be compelled to leave Boston; there was no halting or division as to that determination. Divided counsels as to measures, lack of discipline, personal jealousies there were, but no strife or doubting as to the end to be attained. Without the withdrawal of the troops, no reconcilation was thought of; after Bunker Hill, none was possible without independence.

A word may properly be given to the long-disputed point as to who was in command during the battle. The popular fancy has chosen to regard Warren as the leader at the redoubt; though the fact is that he held no command, and had even advised against the advance across Charlestown Neck; though choosing, as before on the day of the Concord Fight, to share the perils of the conflict. The one man indisputably in command was William Prescott. Warren came to the redoubt only as a volunteer, and declined the tendered command. Stark commanded his own men, near the Mystic, most successfully, and rendered inestimable service in covering the retreat. Putnam rode back and forth, — was now at the redoubt ordering the intrenching tools removed; then at Cambridge, supplicating the perplexed Ward for reinforcements; then ineffectually seeking to complete a second line of intrenchments for which no adequate force or authority was entrusted to him, but which his practiced eye discerned would be invaluable in the event of a retreat; then at the "rail-fence" helping to repulse the first onset; then again dashing off to head the reinforcements that were so slowly and blunderingly advancing; and finally commanding, urging, entreating a new stand, and doing something to stay the confusion and lessen the losses after the abandon-

ment of the redoubt. Just what authority was committed to him does not appear. The whole army, so far as it recognized a head, was under Ward at Cambridge, and there were fears of an attack at that point and at Roxbury. Beyond Charlestown, everything seems to have been indecisive and slow, except Stark's advance. Meantime, Prescott commanded at the redoubt and adjoining breastwork, and what he commanded was performed. His coolness and intrepidity held the raw volunteers in their places, through hunger, thirst, weariness, and the desperate onset of far-outnumbering foes, till he at last gave the order to retreat, when the British were swarming into the redoubt, and the clubbed muskets were clearly failing to keep up longer the unavailing struggle.

It is, perhaps, a useless speculation to ask what would have been the result had the British commander taken Clinton's advice, and followed up his success by an attack on the American headquarters at Cambridge. Very possibly, in the disorder of the hour, his troops would have found it easy to reach that point, and destroy such portion of the stores as could readily have been found. But, though broken, the American forces would not have ceased to harass them while a charge of powder remained in a single Provincial cartridge-box; and the return would have been less easy than the advance. Clearly, Howe was prudent in not risking a double march that night along the road, where, on an afternoon two months before, Percy was said to have received the hottest fire in his disastrous retreat from Lexington.

The battle of Bunker Hill was a defeat which every American always thinks of as a victory. The daring evinced in fortifying the hill under the enemy's guns; the repeated repulse of the British troops; the lamentable occasion of the defeat in the failure of ammunition; the courage which held the redoubt and the "rail-fence" so long against such overpowering numbers of disciplined troops, and which even compelled plaudits in the House of Commons; the tender interest attaching to the memory of Warren and others who fell, — unite to make the story of this conflict one of the most intensely thrilling, as it is one of the most significant pages, of our Revolutionary history. Condemned at the time by many patriots even, the battle soon became the central point of national pride. It is remarkable how the rashness of one age becomes the glory of the next. Nothing could more fully demonstrate the secondary place which the virtue of prudence holds in human affection than its invariable retreat into the background of all great historic scenes. The high purpose, the gallant endeavor, the dauntless spirit win final success, however at first they fail.

We cannot close this notice without expressing our hope that this era of Revolutionary centennial celebrations, on which we are now fairly entered, may be attended by results more profitable than the mere gathering of vast crowds to witness brilliant pageants and engage in imposing ceremonials on historic grounds. We would not miss any influence that may help to feed the flame of a true enthusiasm for our country and her national history. The increase of genuine patriotism is much to be desired, and the sacrifices and heroic service of the fathers may be made effective teachers of needed lessons for the children. But not by glorification of the past alone. These occasions ought to be used as high opportunities for the education of the people in much neglected national virtues, and for pointing out, in the light of those early achievements, the conditions of future security and solid national progress. It was a wholesome suggestion in one of our daily newspapers that the virtues of the fathers would be most worthily celebrated by redeeming the national credit in the persistent reduction of the national debt. The heroes that defended the intrenchments on Bunker Hill will be most fitly honored, as the principles which animated those who fought there shall move the nation that has entered into the harvest of their sacrifices to self-control and enthusiasm for justice, and so inspire it to hold the heights of intelligence, sobriety, and moral solvency.

By Still Waters. A Story for Quiet Hours. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1874. Price, $1.75.

A religious story, full of the spirit of faith which wakens answering faith. It relates the quiet work of a woman who has been taught, but not crushed, by a terrible disappointment, and whose devout trust and self-abnegation wins those with whom she comes in contact back to the Father's house from which they have wandered. The character of Sarah Russell is a beautiful translation of the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ into the life of to-day. Such books are good helpers to a trustful and child-like Christianity.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Harry Blount. Passages in a Boy's Life on Sea and Land. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "Chapters on Animals," "The Intellectual Life," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price $1.50.

Musical Composers and their Works. For the use of schools and

students in music. By Sarah Tytler, author of the "Old Masters" and "Modern Painters." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875. Price, $2.00.

The Church Porch, a Service-book and Hymnal for Sunday Schools. Compiled and edited by William R. Huntington, D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Sixth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. January, 1875.

The Social Law of God. By E. A. Washburn, D.D. New York: T. Whittaker & Co.

American Pioneers and Patriots. The Adventures of the Chevalier de la Salle and his Companions. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Paragraph History of the United States. By Edward Abbott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The American Evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, in Great Britain and Ireland. 12mo., pp. 455. By John Hall, D.D., and George H. Stuart. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Poetic Studies. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Essays Æsthetical. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Warrington's Manual. A manual for the information of officers and members of Legislatures, Conventions, Societies, &c. By William S. Robinson, Clerk of the House of Representatives from 1862 to 1873. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Spain and the Spaniards. By N. L. Thiéblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1875.

Schem's Statistics of the World. Edited by Prof. Alexander J. Schem. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Oblong book form. Price, fifty cents.

Sex in Industry. A Plea for the Working-girl. By Azel Ames, Jr., M.D. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Transatlantic Sketches. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

An Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. By David Pulsifer, A.M. With Gen. Burgoyne's Account of the Battle. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Studies in Ethics in the Meadville Theological School.

Studies in Religion in the Meadville Theological School.

The New Englander. April, 1875.

The Bibliotheca Sacra. April, 1875.

The North American Review. April, 1875.

The Theological Review. April, 1875.

La Libre Recherche. March and April, 1875.